



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

11435.41 (2)

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY



THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
CLASS OF 1882
OF NEW YORK

1918

ALEXANDER'S
Modern Acting Drama:

CONSISTING OF
THE MOST POPULAR PLAYS,

● PRODUCED AT
THE PHILADELPHIA THEATRE,
AND ELSEWHERE.

VOL. II.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY
Carey & Hart, Hogan & Thompson, and W. Marshall & Co.

1835.

11435.41

M27-5

1-3

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1911

CONTENTS.

SHAKESPEARE'S EARLY DAYS	-	By C. A. SOMERSET.
HENRI QUATRE	- - - - -	By T. MORTON.
QUITE CORRECT	- - - - -	By R. P. SMITH.
BEGGAR OF BETHNAL GREEN	-	By J. S. KNOWLER.
HUSBANDS AND WIVES	- - -	By * * * * *

SHAKSPEARE'S EARLY DAYS,

AN HISTORICAL PLAY—IN TWO ACTS.

BY C. A. SOMERSET.,.

Author of A Day after the Fair, Crazy Jane, Yes, &c.

As performed at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

William Shakspeare	- - - - -	Mr. S. Chapman.
John Shakspeare, <i>his father</i>	- -	Mr. Allen.
Gilbert Shakspeare, <i>his brother</i>	- -	Mr. W. Chapman.
Sir Thos. Lucy, <i>of Charlottæ Hall</i>		Mr. Sefton.
Drawl, <i>his Clerk</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Mercer.
Slyboots, <i>his head Bailiff</i>	- - -	Mr. James.
Lord Southampton	- - - - -	Mr. Rodney.
Earl of Leicester	- - - - -	Mr. Garson.
Richard Burbage, <i>principal Tra-</i>	} <i>gedian of the age</i> - - - - -	Mr. Porter.
Tarleton, <i>principal Clown or Co-</i>		
<i>mic Actor of the day</i>	- - -	Mr. Flynn.
Dr. Orthodox, <i>Master of the Revels</i>		Mr. Hathwell.
Peter, <i>his Man</i> , Crier, Officer, &c.		
Queen Elizabeth	- - - - -	Miss Chapman.
Mary Shakspeare, <i>William's</i>	} <i>mother</i> - - - - -	Miss Hathwell
Hostess of the Saloon		
Oberon	} <i>Fairies</i> { - - - - -	Miss Slater.
Titania		
		Miss Turner.
		Miss Turnbull.

SHAKSPEARE'S EARLY DAYS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Exterior of the House of John Shakspeare, wool-stapler, of Stratford-upon-Avon; in which the immortal bard was born.

Enter JOHN SHAKSPEARE, followed by MARY, his wife.*

John. Prythee now, dame; seek not to justify such loose behaviour—I tell thee, our boy Willy hath not been home all night.

Mary. Mayhap not, Goodman John; yet do I, though his mother, feel no uneasiness, being assured that none but the very best of company hath kept Willy from home; for he hath noble blood in his veins—that is, on his mother's side: ay, marry, that he hath!

John. Tush! noble blood, forsooth! noble nonsense! An he mind not his lawful calling and be thrifty in the wool-market, thereby proving himself more expert in the getting of money than in the lavishing thereof, what will his noble blood avail him? Is he not a loose, wild, hair-brained young spendthrift,—I tell

* History being silent as to the peculiar characters of Shakspeare's relatives, the dramatist is, of course, at liberty to give them such traits as he may think proper.—According to some accounts, Shakspeare's father was a butcher, but all agree he was a dealer in wool; probably both are correct; may he not have united both callings as a source of livelihood?

thee, dame, his manner liketh me not; no, no! I say again, and again, his manner liketh me not!

Mary. But it liketh me well, goodman John, to see my boy herd not with boors and clodpoles, but the rather with young gentles of good degree and spirit; thereby giving proof of his noble descent: for doth he not proceed in a direct line,—that is, on his mother's side, from the ancient and honourable stock of the Ardens?^{*}

John. He doth, dame, I grant you; but what of that? Will the noble blood of the Ardens put money into his purse, an he hath none? Clothe him, an he lack raiment? Feed him, if he want food? Marry, not it,—but his lawful calling will: an he stick to that, the wool our sheep now wear on their backs, he may, one day even, transformed into a golden fleece, wear upon his own. Ergo, dame, talk not to me of noble blood, which taketh nobles out of a man's pocket, but of an honest, lawful calling, which putteth nobles into it.—Go to! go to! with all thy gentleness of blood, thou art but a silly-spoken woman.

Enter GILBERT SHAKESPEARE, cracking nuts.

Gil. Speed ye well, father and mother; a blessed morning to you both.

John. Thanks, boy, thanks. (*To Mary.*) There now standeth before thine eyes, dame, a goodly ensample of honest, homely wisdom—our son Gilbert, unlike that scapegrace, his brother Willy, is ever plodding and thrifty in the wool-market—that boy lacks but his father's beard to be his father.

Mary. And his brother Willy's head to be his brother Willy.

John. But I say, my boy Gilbert hath brains enough

* By marrying Mary Arden, Shakespeare's father obtained a grant of arms from the Herald's College.

and to spare, were it needful, both to his elders and his betters.

Mary. Mayhap; but he's no poet, like my boy Willy—no, no, goodman John, he's no poet.

John. Since thou seem'st bent upon the rule of contrary, dame, Gilbert shall testify most amply unto thee that he is a poet. (*To Gilbert.*) Come, boy, sing or say unto thy mother a stave of thine own rhyming, my pretty bird—jump from thy brain at once, without all cogitation.

Gil. Marry will I, father: anon—(*Considering*)—anon—now give ear:—

(Spoken or sung, ad libitum.)

When to the village wake I go,
The girls with one accord, I vow,
Call me the stupidest of Gilberts,
Because I threaten to tell father,
If they should kiss me; for I'd rather
Sit in a corner, cracking filberts.

Mary. (*Laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha! thy boy Gilbert is a rare poet, goodman John.—Ha, ha, ha! a rare poet!

John. Wisely spoken, my boy! by the mass! most sapiently spoken. Pr'ythee tell me, son of mine, hast seen naught of thy scapegrace brother, Willy, this morning?

Gil. Naught, father; but a cowherd did even now assure me, the graceless crew of whom brother Willy was one, hath been at no better sport all night than deer-stealing in the park of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlcombe.

John. Deer-stealing! there's poesy for you, dame:—and in the justice's park, too! But, come; let us go seek this night-bird—this wild, young, wanton Willy,—my manhood on't, we find him in his cups.

Mary. My womanhood on't, we find him in noble company.

Gil. My best nut-crackers on't, we find him not in the wool-market.

Mary. No; nor his brains a wool-gathering, like thine.

John. Would that they were; for then were his brains more thrifty than his fingers. But, come, let us seek our wanton Willy, come!

[*Exeunt*—GILBERT, cracking a nut and shaking his head, seems to think his brother Willy's case beyond all cure.

SCENE II.—An extensive and beautifully romantic landscape on the banks of the river Avon, near Stratford, which town is seen in the distance, the windows of its houses brilliantly illuminated by the rays of the rising sun—the opening music imitates the singing of birds—milk-white swans are seen gliding on the limpid stream, and all nature appears decked out in her gayest holiday attire.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, at this period twenty-one years of age, is discovered asleep upon a bank of flowers—Aerial music is heard, as OBERON and TITANIA are seen descending from the clouds.

INVOCATION CHORUS of *Invisible Sprites*,* as the clouds are descending.

At great Oberon's command,
Over sea, and over land,
Over hillock, over mountain,
Over lake, and over fountain,
Over rock, and over glen,
Over marsh, and over fen,
Over forest, over mead,
Hither haste, ye elves, with speed.

(*The clouds open, and OBERON and TITANIA advance.*)

* The supernatural agency here introduced does not in the least affect the probability of the plot, as the fairies hold no intercourse with the mortals, but in a dream.

RECITATIVO.—TITANIA, *pointing to WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.*

The son of Genius, who now slumbers there,
Hath from his youth been our especial care;
In him there dwells a great and mighty soul,
Which, to display itself without control,
Must quit these dull and rustic scenes of life,
And learn to glow, where, in the noble strife
Of emulation, he may be caress'd,
And the world's brightest genius stand confess'd!

Enter FAIRIES.

OBERON.—*Allegro vivace.*

Elves and Fairies all attend,
And haunt the slumbers of your friend;
One who shall, in after ages,
In his genius-glowing pages,
Tell of you, your tricks and fancies,
Your amours, and your romances.

Tit. Even now, mine eye doth ken
The magic power of his pen,—
Doth peruse in his sweet lays
Oberon and Titania's praise!

Obe. To your task, ye fairy elves.

Tit. Aid your minstrel! aid yourselves!
And in a vision, ere he wake,
Let his soul of joy partake!

[OBERON sounds his horn, when suddenly the clouds open, and SHAKESPEARE'S vision commences, the following groups and figures passing slowly before him as he slumbers.—
Appropriate music.]

First. FALSTAFF.

Second. RICHARD THE THIRD, *in his tent, just startled from his sleep by the Ghosts.*

Third. JULIET *waking in her tomb.*

Fourth. HAMLET and GHOST, *blue fire, with ramparts of the Castle, by moonlight.*

Fifth. PROSPERO, MIRANDA, ARIEL, and CALIBAN, *with distant view of shipwreck—green fire.*

Sixth. MACBETH and WITCHES, *in the caldron scene—red fire.*

[The several groups of Fairies, as this vision is passing, express by appropriate dancing and pantomime the subject of each apparition: thus, when Falstaff passes, they trip it nimbly, puffing their cheeks, to show both the vivacity and corpulence of that witty knave—when Richard is passing, they march a-la-militaire—when Juliet appears they seem dissolved with grief—the moonlight interview of Hamlet with the Ghost of his father, fills them with terror, and they hide their faces—Prospero's appearance, however, again cheers their spirits—and to Macbeth and the Witches they dance in the manner of those beldames—The vision having passed as before, the clouds close again.

Obe. Now, ye fairy elves, advance,
While our minstrel's in a trance,
And, that he in you may find
The creations of his mind,
Round him march, and round him dance,—
(SHAKESPEARE *makes a motion to awake.*)

He wakes! now hence! yet still be near—
As you came, so disappear!

[OBBERON and TITANIA re-ascend to the invocation music, *da capo*—chorus as before, to which the Fairies dance off, waving their wands over the slumbering bard.

[WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE starts from sleep, looks around, and rushes forward amazed.

Wil. S. Where am I? What have I seen?
Antic shapes, which eye of man
Till this moment ne'er did scan—
Forms that fancy still retains,
Though not one of them remains;—
And as they, in goodly numbers,
Passed me in my golden slumbers,
Methought I heard them all exclaim,

"In Oberon and Titania's name!
Shakspeare, arise to deathless fame!"

(*He stands wrapt in thought.*)

Enter JOHN, MARY, and GILBERT SHAKSPEARE.

Gil. This way, father and mother; this is his favourite haunt—verily, I'm right! yonder he stands, lost in deep cogitation, like unto one who dreameth with his eyes open.

John. (*To William.*) Why, thou scapegrace! thou wild Willy, boy! answer thy father; where, and how didst thou pass the night?

Wil. S. (*In ecstasy.*) In paradise! with gods, and kings, and queens!

Mary. Gods, kings, and queens! said I not my boy Willy had been in right honourable company:—hear'st thou, goodman John? kings and queens!

Gil. Queens, forsooth! pray heaven they be not *queans* of the wrong sort.

John. Surely, the boy is crazed!

Wil. S. I tell thee, father, I have supp'd with gods! Ambrosia was the food—nectar, the wine, Which angel hands did serve for our regalement.

John. (*To Gilbert.*) Hie thee for a leech, boy! thy brother is mad—I'll have him blooded—fly, for thy life! bring hither a leech, I say!

Gil. Anon, father, anon.

Mary. (*Detaining Gilbert.*) Not a drop of his gentle blood shall my dear Willy lose—not a drop!

John. (*To Gilbert.*) Wilt thou begone, sirrah?

Gil. I run, I fly!—yet, good brother Willy, pr'ythee now, come back again to thy sober senses, ere the leech rob thee of thine honourable blood—come, pr'ythee come with me to the wool-market?

Wil. S. To the wool-market, say'st thou? And shall I, Who heard but now the music of the spheres, Go listen to the bleating of old rams?

Gil. An thou likest to hear the music of the shears, brother Willy, thine ear may have abundance thereof, seeing we begin sheep-shearing this very day.

Enter SLYBOOTS and two Followers.

Sly. (*To his Men.*) Yonder he stands—now may we lay hands on him; yet with all gentleness and courtesy, in respect to his worthy father. Hem! (*To William.*) Young man! or, rather, young gentleman, an like ye, I have a word for your private ear, from his worship, Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlcombe.

Wil. S. Be brief, my friend; for I dislike preamble.

Sly. As I e'en now premised—you are hereby summoned to appear (*Produces a warrant*) instantler, before his worship, Sir Thomas Lucy, in whose park you last night shot a buck, and——

Wil. S. I understand; and am prepared to follow.

John. Oh, Willy, Willy! and was Charlcombe Park the paradise, and Sir Thomas Lucy's deer the angels and goddesses thou spak'at of even now? Alack-a-day! thou art a sad, wild Willy!

Mary. Judge not rashly, goodman John, until thou hear his worship's accusation.

Sly. With your leave, good Master Willy Shakespeare——

Wil. S. Since sovereign law commands, I will attend, And render an account.—Lead on, my friend!

Gil. Ah! this comes of keeping company with one's betters—gods, and kings, and queens: oh, dear!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Chamber in the Mansion of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlcombe—Antique table and chairs, with several old folio law books, pens, ink, &c.

Enter SIR THOMAS LUCY (a second Sir John Falstaff for corpulence,) followed by DRAWL, his clerk.

Sir T. Hem, hem! the arrant knave! to kill one of

my fattest bucks, and in mine own park, too! wherefore did not my foresters take him in the very act, and cage the rogue all night? Wherefore did they not? Expound, good Drawl—expound.

Drawl. (In a tone corresponding with his name.) They did not, an't please your worship, because they could not—seeing, the depredator, young Master Willy Shakespeare, of Stratford, to the cunning of the fox, addeth the fleetness of the hare—in brief, he escaped his pursuers, an't please your worship.

Sir T. (Mocking him.) Marry, but it pleaseth us not, Master Drawl, no more than thy long-tongued manner of speech. *(In his natural voice.)* An thou mend not thine utterance, we shall be constrained to provide us with another and more comprehensible clerk; seeing that the fairest words of the queen's English are most grievously marred and mangled by thy vile delivery thereof.

Sly. (Without.) This way. His worship, Sir Thomas, is above. This way.

Sir T. Ah!—That's a most welcome voice. So, Slyboots is returned, and with him that young poacher, I will hope; or, by the rotundity of our person! he shall eat no more poached eggs and bacon at Charlcombe Hall. An he bring me not this vile slayer of bucks, I'll cage him, or I'm but the fraction of a man. Now, Drawl, open me the books of law; for we are never compos mentis, until we have chapter and verse before us.

[DRAWL opens the law-books, and takes his seat upon a stool, at the table; while SIR THOMAS LUCY seats himself in his large official chair also at the table.—DRAWL, perched, as it were, on his stool, and wearing large old-fashioned spectacles, mounted in copper, contrasts admirably with SIR THOMAS, who with all the self consequence of magisterial dignity, added to personal animosity, prepares to examine the delinquent.]

Enter SLYBOOTS and Followers, with WILLIAM, JOHN, MARY, and GILBERT SHAKSPEARE.

Sly. Here is the young gentleman, an't please your worship.

Sir T. Young gentleman, forsooth!—young night-bird! scapegrace! poacher! thou wouldst say:—but he shall rue his wantonness, or I'm a baby's shadow. (*To John Shakspeare.*) Hark ye! Master John Shakspeare, on your parole of honour: your boy Willy slept not at home last night?

John. It grieveth my heart; but the truth must be confessed—he slept not under my roof last night, your worship.

Mary. Yet did he pass the night with gods, and kings, and queens.

Gil. Yes, your worship, where he heard the music of the shears.

Sir T. (Surprised.) Kings! queens! and the music of the shears! Verily, good Master Drawl, it seemeth unto us as though we had to deal with madmen.

Drawl. So seemeth it, indeed, most worshipful Sir Thomas.

Sir T. Yet will we soon restore them to reason. (*To William.*) Hem! how durst thou shoot a buck in our park, last night?

Wil. S. 'Twas in the forest—not your park, Sir Thomas.

Sir T. Explain! but dost thou hear!—naught but the truth; or, by the rotundity of our person, we'll have thee thumb-screwed—speak, coxcomb, speak!

Wil. S. I will obey, most worshipful Colossus.

Sir T. Colossus! why, thou ill-spoken, foul-mouthed, saucy varlet! know'st thou to whom thou speakest? Our name is not Colossus, but Sir Thomas Lucy.

Wil. S. Nor is mine coxcomb, sir; but William Shakspeare.

I met the buck i' the forest, running wild,
And shot him, not for pastime, but for food.
I know 'tis theft to take a horse, or sheep,
Or any other beast, domesticated;
But a wild animal, such as a deer, or hare,
Can have no owner; tell me then; I pray you,
Most sapient justice, out of your vast wisdom,
Where is the sin in killing such a creature,
More than in plucking from a bush or tree
A nut or sloe, unclaimed of any man?

Sir T. (Aside.) A shrewd young knave.—Good Drawl, we are at fault; expound, expound!

Drawl. (To William—taking one of the folios.) Young man, thus saith the law—"Certain brute beasts, albeit they do run wild, are noble in their nature, and may not be hunted or destroyed by any commoner."

Mary. But my boy Willy is no commoner—but a gentleman, every inch of him—that is, on his mother's side.

John. Peace, dame; or thou wilt mar all with thy tongue.

Sir T. Hem, hem! attention all! *(To William.)* If we do condescend to enter into exposition with a daring poacher, it proceeds from the natural sweetness of our lamb-like disposition; there not being one drop of gall in the whole of our somewhat substantial composition: thy youth and inexperience will we therefore instruct, out of our superabundant stock of wisdom.—*(Turns to Drawl and makes signs to him to open his book, and be ready to prompt, if occasion require it.)* Know, then, thou young scapegrace, the laws which empower us to chastise thee, were enacted by—*(Turns to Drawl for information, who communicates it in a whisper)*—hem! were enacted by that puissant monarch, Guilielmus Primus, who having subdued England, was surnamed the Conqueror.

Wil. S. If he did make such laws, he conquered more Than England.

Sir T. Pr'ythee, youngster, what besides?

Wil. S. Reason and common sense! for, where just Heaven

Hath set no mark or sign, whereby to ken
Why this beast should be noble, and that not,
Shall puny man dare make a difference,
And punish him who takes what bounteous Providence
Gave, free as air, to rich and poor alike?

Sir T. A pert young coxcomb! we are at fault
again: expound the law, good Drawl, expound!

Drawl. (*Aside.*) Now, by the mass! I am clean
puzzled, too. (*To William.*) Young man, such is the
law; let that suffice.

Sir T. Ay, such is the law; (*To William*) and thou
hast no excuse; for, seeing thou lackest naught, thou
canst not plead poverty, in extenuation of thy wanton-
ness.

Wil. S. It was not for myself I shot the buck,
For I receive at home, from my dear parents,
Both food and raiment, better than I merit.

Sir T. Not for thyself, say'st thou? For whom else,
pray?

Wil. S. I'll tell your worship:—in a little cottage
By the wood-side, there dwells an humble shepherd:
A man whose life, though spent in industry,
Hath ever been one tissue of misfortunes;
Disease destroyed his flocks, and poverty
Hath, from a man of substance, brought him down
To abject wretchedness. 'Twas yester even,
As in my wanderings I passed his cottage,
I heard a moan—a second struck mine ear;
And, entering the poor man's humble dwelling,
I there beheld a scene of wretchedness,
Too great for tongue to tell!

Sir T. I marvel at thy speech! proceed, young man.

Wil. S. His wretched wife, his helpless babes, him-
self,

On the bare earth lay stretched ! their pallid cheeks,
 Their sunken eyes, proclaimed the ruthless war
 Which nature then was waging 'gainst disease,
 Hunger, and cold, her mortal enemies !

"Have you no food ?" quoth I—

"None, for the last two days," was their reply ;—

Like one pursued by fiends, forth from the cottage

I madly rushed, resolved to bring them food !

My home I could not reach—it was too far ;

I therefore shot the buck I chanc'd to meet,

And on my shoulders bore it off in triumph,

To the poor shepherd's dwelling ;—there arriv'd,

I lit a fire—prepared some savoury broth

For the poor sufferers—tended them myself—

And when I saw their eyes beam joy again,

And heard them speak sweet words of gratitude,

And view'd the smiling infants all around me,

I thought them angels from the realms of light !—

Their cottage, paradise ! myself in heaven !

(Turning to his father.)

Thus, my dear father, did I pass the night.

Mary. My boy Willy deserves to be a Parliament member for such a speech.

John. Much more for such humanity ! thy hand, my brave boy,—I did thee wrong in thinking ill of thee.

Gil. (Half crying, going to William.) Let me embrace thee, brother Willy. Pr'ythee, describe unto me where about dwelleth the poor shepherd and his wretched family, and I will send them, straight out of mine own means, a present of fleecy hosiery.

[He treads accidentally on SIR THOMAS LUCY's toe, at which his worship is highly incensed, and strikes at him with a cane.

Sir T. (To Gilbert.) Thou careless knave ! Hem !
(To William.) Young man, attend—thou hast done both well and ill.

Wil. S. And can a man do ill in doing well?

Sir T. Ay, marry, can he, as we'll prove—thou didst well to feed the hungry, but thou didst ill to feed them with venison, which is no food for peasants, but for lords.

Wil. S. And is that justice, sir?

Sir T. Such is the law.

Wil. S. Should law from justice e'er be separated?

Sir T. Make an end, good Drawl, make an end, or this young coxcomb will clean confound us at last. If ever I beheld his equal, I'll be a baby's shadow.

Drawl. (*Taking one of the folios.*) Young man, attend: for the good which thou didst in feeding of the hungry, thou meritest commendation, but for the evil thou didst in shooting a buck—moreover, a buck appertaining unto his worship, Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlcombe Hall—the law doth inflict the penalty of fifty crowns, or twelve months' imprisonment.

Sir T. The which sentence we do confirm.

John. (*Producing his purse.*) Not a moment shall my brave boy pine in a dungeon's gloom. (*Goes to the table, and gives a bag of money.*) Here is the money.

Gil. (*Going to the table, and paying money.*) If, peradventure, thou hast not gotten money enough, father, I have three silver groats in the corner of my pocket—(*Embracing William.*) Any thing for dear brother Willy.

[*DRAWL* receives the money, carefully examining the coin, and, finally depositing it in a canvas bag, puts it into his pocket.

Wil. S. (*To his father.*) I promise ne'er again thus to offend.

John. Every day, boy, an thou wilt: deeds of mercy and charity are at all times in season; but leave the shooting of bucks, in future, Willy—and if thou wilt at any time save a poor family from starving, take one

of thy father's sheep to them—thou art heartily welcome.

Gil. Ay, marry, to the fattest of the whole flock, wool and all.

Wil. S. Thanks, my good brother; yet his worship here,

“Dress'd in a little brief authority,”

Hath punished me for pure humanity.

“In law, no plea so tainted and corrupt

“But, being season'd with a specious voice,

“Obscures the show of evil.”

Come, father, let us hence; the air is here

By far too foul for honest lungs to breathe.

[*Exeunt the SHAKESPEARE family.*]

(*SIR THOMAS LUCY rises.*)

Sir T. A saucy varlet that: by the rotundity of our person, a most impertinent young coxcomb; but we will be more rigid with such night-birds in future.

(*In turning, he encounters Drawl, who stands beside him.*)

And now, good Master Drawl, drawl thyself hence—thou art an useful drudge enough, but much too tardy; though that is a defect which not thou, but Nature, who bungled thee in the making, must to the gods account.

Drawl. I will strive to amend, most worshipful Sir Thomas. Yea, verily, I will essay to a-mend.

[*Drawling the latter word worse than before—exit.*]

Sir T. (*Imitating him.*) A-men! cry I to thy amendment, the which, an thou accomplish it not speedily, though thou be'st a good pack-horse, I'm a grasshopper but I'll send thee packing.—Slyboots, come hither, knave!

Sly. (*Advancing and bowing obsequiously.*) Most worshipful Sir Thomas—

Sir T. Thou art an expert knave in thine office, therefore will we advance thee—thou shalt have

Drawl's place, an thou be scholar sufficient—what say'st thou?

Sly. Thankfulness, most worshipful sir, hath made me tongue-tied; and in this moment to clothe my feelings in words were neither more nor less than on one and the same day to breakfast on earth, dine in the moon, and sup with Apollo in the centre of the sun. In a word, a thing clean impossible, your worship.

Sir T. (Laughing.) Ha, ha, ha! thou art a merry wag. I love wit as dearly as I love venison and sack. By the rotundity of our person, that was a quaint conceit of thine, Master Slyboots—to sup with Apollo in the centre o' the sun—that must needs be a hot supper, eh? *(Laughing.)* Ha, ha, ha! That's a good one, isn't it?—Why dost not laugh?

Sly. (Laughing vulgarly.) Ha, ha, ha!

Sir T. (Raising his cane.) That's enough—thou see'st thou art not the only wit in the world. *(Laughing.)* Ha, ha, ha!

Sly. Of that I am duly sensible; my puny wit, compared to that of your worship, is but as a gnat compared to an elephant.

Sir T. Good again! excellent! Marry but we will drink a cup of sack together after dinner, for we perceive thou hast both learning and discretion, and thy advancement is sure—yet must we have proof positive of thy ability. Go thou, therefore, and draw up, in good set terms, a proclamation against deer-stealing; the which we will have affixed to the gate of our park; ay, hung up as a rod to scare offenders—remember, Master Slyboots, a proclamation—hear'st thou? a thundering proclamation!

[*Exit.*]

Sly. Marry, though I were to sit me down and cogitate for a month, yet could I not do his worship's bidding; seeing, I can neither read nor write;—yet am I herein no ways inferior to his worship, who is

himself so great an ignoramus,* that he knoweth not a primer from a prayer-book, unless it be by the pictures: yet doth he justice it exceedingly well, by deputy; and wherefore may not I?—My plot is ripe! Slyboots, thy fortune is made!—and now for my thundering proclamation! [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Interior of John Shakspeare's House—the room in which the immortal bard was born—chairs and table, with pen, ink, and paper.

Enter WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE and GILBERT.

Gil. And wilt thou not come with me to the wool-market, brother Willy?

Wil. S. Go thou, good brother Gilbert; prove thyself

A thrifty merchant, and thou wilt be prized—
If honour set her seal to all thy bargains,
Most highly, amongst honourable men:—
But, as for me, I was not born to trudge
In the low valleys of life's tedious journey;—
No! to the mountains doth my soul aspire!
Where, unobscured by clouds, the day-god pours
His radiant fire! 'Tis there my spirit soars!

Gil. The eagle, on strong pinions, mounteth aloft,
and getteth naught but fresh air for his breakfast;
while the poor goose contenteth herself with waddling
about the barn-door, or playeth her gambols in a dirty
pond—certain she of barley for dinner, and fish for
her supper;—now, pr'ythee, tell me, brother Willy,

* Considering the state of education in 1585, especially in the country, there is nothing improbable in supposing Sir Thomas Lucy ignorant of the common rudiments of even his native language. In support of my supposition, I adduce the historical fact, that of twenty-four high bailiffs of the town of Stratford of whom Shakspeare's father was one, seven only could write their names.—See Shakspeare's Biography, by Harvey, 1825.

which is the better of the two : an air-fed eagle, or a barley-fed goose ?

Wil. S. (Affectionately taking his brother's hand.) Scoff not at what thou canst not comprehend,

Gil. Well, e'en as thou wilt, brother Willy : I must away to hear the music of the shears—so fare thee well ! [Going.]

Enter SLYBOOTS.

Gil. Ah ! give ye good-day, Master Slyboots.

Sly. Save you, good master Gilbert. (*Exit GILBERT, exchanging compliments.*) Save you, good Master Willy Shakspeare. (*Bowing.*)

Wil. S. Thou here again ? What wouldst thou with me now ?

Sly. Crave a favour—a mighty favour, good Master Willy Shakspeare, at thy hands. His worship, Sir Thomas Lucy, weary of the tardiness of his clerk, Theophilus Drawl, hath most bountifully proffered me the office—provided I show proof competent of mine ability.

Wil. S. (Impatiently.) Pr'ythee, be brief !—straight to the point, at once.

Sly. The proof demanded, is the draught of a proclamation against deer-stealing—a thundering proclamation ! to be publicly exhibited at the gate of Charl-cotte Park. Now, seeing that I am illiterate, I would entreat of you, good Master Willy Shakspeare, you being an expert penman, to draw up the said proclamation in my stead, in good set terms ; and I will most gladly pay thee for thy pains, whatsoever thou mayst require.

Wil. S. And wouldst thou dispossess thy fellow servant

Of place and profit, by an act of fraud ?

Shame, shame ! Moreover, ignorant as thou art,
How canst perform the duties of thy charge ?

Sly. By deputy, an like ye, kind Master Willy—by deputy;—even as Sir Thomas himself dischargeth his duty; for he, though a knight of the shire, is as ignorant as your humble servant.

Wil. S. (Aside) Oh, Jupiter! and is it at the nod Of such dull asses thou wouldst have us tremble?
(*To Slyboots.*) A thundering proclamation, saidst thou not?

Sly. So spake his worship.

Wil. S. It shall be done, anon:—pr'ythee, be silent.

(*Sits down at the table, and writes rapidly.*)

Sly. (Apart, delighted.) Master Willy Shakspeare is, unquestionably, the ablest penman in all Stratford;—he'll draw up the proclamation in good set terms, I warrant me;—and then (*In Drawl's manner*), out goes stupid old Drawl, (*In his natural voice*) and in comes clever Master Slyboots. Oh, it's a capital plot! a glorious plot!

Wil. S. (Rising and giving a paper.) Here, take thy proclamation.

Sly. Good, kind, sweet Master Willy Shakspeare; and thy reward? (*Offering money.*)

Wil. S. The pleasure of exposing knaves and fools! no more.

Sly. Thanks! innumerable thanks for thy generosity, good, sweet Master Willy. Now to his worship with my thundering proclamation! [*Exit.*]

Wil. S. (Soliloquy.) I'm weary of this dull and rustic life,

And for a time will quit my father's roof:
But whither wend my steps? I do remember,
Some few years since, a troop of merry players,
Who came to Stratford, jovial boon companions:
If I err not, the troop is now in London.
What, if I join them—sure, 'twere no offence,
For, moralizing—"all the world's a stage,

And all the men and women merely players;—
 They have their exits, and their entrances,
 And one man in his time plays many parts"—
 Then, why not I? Oh, for a sphere of action!
 Where the mind's vigour hath unbounded range!
 Nature and Fate both point me out the way;
 Shakspeare, it is thy duty to obey. (*Looking off.*)
 Father, farewell! dear mother, do not grieve;
 Farewell, ye dear companions of my youth!
 William will ne'er forget your love and truth:
 It grieves his soul to fill your souls with sorrow,
 Yet evening storms oft bring a sunny morrow—
 In heaven's name then, Shakspeare, on to London!
 (*Exit.*)

SCENE V.—The Gates of Charlcombe Park.

Enter a CRIER, followed by a numerous train of Townsfolk and Peasantry, of both sexes.

Crier (Ringing his bell.) Oyez, oyez, oyez! know, all men, women, and children, that his worship, Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlcombe, intendeth to exhibit, as a wholesome warning, a most thundering proclamation against the stealing of deer! and dear will he have to pay for it, who shall in future be found guilty of the offence! God save the Queen!

Omnes. Hurrah!

Enter GILBERT SHAKSPEARE, cracking nuts—as soon as he appears, the girls all run, teasing him.

Gil. Now, I pray ye, girls, do let a bashful young man alone—I seek not your familiarity—an ye show not more modesty of deportment, you'll constrain me to lodge a complaint against ye, before his worship, Sir Thomas; so, you had best keep your distance, for see, here he comes.

Enter SIR THOMAS LUCY, followed by DRAWL—all present unbonnet and bow to his worship, as he passes.

Sir T. We have thought fit to summon ye hither, by sound of bell, that you may hear our will and pleasure. Know, then, we have reason to be exceeding wrath! our anger burns within us, like a fiery oven! and we are determined instantly to hang up—*(The Peasantry, alarmed, feel their necks)* a proclamation, *(They all cry "Oh!")* to deter all such idle knaves and sluts, as may, in future, happen to long for a haunch of venison for their dinner: and here comes Master Slyboots, with our decree.

Enter SLYBOOTS, with his paper.

Sly. Here it is, your worship! such a thundering composition! every word of it mine own, too—there, your worship, only read it. *(Aside.)* I know he can't; but that matters not. *(To Sir Thomas.)* Read it, Sir Thomas, and confess that Vulcan never forged such thunder in his life—no, never! The bolts of Jove were but parched peas, in comparison.

Sir T. (Pretending to read the proclamation.) Exquisite! capital! sublime! better and better! *(Slyboots is highly pleased.)* The proclamation pleaseth us exceedingly: and now, good, clever Master Slyboots, pr'ythee read it aloud for the edification of the multitude. *(Gives the paper to Slyboots.)*

Sly. (Suddenly perplexed—aside.) How the plague shall I excuse mine own ignorance? *(To Sir Thomas Lucy, returning the paper.)* Impossible, Sir Thomas—I know my duty better:—pray, read it yourself; the proclamation would come with tenfold weight from the eloquent mouth of your most worshipful worship.

Sir T. (Taking the paper—aside.) The people dare not know we cannot read the vulgar English tongue.

(*To Slyboots.*) True, most true, Master Slyboots, thou art right; but we do not happen to have our eye-glasses about us, just now, and therefore——

Drawl. (*Taking off his large spectacles.*) Mine are very much at your worship's service.

Sir T. Pshaw! thine, indeed! away with such rubbish! they are mounted in copper!—think'st thou Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlcombe, would disgrace his right honourable nose, by wearing glasses mounted in copper? Go to! thou hast a dull brain, Master Drawl—a most dull brain!—We therefore do repeat our command—Slyboots, read thou the proclamation.

Sly. (*In despair, pretending that the gnats have flown into his eyes.*) Oh, oh!

Sir T. Why, what's the matter, now?

Sly. (*Dancing about, as in much pain.*) Oh! curse the gnats, they have clean blinded me, your worship.

Sir T. Mirabile dicta! what, both eyes at once?

Sly. Both, as I'm a sinner. Oh!

Sir T. Then must Drawl perform the task. Come hither, Master Longface, and read aloud the proclamation, with due emphasis and discretion.

Drawl. (*Takes the paper, puts on his glasses, and starts, amazed.*) And am I to read the contents of this paper, most worshipful Sir Thomas.

Sir T. Most assuredly, thou art. Is it not an excellent proclamation, written in good set terms?

Sly. Ay, marry! a capital proclamation.

Drawl. Oh, Jupiter! I dare not read it; an I do, your worship will have me whip-ped, ca-ged—nay, even suspended, not only in mine office, but by the neck until I die.

Sir T. Dolt! idiot! read the proclamation, we command thee!

Drawl. An I must, I must; (*Turning to the Peasantry*) but you are all witnesses, it is no fault of mine.

Omnes. Certainly not.

Drawl. (Reads aloud.) "Copy of verses on Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlcombe."

(SIR THOMAS *stares*, and SLYBOOTS is *confounded*.)

Gil. (Looking over Drawl's shoulder.) 'Tis even so; Drawl readeth it correctly.

Drawl. (Reading.) "Verses on Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlcombe. (SLYBOOTS *trembles*.)

"A Parliament member; a justice of peace;

"At home a poor scarecrow; in London an ass!"—

Omnes. (Laughing.) Ha, ha, ha!

(SLYBOOTS *scampers off*.)

Sir T. (In a violent passion.) Hold! seize that scoundrel, Slyboots! (He is dragged in again by two Bailiffs.) Into the stocks with him!

Sly. Hear me, your worship, hear me!

Sir T. Not a word; into the stocks with him, I say! and let two of our bailiffs stand over the godless knave, and knock his brains out if he offer to speak a word.

[Two Peasants bring forward the stocks and seat—the bailiffs put SLYBOOTS into the stocks, and, as he attempts to speak in his defence, silence him by raising their cudgels—SIR THOMAS affecting calmness.

And now, with all the dignity of true philosophy, will we patiently listen to the whole of this most slanderous libel; in order that we may have sufficient proof to hang up the author thereof, that scoundrel, Slyboots, without either judge or jury.

Sly. Oh! your worship! (The Bailiffs silence him.)

Sir T. (Suppressing his anger.) Proceed, good Master Drawl, proceed.

Drawl. (Reads.) "At home a poor scarecrow; in London, an ass—

"A haughty, proud, insolent knight of the shire,

"Whom nobody loves; though there's many him fear.

"To the sessions he went, and did sorely complain,
 "His park had been robb'd, and his deer had been
 slain.

"If a juvenile frolic he cannot forgive,
 "We'll sing stupid Lucy as long as we live."

[The Peasantry burst out into a loud laugh, when his worship strikes at them with his cane, and snatching the paper from his clerk, tramples on it.

Sir T. (*In a violent rage.*) Go, fetch a rope! and let it be a long one! (SLYBOOTS *attempts to speak.*) Not a word, thou monster of ingratitude! not a syllable, till thou art hanged on yonder tree. (*A Bailiff brings a rope.*) Now, up with him!

Sly. Oh! (*He is silenced by the Bailiffs.*)

Drawl. Justice commandeth me to lift up my voice in behalf of poor Solomon Slyboots—he is not guilty of this libel, for, to my certain knowledge, he can neither read nor write. (*Bailiffs begin to release him.*)

Sir T. Not guilty! and if Slyboots be innocent of the libel, who is the author of it?

Drawl. I know the hand-writing full well—it is that of Master Willy Shakspeare.

Sly. (*Falling at SIR THOMAS LUCY'S feet.*) Yes, your worship, it is most truly William Shakspeare's—

Sir T. That daring poacher! go, run! fly! some twenty of you, and bring him hither, tied neck and heels. We'll have the young scoundrel whipped, caged, thumb-screwed, hanged, drawn, and quartered. Fly, I say, and bring the scoundrel hither.

(*The Bailiffs are running off.*)

Gil. Stay where you are—it's no use, for brother Willy, so, please your worship, is just gone off to London.

Omnes. (*Laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha! Hurrah!

• Sir T. (*In a rage.*) What, ho! saddle me my dappled stallion—I'll follow the saucy scoundrel to the world's

end, but I'll have satisfaction. To horse! to horse, I say! Revenge! revenge!

[Amidst the rage of SIR THOMAS, the laughter of the Peasantry, the ringing of the Crier's bell, and the amazement of poor DRAWL, the scene closes.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—London.—The exterior of the Falcon Tavern, the favourite resort of the Globe Company of Comedians, in Shakespeare's time.

Enter RICHARD BURBAGE and TARLETON, from the Tavern, the latter somewhat inebriated, with a cup of sack in his hand.

Bur. Pr'ythee, now, Tarleton, come with me, while thou canst walk erect, for, ere long, an thou goest on thus, thou'lt crawl on all fours like a beast.

Tar. An I do, Burbage, I'll be a merry brute, that's certain; for never did I feel more jovially inclined—
(Sings.) Though poor as Job, I nothing lack,

While thus I quaff my cup of sack. (*Drinks.*)

Bur. Yet, bethink thee, Tarleton, it is now very near the play hour; and have we not to enact before the Lord Southampton, and divers other personages of high degree? Therefore, I pray thee, good Tarleton, be moderate in thy potations.

Tar. So I am, Burby; perfectly moderate, and wise, too, for a fool: the which both nature and practice, will I, nill I, did conspire to make of me: an thou look for wise actions from fools, thou art no better than a fool for thy pains.

Bur. Come, pr'ythee, now, be rational for once. Thou know'st the multitude do highly prize thee for thy extravagance in season which prompteth thee to

be no less extravagant out of season : yet recollect wit, like strong diet, is not for every day.

Tar. True ; or dull homilies but for time of Lent. Preach thou, therefore, good Burby, an thou wilt ; for my part, I'll drink sack till I am clean sacked of every penny ; so one more cup in honour of Queen Elizabeth, and then straight away to the Globe—what ho, hostess !

Enter HOSTESS, from the tavern.

Hos. Always at hand, gentlemen ; always at hand.

Tar. Good mine hostess, one cup more.

[She takes the cup, but BURBAGE winks to her to bring no more.

I love Queen Elizabeth, for she loves us players, heaven bless her. *[Exit HOSTESS.*

Bur. But suppose we toast the Queen after the play—what sayst thou, Tarleton, after the play ?

Tar. Agreed.

Bur. But, talking of the Queen, thou hast doubtless heard of the prize her majesty intends giving—her own picture set in diamonds, for the best poem on a matter commanded by herself.

Tar. Murry, not I ; for, not being a poet, it concerneth me not : yet what doth the subject touch upon ?

Bur. The merits of our art—the royal theme proposed is, which deserves the palm, tragedy or comedy ?

Tar. Comedy, say I.

Bur. And tragedy, say I—thus we differ—I look for great contention ; a very joust and tournament amongst the wits of the court, on this matter, rely upon it : so honourable is the prize, that many a pen—not lance, indeed, will be shivered in the contest.

Tar. Ay, marry, and many a knight errant, no doubt,

be most unceremoniously unhorsed from his Pegasus—
But say, who are the candidates?

Bur. Why, in the first place, there's the mighty Doctor Orthodox, the Master of the Revels——

Tar. Quantum suff.; an he enter the lists, none other hath even a shadow of good fortune on his side, for Doctor Orthodox is a very Colossus of learning—his brain must be a perfect bibliotheca.

Bur. And yet I know of one, who, though a youth, would prove a David to this huge Goliath, were he but here.

Tar. His name, Burby, his name?

Bur. Is William Shakspeare, of the town of Stratford,*

A youth of parts so rare, that, summ'd together,
They make up such a total as the world
Ne'er boasted of, till he beheld the light.
Trust me, I measure not his noble qualities
With friendship's fond and magnifying eye—
Yet stake my life, were time and place befitting,
Shakspeare would bear away the royal prize,
And stand confess'd THE WONDER OF THE WORLD!

Tar. Send for him, Burby; pr'ythee, send for him: an it were but fairly to unhorse old Doctor Orthodox—I hate him; for though I twist my mouth into the drollest of all possible contortions, his sapience never once vouchsafeth to laugh at me;—therefore I pray thee, send for Willy Shakspeare; now do, good Burby, do.

Bur. I will, I will, Tarleton, on the instant; but now to the Globe, (*Looks off*) for see! the company are flocking to the play—thou must lend me a sword, Tarleton, for mine is at the cutler's—I know thou'lt not say nay.

Tar. Not for the Queen's crown to thee, Burby; I

* Burbage and Shakspeare were townsmen.

never say nay to a friend, for then were I no Christian man, but a horse—so come along, thou shalt have my best sword, my well-tempered Toledo. Come;

[*Exeunt*]

Enter WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, dejectedly.

Wil. S. Here am I, then, in London; all alone,
In this vast world, so full of company,
Where each man stares his fellow i' the face,
'Then passes on, without "God save thee, friend"—
Why did I leave my father's friendly roof,
To wander thus an exile through the world,
Expos'd to suffer what's far worse than death—
Neglect, contempt! (*Heroically.*) The brave man need
not suffer!

"For who would bear the whips and scorn o' the time,
"The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely :
"The insolence of office, and the spurns
"That patient merit of th' unworthy takes—
"When he with ease might his quietus make
"With a bare bodkin? (*Regarding the tavern.*)
Mayhap the host of yonder tavern knows
Where my good townsman, Burbage, dwells in London—
I'll knock and see, if to a guest so poor,
They deem it worth their while to ope the door.

(*Knocks.*) *Enter HOSTESS.*

Hos. Well, youngster, what now?

Wil. S. Give ye good morrow, dame.

Hos. Thank ye, young man; what is thy pleasure?
A whole flask, or only a cup of sack?

Wil. S. (*Sighing.*) Neither, good dame, for empty is
my purse:

I merely would inquire——

Hos. (*Sharply.*) No sack! neither a flask, nor even
a cup! Why, thou saucy varlet! think'st thou an ho-

nest woman hath no better occupation, than to open her door, walk forth, and stand questions with every idle loon that chooseth to knock?

Wil. S. Nay, good dame—I pry’thee, be not wrath—

Hos. ’Twere enough to make one, methinks. This, sirrah, is the Falcon Tavern; I am the hostess thereof; and whoever knocks here must have good cross and coin in his pocket—ay, marry, must he, good silver or gold. *[Exit into the tavern.]*

Wil. S. (Soliloquy.) Oh, for the rustic’s hospitality! Who, though his meal be but a scanty pittance, Most gladly shares it with the passing stranger: Begs him to rest his weary limbs awhile. Then to his guest points out the doubtful way, And, parting, cries, “God speed thee on thy journey!” But here, with Midas, all would feed on gold. Gold! gold! the rich man’s boast, the poor man’s hope;

The miser’s god and devil, both in one.

O, Shakspeare! here in London thou art lost;

Merit thou canst not have, for thou lack’st gold. *[Exit.]*

Enter SIR THOMAS LUCY, followed by DRAWL, both in travelling attire.

Sir T. Here we are, then, in London, good Master Drawl; and, by the rotundity of our person, we swear we’ll have revenge! As knight of the shire, we can readily gain audience of the Queen; and if that vile young scapegrace, Willy Shakspeare, be in London, the law shall reach him. Thou hast the libel in safe keeping, good Master Drawl?

Drawl. (Pulling it slowly out of his pocket.) It is here, most worshipful Sir Thomas.

Sir T. Right, Master Drawl; and thou art my witness. Ah! I pant for revenge! An the young villain had the nine lives of a cat, by St. George, and the dra-

gon to boot, he should lose every one of them! To kill one of my fattest bucks! question my wisdom! and call me——

Drawl. An ass! (*Pointing to the paper.*) that was the very word, an't please you, right worshipful Sir Thomas.

Sir T. (Angrily.) Pahaw! it pleaseth me not; and thou art an ass for thy pains. How dar'st thou repeat the beastly phrase in our hearing?

Drawl. I thought your worship was at fault, and wished me to expound, most sapient Sir Thomas.

Sir T. Expound, forsooth! an I were in Stratford, I'd have thee pounded for thine expounding. But now to the royal palace to demand justice—ay, justice and revenge! Master Drawl, draw thyself after me—dost hear?—Follow thou the steps of wisdom.

Drawl. (Slowly following him.) I will, most sapient Sir Thomas. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Exterior of the Globe Theatre, Bankside, with a distant view of old St. Paul's, &c.—The Globe is an hexagonal wooden building, covered with reeds—a long pole, with a flag, is erected, to notify, as was the custom, that the entertainments are going on—over the principal entrance is a sign, on which is represented the figure of Atlas supporting the globe—underneath is written "*Totus mundus agit histriorem*"—"All the world acts a play."

Enter WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Wil. S. (Soliloquy.) There stands the Globe, the house of entertainment:

And yet, methinks, the players of the day
Seek more to gratify the vulgar crew
With idle foolery, than to mend the heart,
By acting Nature's self in colours true!

(*Loud cries are heard without.*)

What cry was that? See, on the river's brink
There rides a noble knight—his foaming steed,

Refusing to be curbed by bit or rein,
Now plunges wildly: some adventurous arm,
Must seize the bridle, else the rider's lost!

[Rushes off.—After a momentary pause, loud shouts of acclamation are heard without.—*LORD SOUTHAMPTON*, as if slightly hurt, enters leaning on *WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE*'s shoulder, two Pages following.—One Page immediately goes into the theatre, but soon returns and joins his companion at the back.

Lord S. (to *Shakspeare*). Young man, thou surely art my guardian angel!

Had'st thou not seiz'd my horse,* I must have fallen.
Into the angry flood Pity thee, thy name—

Wil. S. Is William Shakspeare, my good sir.

Lord S. Know, thou hast saved the life of *Lord Southampton*.

Wil. S. I joy to hear it: yet believe me, sir,
Humanity, whose humble child I am,
Did not allow me leisure to inquire
Whether the sufferer I would snatch from death
Was a poor peasant or a noble lord!

Lord S. I like thy answer well; and, for thy pains,
Accept my purse and friendship. (*Offering a purse.*)

Wil. S. (*Moderately declining the money*) The latter
were by far the richer boon.

Enter BURBAGE and TARLETON, from the Theatre.

Bur. I trust no harm hath reached your noble lordship.

Lord S. None! thanks to this young man, my brave deliverer. (*Pointing to Shakspeare.*)

Bur. Why! may I trust my eyes? 'tis William Shakspeare!

Welcome, my boy, to London. (*Shakes hands with him.*)

Wil. S. Thanks, honest Burbage!

* It is thus that the author has endeavoured, to adhere to the tradition that Shakspeare held horses at the Globe Theatre--yet giving it a more favourable interpretation.

Tar. Shakspeare here! Bravo! Now, old Doctor Orthodox, may'st thou shake in thy shoes.

Bur. (*introducing Shakspeare to Lord Southampton.*)
My lord, permit me to present to you
A young adventurous poet, who shall pluck
The laurel wreath from pedantry and pride—
Making them sink to nothing in the dust
Of abjectness before him!

Lord S. What, a poet!
Then shall he under our protection stand,
As candidate to-morrow for the prize
Our gracious Queen, in presence of her court,
Means to bestow upon victorious merit.
(*To Shakspeare.*) Take thou this ring—accept it as a
token
Of our future friendship and regard.

(*SHAKESPEARE crosses to LORD SOUTHAMPTON.*)

What nobler exercise for wealth than this—
To raise the flower that hides its humble head,
And place it i' the sun? to foster Genius,
And from the caverns of the deep bring forth
The pearl, that gives the diadem its worth!†

Wil. S. My lord, your kindness is a spur to action;
And should success my humble efforts crown,
"The harvest," noble sir, "is all your own."

Lord S. When merit is with modesty combined,
The happy union speaks a noble mind.

[*Exit into the Theatre, attended to the door by BURBAGE, FARLETON, and SHAKESPEARE, who then return.*]

Bur. (*to SHAKESPEARE.*)—Now, William, my boy,
to work, to work!
For there's a grievous lack of entertainment:

† *Quere*—Why are there no Lord Southamptons now-a-days? *Answer*—Most probably because there are no Shakspeares.

It seems as though the playwrights of the day
Had neither fire, nor fancy, nor ambition.
From the French kitchen to cook up a dish
Of any thing, no matter how averse
To English taste, is all their emulation;
But William Shakspeare shall convince the world
Toys please not us, though they be gilded o'er—
For Nature is the goddess we adore!

*Wil. S. (Producing a manuscript).—*Here is a tragedy.—*(Gives BURBAGE a MS.)*

*Bur. (Delighted).—*A tragedy!

*Tur. (to Shakspeare).—*Pr'ythee, say, is there a good clown's part in it for me?

*Bur. (Looking over the MS.).—*Hamlet! Methinks I've somewhere read the story.

It shall be played; but first you must procure
A warrant from old Doctor Orthodox.

Hath he a copy of the tragedy?

Wil. S. He hath.

Tur. Seek thou the warrant when thou wilt, thou can'st not fail to find him at home, mounted on his Pegasus.

Bur. (Holding up SHAKSPEARE'S MS.).—
There, though he ride for ever and a day,
In his whole life he'll not write such a play.

Tur. Bravo! Willy Shakspeare! You are the boy who will soon bear away the palm of victory, in spite of all the Doctor Orthodoxes in the nation. But hark ye, Willy Shakspeare: whatever you write, be careful of one thing—don't forget me, d'y'e hear, Willy?

WIL. S. Not for the world, my friend; but let us hence.

"The winter of my discontent" is past,
And fortune's sunshine smiles on me at last.

[Exeunt, arm-in-arm, into the Theatre]

SCENE III.—An Antique Apartment in the House of Doctor Orthodox.—A book-case.

Enter DOCTOR ORTHODOX, with a long Scroll of Parchment, followed by his Man PETER, very thin.

Doc. Finis coronat opus! the poem is perfected which shall fill the world with wonder and amazement. From the days of Aristotle even down to the present moment, have I here given copious quotations from every tragedy and comedy which fourteen centuries have produced; then, with a masterly hand, have I from such ample premises drawn mine own incontrovertible conclusions, finally deciding in favour of tragedy. The royal prize is mine: already do I behold her majesty's picture, emblazoned with diamonds, hanging around my neck.

Peter. Where, an't please your sapience? where?

Doc. In fancy, dolt! marry, in imagination! Had'st thou a soul, things invisible to sense would yet be apparent to thy mental eye: but thou hast no sublimity in thee—gluttony is all thy thought; and venter non habet aures!

Peter. In mine eyes, and to my yearning stomach, the sublimest object in nature is a good dinner.

(Knocking heard without.)

Doc. Some one knocks; therefore, shut thy mouth and open the door.

Peter. Yes, master. *(Opens the door.)*

Enter WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Wil. S. I come, most sapient sir, to crave your warrant

For my new tragedy: 'tis for the Globe.

Doc. *(Eyeing SHAKESPEARE suspiciously.)*—Thou write a tragedy! Who art thou, youngster?

Say, of what college art thou a graduate?

Wil. S. I cannot boast of learning : all I know
Was taught me by a worthy schoolmistress.

Doc. A schoolmistress ! Some old village grandam,
no doubt.

Will. S. (*With dignity.*)—Not so :
Creation's boundless temple was my school—
Mankind my study ! 'Tis a royal college,
Endowed most nobly by the King of kings !
There Nature in one hour teaches more
Than in an age your Greek and Latin lore !

Doc. Profane idea ! An thou art not erudite, young
man, how can'st thou ever hope to be a poet ?

Wil. S. Be my work good or ill, I crave your war-
rant,*

And wait upon your leisure.

Doc. (*Contemptuously.*)—Where is this tragedy of yours ?

Wil. S. You have it, sir—'tis entitled Hamlet.

Peter. 'Tis here, most sapient sir.

(*Opening a Book-case and handing the Doctor a MS.*)

Doc. I recollect—hem ! Hamlet :† (*Looking over
the MS.*)—and a precious Hamlet it is, too—here we
have a ghost—a youth who feigns madness, and a
young maiden truly out of her wits—then come a
couple of grave-diggers,—now, really young man, pr'y-
thee tell me, art thou not often, at the full of the
moon, somewhat deranged ? Out of pure friendship do
I counsel thee to return home, with all convenient
speed ; and drive a cart, hew wood, carry water, or
follow the plough—but attempt not to write tragedies,
for, without Greek and Latin, how can'st thou possibly
hope to thrive ?

* The word *license*, as applied to a grant for producing a
play, was not used in Shakspeare's times.

† The chronological order of Shakspeare's plays being by
no means clearly established, the author considered himself
at liberty to select which he pleased as the bard's supposed
first production.

Wil. S. I pray you, sir, judge not too hastily.

Doc. Moreover, here is one Laertes, whom you, in your first act, send from Denmark to Paris, already returned again in the fourth—marry, now, but thou must be a most unconscionable playwright! Pr'ythee, tell me; doth thy father keep post-horses with wings, that thou requirest thy spectators to travel with this same Master Laertes no less than six hundred leagues in somewhat less than two hundred minutes? Hast thou never heard of Aristotle and his three grand unities of action, time, and place?

Wil. S. Never, most sapient sir.

Doc. So it appeareth, most assuredly. Go, youngster, and follow the plough: six hundred leagues in two hundred minutes! oh! monstrous violation of all rule! oh, immortal Aristotle! what would'st thou say to this?

Wil. S. (*With dignity.*)—Let Aristotle say what he thinks fit—

Shakspeare replies:—What is so quick as thought?

“Not e'en the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere we can say it lightens!”

The glowing fancy soars aloft to heaven,
And, in the twinkling of an eye descends
From thence, into the fathomless abyss
Of earth's deep centre, or the ocean's bed!
From east to west, from pole to pole, she flies,
Far swifter than Apollo's golden rays
Can give the hills their early morning kiss!
Dull souls may fail in the gigantic race,
But nobler spirits know nor time nor space!

Doc. Pr'ythee, tell me, from whom did'st thou learn that speech, young man?

Wil. S. From good Dame Nature, sir; my school-mistress.

Doc. (*With a sarcastic smile.*)—'Tis evident thou art not compos mentis, youngster; and therefore—

Wil. S. (Impatiently)—The warrant, sapient sir—I crave your warrant.

Doc. My duty compelleth me to refuse it; seeing this, thy tragedy of Hamlet is replete with absurdity, ignorance, and profanity!

Wil. S. (Confounded, yet speedily recollecting himself.) Know you this ring, sir?

Doc. (Regarding it.)—It is the signet-ring of my Lord Southampton.

Wil. S. His lordship is my patron.

Doc. Indeed! (*Bows most obsequiously.*) Oh! that's quite another case—young gentleman, you shall have our warrant, instantly. Peter! a pen here—(*Peter brings one, and a portfolio, from book-case—the doctor signs the warrant.*) 'Tis done. (*Hands it to SHAKESPEARE.*) Here, young gentleman, is our warrant, and most heartily do we wish you every success. Our own superior discernment leads us to discover that you have talent—much talent; and, under the high auspices of my Lord Southampton, you may, provided you study Aristotle, one day become as great a poet as the renowned Dr. Orthodox, who stands before you.

Wil. S. (Pointedly.)—He who is great in his own estimation

Is like a man standing upon a mountain—

All men seem little to him, from above;

And he, heaven knows, looks little from below. [*Exit.*]

Doc. Peter, follow me.—[*Exit with a pompous air, followed by PETER in humble distance.*]

SCENE IV —The Palace of Queen Elizabeth—Grand Council Chamber.

Queen E. To the assembled nobles of our court,
Do we in this eventful moment look,
For faithful counsel. The inveterate foes
Of England's peace are now in arms against us—
War, roused from slumber, shakes his gory locks,
Glares fearfully around him, and in haste

Girds on his sword ; and, with a horrid smile
 Of joy malevolent, anticipates
 The ruthless slaughter's sanguinary bliss !
 Philip of Spain, urged by the fiery zeal
 Which stamps him bigot, insolently dares
 To dictate to your queen ! shall this be borne ?

Earl L. Never !

Queen E. Since fate decrees, the world in us shall see
 A second Joan of Arc At heaven's command,
 We, for the sceptre, laid the distaff by ;
 Yet shall they feel Queen Bess can wield a sword,
 And die or conquer for her native land !

Earl L. Our gracious queen may answer taunt with
 taunt,
 For with our lives will we support her cause ;
 If all agree with me, your voices raise,
 And with loud acclamations bid defiance
 To Philip and his slaves ! long live the Queen !

Lord S. Long live the Queen.

Queen E. Surrounded as we are by noble hearts
 That pant for liberty—by warriors bold,
 Ready to shed their blood in our defence,
 And conscious that kind heaven is smiling o'er us,
 We can have naught to fear

Earl L. 'Tis not unlikely but our hearts of oak
 May gain the laurels !
 And, oh ! may England never see the day,
 When cold neglect shall from his native shore
 Banish to distant climes the honest tar ;
 For then her glory sets, to rise no more !

Queen E. The wooden walls of England are our
 pride,
 And we to them have left the chief defence
 Of our beloved island ; yet it joys
 Each heart to see such goodly preparation
 To meet the Spaniard, should he dare to land.

Lord S. Ay : now the slumb'ring god

'Of peace doth yield to busy, bustling war,
My native element; for in a camp
I first beheld heaven's light! Oh, how I love
To hear the clang of arms! the charger's neigh!
The trump's shrill clarion! the enlivening shout!
To see the array of battle rolling on,
'Till spear meets spear! and blade encounters blade!
When for our sacred fatherland we fight,
And England's Queen, the victory is won!

Enter OFFICER.

Off. (Kneeling to the Queen:—) Long live the Queen!
and may her enemies

Be ever thus confounded.

Queen E. Your news! your news!

Off. The grand armada doth exist no more:
After a hard-fought battle, England gained
A glorious victory!

Queen E. (Rising.) To heaven above the praise!

[Comes forward, attended by LORD SOUTHAMPTON and the
EARL OF LEICESTER, two Pages holding her train, while
others place a smaller throne or chair of state with a
footstool farther forward than the grand throne.

Queen E. Now, to the discord of harsh, clanging war
Let harmony, heavenly harmony succeed;
And innocence, join'd hand in hand with sport,
Grace with their festive smiles our happy court.
Alike desirous to promote the good
Of arts and arms, we publicly award,
This day, the prize to poetry: the theme
Of our choice is, which deserves the palm
Of merit—tragedy or comedy? (*Crosses.*)

Enter TARLETON with his wand of office.

Queen E. Good merry Tarleton, whom we have ap-
pointed

Chief usher of the motley festive scene, stand forth!
And Richard Burbage, too. (*The Queen sits.*)

Enter RICHARD BURRAGE.

Queen E. (to TARLETON.)—And now, without delay, good master usher,
Admit the candidates.

Tar. Most mighty Doctor Orthodox, stand forth!

Enter DOCTOR ORTHODOX, with a long scroll of parchment.

Tar. The second candidate is William Shakspeare.

Enter WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, with a MS. rolled up,
—he bows respectfully.

Tar. These two, an't please your majesty, are all for not one, save this young Hercules, (to SHAKSPEARE,) had mettle enough to enter the lists against the mighty Doctor Orthodox.

[DR. ORTHODOX regards SHAKSPEARE with a look of sovereign contempt.]

Queen E. (to SHAKSPEARE)—Young man, who art thou?

Will. S. An humble minstrel, whose untutored lays
Do dare contend with wisdom for the prize:
For, where the gracious Queen of England sits as judge,
A first attempt with royal smiles to cheer,
The poorest candidate hath naught to fear.

(Kneels and hands his MS. to the Queen.)

Lord S. (to the Queen)—Beneath the sunshine of
your highness' favour,
This rural flower cannot fail to thrive.

Queen E. (Looking over the MS. with evident delight.)—He shall not lack a fostering hand to rear him,

(Regarding SHAKSPEARE.)

For in his eye there glows intelligence;
Which heaven alone, and not scholastic lore,
Could have inspired.—(SHAKSPEARE rises, and crosses.)

Doc. (Pompously)—I, Doctor Orthodox, do now stand forth, and defy the whole world to produce aught equal to this, my epic poem, touching the merits of tragedy and comedy—which epic poem—(*Presenting it to the QUEEN.*)

Queen E. (With a smile, turning from it)—Is much too long, e'en for a lawyer's bill.

[*FARLINGTON* signifies to the *DOCTOR* he may draw back, striking *ORTHODOX*'s parchment scroll contemptuously with his wand.

Tar. (Bowing to the Queen)—So please your gracious majesty, think you the pillars which support this royal chamber of audience, are sufficiently strong to bear a very considerable portion of additional weight?

Queen E. Wherefore this question, thou most merry wag?

Tar. Marry, because Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charl-cotte, is now without, and craves an audience of your majesty, and you will allow he is a man of weight.

Queen E. Admit him.

[*Exit OFFICER.*

Enter SIR THOMAS LUCY.

Queen E. Welcome, Sir Thomas Lucy.—(*He is about to kneel.*)

Nay, now, pr'ythee, kneel not,
For when the mighty fall—to rise again
They find no easy task. What is your suit?

Sir T. Justice, most gracious queen! justice to one of the greatest men in your majesty's dominions.—(*Seeing SHAKESPEARE, he starts amazed.*)—Why, how is this?—Am I dreaming?—That poacher here at court!—Ay, marry, the selfsame young scoundrel, Willy Shakspeare, the villain who—

Queen E. Silence, sir!—Oh, oh!—(*Pronounced in the QUEEN'S peculiar manner.*)

Such language may suit Stratford well,
But not our presence. We've heard the whole affair

From Lord Southampton. 'Twas a youthful frolic,
And no offence of such vast magnitude.
You must forgive him.

Sir T. I never can, your majesty.

Queen E. (*Rising imperiously.*)—But we command you.

S'death! shall we chastise
For a mere venal fault, where heaven, approving.
Hath showered down choicest gifts. With our good
sword,

Twenty Sir Thomas Lucys could we make,
In half an hour, but not one William Shakspeare.
Give him your hand, Sir Thomas—give him your
hand, sir.

Sir T. I obey, my liege, & obey.

[Wheels round most ludicrously to where SHAKESPEARE is standing, without turning his face from the Queen, to whom he keeps bowing all the time.

Thy hand, Master Willy Shakspeare.

[With as much reluctance as he dares evince, or, rather, with hatred in one eye, and friendship in the other.

Thou art a merry wag, a right merry wag, Master Willy. That humorous prank of thine, the killing one of our fattest bucks, and drawing up that thundering proclamation, shall be buried in oblivion; for at the time those follies were committed—

Wil. S. I was both poor and friendless, and am now Exalted to great honours.

Sir. T. The which do justify the killing of bucks, and numerous other irregularities.

Wil. S. Most truly spoken—'tis the way o' the world—

That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier were foul blasphemy.

Queen E. Ere we decide, we'll have another proof;
Putting the wits of all now present here.

To a sharp test.

Each shall express the wish he most desires,
In a short verse extempore : we will name
The order of the speakers ; and the time
Our merry Tarleton takes in counting three
Is all we do allow for meditation.

Now to begin—Tarleton, what is thy wish ?

Tar. (Without the least reflection.)—Money! that I
ne'er may lack,

When I'm dry, a-cup of sack.

Queen E. Now, Richard Burbage, yours.

Tar. (Deliberately.)—One, two, three !

Bur. Health to our queen, obedience to her laws ;
And what I prize most dearly—her applause.

Queen E. Now, Doctor Orthodox, express your wish.

Tar. (Having a spite against the Doctor, counts as rapidly as possible.)—One, two, three !

Doc. (Confused.)—All that is—all—all that is rare—
—all,

All that is rare of Greek and Latin books—

Confound his one, two, three. (*He cannot proceed.*)

Sir T. An thou art puzzled for a rhyme, doctor—
I'll help thee—

A sumptuous dinner dress'd by clever cooks.

Queen E. Now, William Shakspeare, what's thy
heart's desire ?

Tar. (Deliberately as before.)—One, two, three.

Wm. S. (to the Queen.)—When born, thou wept'st
while all around were smiling,

To see pure joy thy mother's woes beguiling :

Heaven grant, that when in death thou sink'st to sleep,

Thou may'st serenely smile, though all around thee
weep.

Queen E. (Rises.)—That was the crown of all ; a
heavenly wish,

And worthy of the tongue that gave it utterance.

Now let the trumpet tell the listening world.

VOL. II.—5.

That we to England's noblest bard decree
Our royal picture as his just reward.

[The picture, with a gold chain, is handed to the QUEEN
by one of the ladies of honour.

Queen E. Shakspeare, approach!

[The bard kneels to the QUEEN, who hangs the picture
around his neck.

GRAND CECRUS—FINALE.

Loudly to th' immortal praise
Of our bard, from Avon's stream,
Do we tune our cheerful lays ;
Do we sing this grateful theme,
Shakspeare! Shakspeare! none beside!
Shakspeare is his nation's pride! (*The curtain falls.*)

END OF THE PLAY.

HENRI QUATRE;
OR, PARIS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

A PLAY, IN THREE ACTS.

As performed at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Henry Quatre	Mr. Wood.
Crillon	Mr. Drummond.
D'Aumont	Mr. Darley.
Eugene de Biron	Mr. Smith.
Frederic St. Leon	Mr. Spencer.
Gervais	Mr. Whiting.
Jocrisse	Mr. Walton.
O'Donnell	Mr. Faulkner.
Sully	Mr. Walstein.
Moustache	Mr. Maywood.
Pinceau	Mr. Watson.
Officer	Mr. Broad.
Germain	Mr. Crutar.
Aid de Camp	Mr. Eberle.
<i>La Fleur, a Page</i>	Miss Julia Turner.
Clotilde	Mrs. Thayer.
Florence	Mrs. Roper.
Louison	Madame Feron.
Servants, Lawyer, Soldiers	Messrs. Garson, &c. &c.

HENRI QUATRE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A View of the Road from St. Denis to Paris, with the Avenue of Trees which lines the Road—on the sides of which are the Vineyards. On the right is a view of Mont Martre, with its Windmills—and (now demolished) Abbey and Monastery. In the distance is the old City of Paris, surrounded with Walls, as in the Time of Henri.—On the left, an Hottellerie, on which is written, GERVAIS, Restaurateur.*

TRIO AND CHORUS.

On our king's natal day,

Let us dance, sing, and play,

And thus his mildness and virtues repay.

Pinceau. This portrait resembles the king, you'll agree.

CHORUS.

Peasants. We agree; we agree, &c.

Gervais. That's because 'tis like me.

I'm confoundedly weary.

Louison. Nay, uncle sit still,

Pinceau. While I finish the portrait with Titian's skill.

Gervais. (*Yawns.*)

Louison. Oh, fie, uncle Gervais, is that like a king—
To yawn while your subjects so loyally sing?

CHORUS.

On our king's natal day, &c.

Lou. Very well indeed, Monsieur Pinceau—hold—
I've got a silver Henri, (*Takes out a coin*) and I'll

compare them. The nose a little sharper, I think.—How lucky it is, Uncle Gervais, that you should be so like the good Henri.

Pin. He is, indeed, like Henri, for he patronizes genius. More this way—nay, nay, look at me, neighbour Gervais, and don't be eyeing and ogling the girls.

Lou. Ay, there again he's like Henri.

Pin. Now for the finishing touch—'tis done! (*Rises*)—and I flatter myself equally honours the monarch and the artist. The price of the painting is a crown.

Ger. A crown for the picture of the king! come, that's well enough!

Pin. Come, the money.

Ger. The money! ah, there I'm particularly like Henri, for I have not a dernier left in my purse; but the good cause will prevail, and then for golden days. So, up with the royal sign, in spite of the League, Mayenne, or the devil. (*They place the sign and shout.*) Now, attend! This being the king's natal day, we celebrate it with a superb fête champêtre—I, of course, represent Henri—little Pinceau, the great Sully—and Louison here, the charming Gabriella:—but, Louison, where is your husband, Jocrisse?

Lou. Oh! he's practising the dancers.

Ger. Well, away with you. Mind, boys, your best doublets and hose—and, girls, your holiday coiffures, and garlands, and lillies. Louison, prepare your dress à la Gabriella. Pinceau, be punctual. [*Exeunt LOUISON, PINCEAU, and PEASANTS.*]

Ger. (*A post horn is heard.*)—Oh, oh, travellers and, by the courier, of some rank. Now then I must descend to household affairs. But, 'tis hard to take off a laurel crown, and put on a night cap. (*Puts on the white cap of a cook.*) To convert the sash of a general into a cook's apron. (*Lets down the sash which makes an apron.*) And degrade the baton of a mareschal, by using it as a rolling pin.—(*Imitating the act of roll-*

ing paste.) But, however, I shall soon resume my dignities.—*(A cracking of whips.)*

Enter GERMAIN with large boots, and in the costume of an avant courier.

Ger. My host of the—*(Looking at the sign)* Ah! ah! the good cause! *(Shaking hands.)* Well, prepare for the reception of General d'Aumont, so long absent from his native country, and who is crossing to his chateau at Meudon. Come, show him what a French cook can achieve. What have you in the house, eh? *(Rubbing his hands.)*

Ger. A beautiful couple of pigeons, which will make a most delicious partridge p^{ât}e.

Germ. A couple of pigeons! why zounds, I could eat a flock myself.

Gar. Be pacified! let not your valiant stomach rise in resentment—I'll clap my panniers on my mule, and be back from St. Denis time enough for the general's dinner, *(Apart,)* if these cursed Leaguers have not eat up every thing in the country. Monsieur courier, I salute you. *[Exit.*

Enter LOUISON.

Louison. Can I offer any thing, or shall I call Jocrisse?

Germ. No, no, don't call him—there's no necessity to trouble him—but, pray who is Jocrisse? *(Chuckling her under the skirt.)*

Lou. My husband.

Germ. Oh, your husband!

Enter JOCRISSE dancing, but seeing the familiarity of GERMAIN, rushes between them.

Jocrisse. Yes, monsieur, her husband! Me, Jocrisse, nephew to the king's head, and maitre de dance to this distinguished canton.

Lou. La ! Jocrisse, the gentleman only wanted some refreshment !

Joc. Which you were about to administer. This way, if you please, Monsieur courier. (*GERMAIN bows.*) What a wretched bow ! poor creature. Stay where you are, Madam Jocrisse, and reflect on the solemn duties of a wife. (*With authority.*) [*Ex. GERM. & Joc.*]

Lou. So, so, jealous already ! I'm sure I've given him no cause, though we have been married a week. But, indeed, my dear husband, if you think marriage is to dull the lustre of these eyes, or make others blind to their attractions, you'll find yourself mistaken.

Air.—LOUISON.

Dear husband, take no jealous flights,

"Twill make your forehead tingle ;

The dames of France know well their rights,

Or better far live single.

The heart will still go pit-a-pat,

The eye will seek to lure ;

What, banish ogling, and all that !

Au contraire—Vive l'Amour !

Of spinning-wheels I hate the sound,

And knitting is so teasing ;

But in the dance's giddy round

I find the art of pleasing.

My foot is to the tune so pat,

I cannot sit mum-chance ;

What, banish ogling, and all that !

Au contraire—Vive la Dance !

Enter MOUSTACHE, shouldering a trenching spade, and wiping his forehead.

Moustache. House ! within there !—Confound these new-fangled fortifications ! in good old times there was no breast work, but an iron cuirass, that covered a valiant heart ; then courage had fair play—no pickaxe

and shovel then, but to dig the soldier's grave; (Louison comes down)—but now, what with the ravelins, and curtains, and horn-work.

Lou. Curtains and horn-work! what can he be talking about?

Mou. My rose of May! by the beard of St. Louis, 'tis refreshing to look on you. Ah! a soldier's work would go but heavily, if a bottle and kind landlady did not lighten his labour. Come, a flask of wine, of the colour of those cherry lips, you ripe, tempting rogue! (Taking her hand.)

Enter JOCRISSE.

Jocrisse. Fury and fiends, another! but hold—he's a soldier, and, thank heaven, I can always curb my daring spirit. (Advances.) Health and salutation to the brave Moustache! What are your valiant wishes?

Mou. Some wine.

Joc. In a moment—but the thunder of your cannon has had a strange effect upon it; for I don't believe there is a drop of Burgundy in the cellar, that is not turned sour.

Mou. That I can credit.

Joc. Louison, a flask of wine for this noble veteran—and, (Apart)—you may draw some vinegar out of the same cask, for the sallad.—(Aloud.)—And, do you hear, cover the table, prepare the napkins, the silver forks, and—

Lou. And—and—and—I must do every thing, lazy fellow! We have been married a week, and I'm sure you've done little or nothing since. [Exit.]

Joc. Well, my man of battles, the news—where's the good Henri?

Mou. Advancing by the Marne on Charenton; and if a junction can be made with the brave Crillon, on the south of the Seine, rebellious Paris must fall.

Joc. When it does, I shall demand an audience of

the king—that is, in an amicable way. I suppose I shall know him by the splendour of his clothes.

Mou. Henri makes himself known by the strength of his arm.

Joc. Does he? then, pray introduce me, because I do not wish to become acquainted with him in that manner—(*Aside*)—I wonder if he's really like Uncle Gervais! Nobody has suffered more by the war than I have. I had there a tract of country—you may guess its extent, when I tell you, it maintained a goat, and a couple of geese. In one night it was transformed into a battery—bang went the cannon, up jump'd the goat, and off he scampered, and twirz! away flew the geese!

Mou. Ha! ha! ha!

Joc. There's no eating and drinking; and what's of much more vital consequence, there's no dancing, for that bang, bang—(*Quick*) bang, bang, bang! Who can keep time in such horrid discord? I'm sure, the noise of yesterday's battle put my poor dear wife into such a taking, and I trembled—

Mou. You trembled!

Joc. For the enemy—I trembled for the enemy.

Mou. What, you fear you may become a widower?

Joc. Of course; very much—(*Aside*)—but I fear much more my poor wife becoming a widow.

Mou. Take comfort; she shall have a couple of the tallest earbingers in my company, to guard her night and day, ha! ha!

Joc. No, no, let me have six to protect me, and I'll guard my wife myself. (*LOUISON laughs without.*) There! now she has got with that swaggering courier.—You shall have your wine directly. Oh! Madame Jocrisse!

[*Exit into house.*]

Mou. Fighting Henri's battles is but a very middling trade. No pay, and little provender. My Swiss fellows begin to mutiny—they stick to their motto—"No money, no Swiss."

Enter EUGENE DE BIRON.

Eugene. Moustache ! how is it, my excellent old friend !

Mou. Weary, Eugene, of this grubbing like a mole—this girlish game of bo-peep behind green hillocks.

Eug. If we can join Crillon, by forcing the bridge of Charenton, Paris must fall. Oh ! that Henri thought me worthy of the enterprize !

Mou. Still the daring Eugene—

Eug. Nay, good Moustache. I should disgrace my tutor did I not court danger. When I was the height of my sword, did you not teach me to march, to attack—

Mou. Ay, that was easy enough, but I never could teach you to retreat—the lesson of prudence.

Eug. Hard blows, which you, my kind friend, could never give, (*Affectionately tapping his shoulder.*) will teach me that.

Enter JOCRISSE, with wine, looking back into the house.

Jocrisse. Your wine, brave Sergeant. (*Moustache drinks and shudders.*)

Eug. It is good, ha ! ha ! ha !

Mou. Excellent—vinegar ! [*Exit JOCRISSE.*]

Eug. Heigho ! heigho ! heigho !

Mou. Ever in extremes—this moment laughing—the next, sighing.

Eug. I have too much cause. You know my adoration of St. Leon's sister ; but how can I aspire to her hand ? Alas ! my sword is all my fortune, for my imprudent father has dissipated my inheritance, and is now immured in a prison.

Mou. Take comfort. I know he is free, and his debts paid.

Eug. Liberated !—his debts discharged !—how ! by whom ?

Mou. That I do not know.

O'Don. (*Without.*)—Hollo! garcon! (*JOCRISSE comes from the house and runs off.*)

Eug. 'Tis O'Donnel, our Hibernian ally. (*Goes to meet him.*)

Mou. Well, I must to the trenches again.—(*Finishes his wine, and throws down a piece of money.*)—Right alegal, by all that's villanous! [*Exit.*

Enter JOCRISSE and O'DONNEL—the latter shaking hands with EUGENE.

O'Donnel. Take care of my Arabian jennet. (*Exit JOCRISSE.*)—Oh! 'tis the sweetest temper'd fiery little devil, and loves a bit of a bustle as well as its master. A mighty pretty, snug, elegant battle we had yesterday, Eugene. But, when do we fight again? What are the king's plans?

Eug. (*Smiling.*)—I rather think, O'Donnel, he is rash enough to form them, without consulting either of us.

O'Don. There is not any thing on the face of nature so fatiguing to an Irishman, as doing nothing at all.

Eug. Ha! ha!

O'Don. Faith, 'tis no disparagement; for a little skirmishing is natural to us. When bits of brats, we get the old broomsticks, and crackle one another's heads about, for pure love and diversion.

Eug. Then, O'Donnel, what think you of Henri's severe edict against duelling?

O'Don. What, of punishing with death those who are killed in tilting? (*Imitating.*)—Oh! that's mighty wrong; because, 'tis only by fighting that we can have peace and quietness. Belligerents become allies; foes, friends; rivals, brothers and sisters;—in short, I maintain there can be no love, or sociability without it.—But, Eugene, put me in mind, by and by, to tell you something of St. Leon.

Eug. Oh, my friend, Frederic! the Cato of the army, and wishes to place the helmet of Minerva on the head of Mars—ha! ha!

O'Don. With all his wisdom, he has been in a mighty bothering scrape.

Eug. As how? (*With anxiety.*)

O'Don. Faith, the story's an awkward one, and surprised every body;—he was arrested about an affair in which there was gambling, a celebrated courtesan, and a Jew—

Eug. Frederic St. Leon! Impossible!

O'Don. Impossible! well, I won't pretend to judge about that, because I only know 'tis true. He was suspended from his command, but he demanded an audience of the king, who restored him.

Eug. The sage, moralizing St. Leon a gamfester! the pretender to my sister's hand a libertine!—This must be explained.

O'Don. Faith, Eugene, these big-tongued saints are no better than we poor blundering sinners. (*Looking off.*)—By the hill of Howth, here is St. Leon.

Eug. Leave us together:

O'Don. I say, Eugene, rally the stoic;—let fly a volley of old Seneca's maxims at him;—faith, I think I would bother him myself with some Irish philosophy, only I must look after my little Arabian. [*Exit.*]

Eug. So, so, Frederic! You, who, I own, always nettled me by your dignified correctness, and assumed superiority of conduct,—now, 'tis my turn to be the censurer. Nothing rouses my indignation like canting, vile hypocrisy.

Enter FREDERIC ST. LEON, dressed exactly in the same uniform as EUGENE, being Officers of the same Regiment.

Frederic. Dearest Eugene, welcome me with open arms. See, here are brevets of our promotion—(*Pro-*

VOL. II.—6.

duces two Commissions. EUGENE takes one, coldly bows, and places it in the pocket of his mantle, or surtout. FREDERIC does the same.) What say you to a ride to the chateau of Meudon, to visit our mistresses? I expect to meet there General D'Aumont, a rich, and noble relation, whom I have not seen from infancy, and, I trust Eugene, that my present rank, backed by my uncle's approbation, may justify my ambition of becoming the brother of my friend.

Eug. Ambition, Frederic! You might have spared that taunt on the humbled house of De Biron.

Fred. Nay, Eugene, how you pervert—(*Smiling.*)

Eug. But, humbled, as it is, it is still too proud to form an alliance, that is not founded on the honourable basis of mutual confidence.

Fred. (Apart.)—He has heard of my supposed disgrace.

Eug. Till I am worthy of that, I am unworthy of being your brother.

Fred. No, not unworthy—(*With kindness.*)

Eug. (With quickness)—Then, if you will, you are unworthy of becoming mine.

Fred. (Aside.) What course can I pursue? to avow the truth! explain the seeming mystery? No! my own delicacy, and my sacred promise to his father, forbid it.—Eugene, it would be affectation to pretend ignorance of the cause of your offended feelings,—yet, by our friendship I swear,—

Eug. 'Tis safe to swear by that which has no existence.

Fred. I can bear much from you, Eugene.

Eug. (With a bitter smile)—I perceive you can—
Explain your late conduct, or—(*With violence.*)—

Fred. Hold! persuasion having failed to produce that explanation—I need not say how impotent a threat must be. You will repent this—

Eug. (With quickness.)—A defiance!

Fred. No, on my honour.

Eug. Pretenders to high honour are generally pretenders only to what should accompany it.

Fred. (*With calm firmness*)—Those words must be instantly explained, and, to my satisfaction.

Eug. (*Touching his sword*)—You know then where to ask it. Hush, we are interrupted.

Enter an AID DE CAMP.

Aid de Camp. Captain de Biron, I have the honour of delivering this from the king. (*Gives a paper to EUGENE—They all bow.*) [*Exit AID DE CAMP.*]

Eug. (*Placing the order he has received in the pocket of his mantle.*)—His majesty does not select philosophers to fight his battles. (*With proud asperity.*)

Fred. This insolence should be instantly visited with due chastisement, but you have public duties to fulfil.

Eug. A convenient shelter.—(*Smiling contemptuously.*)

Fred. Shelter! (*With rage and energy.*)—Vile, false, and ungrateful! You presume on my temper, which shall not protect you—you presume on my friendship, which thus I root from my heart; behold the breast of deadly hate! Strike unfeeling boy, but guard well your own. (*They attack each other.—Enter O'DONNEL, who rushes in between them.*)

O'Donnel. What the devil are you at? Oh, you cruel monsters—to fall a fighting without letting me know: and then to begin in the public road where you are sure of being interrupted. Oh, shame on such barbarous doings! Is not there a snug barn, that opens its hospitable doors to receive you? Off with your mantles, and set to work like gentlemen. Pretty kind of friends indeed, to be quarrelling! Go, fight and make it up directly.—(*They take off their mantles, which they throw down.*)

Eug. Follow me.—[*Exeunt FREDERIC and EUGENE.*]

O'Don. How lucky it was I came to keep peace and regularity!

D'Aumont. (*Without.*)—Take care of my horses.

O'Don. Eh, who the devil have we here? A general officer! Was ever any thing so unlucky! Oh, at this rate they'll never be friends! Stop there! (EUGENE groans.)

O'Don. 'Tis too late, one has fallen.

Fred. Help! assist my unfortunate friend!

Enter FREDERIC, supporting EUGENE wounded; and enter from the Hotellerie GERMAIN and JOCRISSE who assist EUGENE.

Eug. Fly, Frederic, save yourself—your hand—I was to blame. Fly! fly!—(*Faints.*)

O'Don. Here, here, take your mantle, and away. (*Giving him by mistake the cloak of EUGENE.*)

Fred. Unkind Eugene! what misery have you caused!—(*Rushes out.*)

Enter GENERAL D'AUMONT and JOCRISSE.

D'Aumont. Here we will rest for refreshment. Germain! (*Calling him from the house.*)

Germain. Here, General! (*He is supporting EUGENE.*)

D'Aum. What do I see! a wounded officer?

Joc. Yes, noble Sir.

D'Aum. How came he wounded? this blood—(*Seeing blood on the hands of JOCRISSE.*)

Joc. The blood of a pigeon! by my parole of honour, I have not a drop of man's blood about me.

Germ. A private rencontre, General.

D'Aum. In spite of Henri's severe denunciation? This must be reported—an example must be made. Bring me his papers.

O'Don. Here they are, General. (*Picking up FREDERIC's mantle, takes papers from it, and gives them to D'AUMONT.*)

D'Aum. What! is it possible! Frederic St. Leon, Captain of—My nephew!! Zounds!

O'Don. Sure, and I have given Frederic the wrong cloak—Faith, that's just right, and may prevent consequences from following.

D'Aum. Poor Frederic! 'tis my nephew, Sir.

O'Don. Indeed!

D'Aum. I have not seen him since childhood—and to meet thus! Who was his antagonist?

O'Don. Eugene de Biron. (*Looking over his shoulder towards EUGENE.*)

D'Aum. I've heard of the hot-headed coxcomb; but he shall suffer for it.

O'Don. Faith, he does, poor devil! (*Aside, and looking at EUGENE.*)

D'Aum. You attended them?

O'Don. O, yes,—I was their friend.

D'Aum. (*Aside.*) Friend! strange perversion of the noblest word that unites man to man!—I say, come hither; this matter must be hushed up—

O'Don. To be sure it must. (*Aside.*)—Was there ever any thing so clever as my giving Frederick the wrong mantle? It will protect us all. Oh! leave an Irishman alone for making a mistake without a blunder!

D'Aum. Germain, prepare to convey that wounded officer (*JOCRISSE and GERMAIN bear out EUGENE*) to my chateau at Meudon.—(*To O'DONNEL.*)—I'll not declare myself at this moment—it would agitate and surprise him, to tell him I am his uncle.

O'Don. (*Aside.*) Faith, and so it would—

D'Aum. But I'll depart instantly, and break the matter to his sister.

O'Don. (*Aside.*) That is to say, his sweetheart—

D'Aum. You'll give your attendance?

O'Don. To be sure. Be careful there!—(*Looking off.*)

D'Aum. But not a word.—(*Goes up and takes out his purse.*)

O'Don.—(*Places his hand on his breast, and bows.*)—
Oh! none but St. Patrick's own good looking self,
would have sent this luck; for it is not every day that
Providence showers down guardian angels in the shape
of old generals, ready booted and spurred. Take care
there! [*Exit.*]

D'Aum. Poor Frederic! Oh, if I get that Eugene in-
to my clutch, I'll cool his hot blood for him.—(*JOCRISSE*
enters.)—There's for the refreshment of my servant.—
(*Gives money.*)

Joc. But, General, please to consider the dinner we
intended to provide.

D'Aum. Which you *intend* I shall pay for.—(*Throw-*
ing a purse.)—My horses!—(*Calling to his attendants.*)

Joc. I beg pardon—but when may we expect his
majesty in these parts?

D'Aum. He may, probably, examine the northern
posts in a few days.

Joc. And, pray, now, between ourselves, how do
the affairs of government go on?—(*With an easy fami-*
liarity.)

D'Aum. (*Looks at him from head to foot.*)—My
horses. [*Exit.*]

Joc. Rude, but cautious. A savage but a brave
one. I don't think I should find it at all difficult to be
a great man.—(*Imitating GENERAL D'AUMONT.*)—My
horses!—

Lou. (*Without*)—I hope we shall soon see your ho-
nour again.

Joc. There, now she has got with the general.—
Oh, Madame Jocrisse!— [*Exit.*]

General. (*Without*)—My horses!

SCENE II.—An Apartment in GENERAL D'AUMONT'S
Chateau at Meudon.

Enter CLOTILDE, preceded by LA FLEUR, a Page.

Clo. My pretty page, announce to the lovely Fle-
rence, the arrival of her friend, Clotilde.

Page. (Bows.)—Clotilde de Biron, sister to a certain gay cavalier, named Eugene, that loves my lady, and, I know, is beloved.

Clo. O fie! you must not tell tales.

Page. Here comes my fair mistress.

Enter FLORENCE.

Florence. My dearest Clotilde, welcome to my heart—I'm so happy to see you; but—but—heigho!

Clo. Eugene—

Flor. I was not thinking of him; yet, 'tis strange he should neglect *you* so—to be wanting in brotherly affection to so kind a sister as you are!—

Clo. Is almost as bad, as being wanting in gallantry to so sweet a mistress as you are:—But your brother Frederic seems equally negligent of family observances.

Flor. Oh, you are sure of seeing Frederic, who will be here, to welcome our noble relation, General D'Aumont. I vow, I should not like such a lover as my brother—so moral, so wise, so good—

Clo. (With tenderness.)—So feeling, and so benevolent.—You would probably prefer my brother, the gay, rash, laughing, storming Eugene.

Flor. A thousand times over.

Clo. My dear Florence,—I, as his sister, am in continual alarm at the impetuosity of his temper:—as a wife, I should be wretched.

Flor. I don't think I should—at any rate I would venture, for the pleasure of being your sister.

Clo. Ha! ha!

Flor. La Fleur, conduct my friend to her apartment while I give orders for the general's reception. Adieu!—but, tell me, Clotilde,—what can be the reason, that, to-day, every object seems so uninteresting—the air so unrefreshing—the landscape so triste, and the time so tedious?

Clo. My dear Florence, ask your heart that question.
[*Exit CLOTILDE and PAGE.*]

Flor. Ask my heart the question! I will.

Air.—FLORENCE.

Tell me, my heart, why morning prime

Looks like the fading eve;

Why the gay lark's celestial chime

But tells the soul to grieve?

The heaving bosom seems to say—

Oh, hapless maid! your love's away.

Tell me, my heart, why summer's glow

A wintry day beguiles!

Why Flora's beauties seem to blow,

And fading nature smiles?

Some Zephyr whispers in my ear—

Ah, happy maid! your love is near. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—A View of Paris—same as Scene I.

Enter JOCRISSE.—LOUISON follows unobserved.

Jocrisse. Bless my soul! Uncle Gervais not come back, and nothing arranged for the fête! I must plan every thing. Let me see—here's Gervais's throne, and here sits Sully.—Very well—then I'm here—no, no, that's impossible. I can't be here—I'm there—that's clear enough.—Louison's here—

Lou. No, Louison's here.

Joc. Oh my poor brain! a head is but a head—and you know, my dear wife, if every body loads it with something—

Lou. (*Smoothing his forehead*)—No wonder it aches and aches a little.

Joc. Ah, Louison, had we been taught reading and writing, what a magnificent couple we should have been! For though reading and writing are not so essential as dancing, they are, occasionally, very useful accomplishments.

Lou. For instance, to read a tender billet-doux.

Joc. A billet-doux! Oh fie, Madam Jocrisse.

Enter a PEASANT, peeping in with caution.

Peasant. Hist! your name?

Joc. Jocrisse.

Pea. A letter! snug! from Gervais—hush!

[Exit in haste.]

Joc. (Astonished.)—A letter—snug from Gervais—hush! 'Tis a letter, certainly. *(Opens and turns it over, showing he cannot read writing.)* Would you like to read it?

Lou. (Under the same disability!)—No, no, 'tis for you. *(They stand opposite each other, both having hold of the letter, turning it about.)*

Joc. The contents of this letter, depend upon it, are a great secret.

Lou. Very—and likely to remain one.

Enter PINCEAU.

Oh here's Pinceau!

Joc. My dear friend, such an event! A letter from Gervais. He says,—but I won't tell you what he says—you would not believe me; so read it yourself, and be convinced. *(PINCEAU puts on his glasses and begins reading it.)*

Lou. Yes, that's the best way.

Joc. You may as well read it aloud—we are all friends here.

Lou. Oh yes, all friends.

Pinceau. (Reads.)—“I have been seized by a patrol of the Leaguers: they found in my pocket the heads of my speech, as king of the fête—this excited suspicion; they are sending me, panniers, mule, and all, to head quarters. As you cannot read this show it to Pinceau.”

Lou. There! you see we understood it.

Joc. Now here's a terrible affair! all at sixes and sevens!

Pin. Yes, the house, and goods.

Joc. Oh! there's no difficulty about that—I'll take possession of all he has, with pleasure; but then, the fête—my dances—what's to become of that?

Lou. And my fine dress, à la Gabrielle.

Joc. A royal fête, and no king! was there ever anything so—Eh! who have we here?

Lou. Two troopers.

Joc. They seem of the king's party; but there's no trusting to appearances.

Lou. They look about them suspiciously.

Pin. And may be some of Mayenne's beaten troops. Stand close—let us reconnoitre. (*They stand apart.*)

Enter HENRI and SULLY, disguised as Soldiers.

Sully. Sire, 'tis my duty to warn you of the imprudence you commit.

Henri. But our disguise is perfect; besides, the character of a soldier is not new to me.

Sully. True, Sire, in yesterday's battle you acted the part of a soldier with credit: your sword was laced with the crimson stains of victory.

Henri. Ay, Sully; but alas! it was a subject's blood, and I washed it with my tears—no more of the victory—modesty and humanity unite in bidding us forget it.

Sully. But, Sire, this adventure—

Henri. 'Tis my natal day—every soldier has his holiday then, don't grudge me mine.

Sully. But, advancing before your army so far,—

Henri. Is the best way to know the disposition of my people; either to enjoy their demonstrations of attachment, or to take the hand of him, who has wandered, and gently lead him back into the path of duty and allegiance. Hush! some of the canton—shall we address them?

Sully. No—stand on the *defensive*—let them open the parley—we shall better know their dispositions.

Henri. Still the *prudent* Sully. (*Smiling and putting his hand on SULLY'S shoulder.*)

Pin. (*Advancing with JOCRISSE and LOUISON*)—I'll interrogate them.—Now, mind—Hem!—hem!—eh! what!—(*They all look at HENRI with wonder.*)

Joc. Amazing!

Lou. How striking!

Sully. (*Apart.*) You are known—

Henri. (*Apart.*) Hush!—

Lou. Did you ever see?

Joc. 'Tis uncle Gervais himself.

Henri. (*to Sully.*)—Uncle Gervais! do you comprehend? (*SULLY shakes his head.*)

Pin. But don't stop the interrogatory—Hem! Where do you come from?

Sully. The camp.

Pin. That's an answer, certainly.

Joc. And a short one.

Pin. I'll be short too. (*Keenly*)—Were you never in the ranks of Henri's enemies?

Henri. Often.

Pin. (*Consequently.*) Ah! ah!

Henri. But they never could *keep* me there.

Joc. Good again!

Pin. What's your employment?

Sully. Our duty.

Pin. But what do you do?

Henri. (*Sighing.*)—Not always what I wish.

Sully. One point of duty we *punctually* observe—never to answer impertinent questions.

Pin. (*After a pause.*)—The interrogatory is now finished.

Joc. (*Elated.*)—I have it! such a brilliant thought has just flashed across my brain! Observe, (*Bowing to HENRI and SULLY*)—soldiers, and gallants, we are the

loyal inhabitants of this canton. Look! there's Henri's picture. (*Pointing to the sign.*)

Sully. We have fallen among friends.

Henri. (*Apart.*) When shall I call all my subjects by that name?

Sully. (*Apart.*) When all your subjects know you.—

Pin. Ay, gentle airs, what say you to that painting?

Sully. The design is admirable.

Pin. Should it chance to meet the royal eye, it may save Henri the trouble of sending to Reubens, to decorate the Louvre.

Joc. Now my dear couple of troopers, (*Taking the arm of each*)—know that to-day we celebrate the birth-day of the good Henri. The inhabitants of *Clichy, Vilette, Belleville*, are all pouring in with flags, garlands and music;—but such a dreadful misfortune has occurred! Uncle Gervais, whom you have the honour of resembling, was to have represented the King, on account of his likeness to him; but the damned Leaguers have got hold of his majesty, and we are in a state of absolute despair; 'tis true I could supply his place, as far as supporting the character with *dignity*; but it must strike you, if you have ever seen the king, that I am—

Henri. Too young.

Joc. And too handsome; as for Henri's beauty, God bless him! all you can say, is, handsome is that handsome does.—(*HENRI and SULLY laugh apart.*) Now, my honest trooper, you look like a good-natured fellow,—if you would but consent to take Uncle Gervais's place, I'll propose you.

Henri. I, as King!

Joc. You'll be very awkward at it, no doubt; but I'll instruct you.

Henri. (*Apart.*)—This hits my humour marvellously. I accept the throne.

Joc. That is, if the people choose you.

Henri. Without it, I will never sit there. (*With emphasis.*)

Joc. But what's your name?

Henri. Luckily, Henri.

Joc. Good again. Well, now for your instructions—You know the king?

Henri. Hem! not sufficiently.

Joc. (to SULLY.)—Do you?

Sully. (*With emphasis.*)—Thoroughly. (*HENRI smiles, and looks at SULLY on his answer.*)

Joc. Then, you know he must swear a good round oath. (*Pointing to HENRI.*)

Henri. (*Surprised, and rather offended.*)—Ventre St. Gris!

Joc. That's the king's oath—Oh! he'll do!

Lou. And, Mr. Soldier, you must be very gallant.

Henri. Oh! fear me not.

Joc. For Henri's a devil of a fellow among the wenches.

Sully. What a libellous varlet! (*Sarcastically apart.*)

Henri. I perceive you think so—(*Apart.*)

Pin. But, hold! hold! are you sure you have no disloyal blood about you? No taint of the republican?

Sully. If he have, only anoint him king, and I'll warrant that will cure him.—The recipe's infallible.

Joc. Your comrade there is no fool.

Henri. He is not *thought* one.

Joc. Well, you're king, that's settled.

Henri. (*Apart.*)—Would it were.

Joc. And here's your Gabrielle.—(*Showing LOUI-SON.*)

Henri. I would not wish a sweeter—let me kiss her.

Joc. Stop, if you please;—you are not yet crowned.

Henri. True; but—ha! ha! ha!—but won't you want a *Sully*? Here's my comrade—ha! ha! (*Pointing to SULLY.*)

Joc. Oh! we've got a Sully, much better than he. Little Pinceau here, is to be the great Sully—he who painted the king's head so admirably.

Henri. Good, i'faith! for who is so fit to be minister, as he, who has made the king's head what it ought to be? Eh, comrade, what say you?

Sully. That such an achievement deserves to be exceedingly well rewarded. (*Sarcastically.*)

Henri. Indeed!

Joc. Remember, noon is the time.

Henri. When you hear the distant bell of Notre Dame call all the hypocrites of Paris to mass, then expect me. Till then farewell, my buxom, gay, and charming Gabrielle.

Lou. Oh! he's worth a hundred of Uncle Gervais. (*HENRY and SULLY going.*)

Joc. (*to HENRI.*)—Stop, here come our neighbours. Messieurs of the ballet, where are you?

Enter PEASANTS and DANCERS.

Now I'll propose you to the people—mark!

FINALE.

Jocrisse. (*Burlesque recitative.*)

Friends, patriots, Gauls, bold in my country's service,
I here propose in place of Uncle Gervais,
This trooper brave our Grand Monarque to be;
Has he your voices? has he your voices?

CHORUS.

Yes, yes, we all agree.
Allegiance we swear to his high commands,
Bold are our hearts, and steady are our hands.

Louison. Henri, adieu!—my king, farewell!

Do not forget your Gabrielle.
Remember the signal—you join the throng,
When Notre Dame tolls out ding dong.

CHORUS.

Remember the signal, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Terrace in the Garden of GENERAL D'AUMONT at Meudon.—The View from the Terrace displays the old Bridge of Sevre, with the Seine meandering through the Valley.*

Enter FLORENCE and PAGE.

DUET.

Florence. . My pretty page, look out afar,
Hear you the thunder of the war?

Page. . . No, fairest lady, all is still,
Save shepherds' pipes upon the hill.

Florence. . My pretty page, look out again—
See you no warrior on the plain?

Page. . . The lowing herds I only see,
And cow-boy whistling o'er the lea.

Florence. . Leave me, I pray;

Page. . . Don't send me away;
I shall weep, if you do;
For I love you as well as I know who.

Florence. . As you know who?

Page. . . Yes, yes, as I know who.

Florence. . Oh fie! go and play.

Page. . . Must I go? well a-day!

Enter CLOTILDE.

Clotilde. My dear Florence, your uncle, General D'Aumont is arrived.

Flo. I rejoice to hear it.

GENERAL D'AUMONT without.

D'Aumont. On the terrace, did you say?

Ser. (Without.)—Yes, General, shall I announce you?

D'Aum. (Without.)—No, no, *(Entering)*—my heart will find her—my arms will clasp her. Ah, Florence! my joy—my pride! *(Embraces her)*—stand off, and let

me gaze! What health and beauty! Something in the roll of the eye very like mine—and I had just such a dimple 'till a damned sabre took me across the cheek—there's a smile! pity I must mar it. (*Taking her hand.*) I have seen your brother Frederic—he is rather indisposed—wounded—

Flo. and Clo. (Advancing.)—Wounded!

D'Aum. (Seeing Clotilde.)—Another sweet creature interested in his fate. (Apart.)—An attachment, no doubt. (Florence nods assent.)—Who may I thank for the kind interest taken in Frederic's safety? (Taking Clotilde's hand.)

Flo. Clotilde de Biron, sister of Eugene! (On hearing her name, the general throws her hand from him with indignation.) General! what, a French cavalier, bearing the honours of chivalry, to insult a lady?

D'Aum. I was wrong—very wrong. By spur and spear I deserve to have my brains beat out with my own truncheon. I humbly ask your pardon. (Bowing to CLOTILDE.) But, my dear Florence, you will own I have some cause of irritation, when you hear that my nephew was provoked to a duel by the ungoverned temper of that lady's brother, and wounded by him.

Flor. and Clo. By Eugene!

D'Aum. But not dangerously; he's weak from loss of blood, that's all the mischief. Luckily, I arrived time enough to prevent the affair being reported to the king, or dreadful consequences—

Flor. Where is my dear brother?

D'Aum. At hand—he only waited 'till I had broke the matter to you. I'll bring him to you, poor fellow!

[Exit GENERAL D'AUMONT.]

Clo. My brother to seek the valued life of St. Leon! I cannot pardon it.

Flo. My lover to be guilty of the blood of my brother! I'll never forgive him.

Enter O'DONNEL, leading in EUGENE, who conceals his face. D'AUMONT follows.

O'Don. (Apart to EUGENE.) Mind, don't betray yourself. *(O'DONNEL bows to the ladies, and puts his finger on his lips, in token of silence.)*

Clo. (to FREDERIC.)—What should that mean?

D'Aum. Take courage, Frederic, for there have been tears shed for you, worthy of embalming the wounds of Bayard himself. *(EUGENE advances, and looks up.)*

Flor. (Apart.)—Eugene!

Clo. (Apart.)—My brother!

D'Aum. Well, what's the matter with you all? are you struck dumb? Florence, why don't you give your brother a kiss? Frederic, throw your arms about your sister's neck. you ungrateful dog! *(EUGENE and FLORENCE embarrassed.)*

O'Don. (to GENERAL.)—Consider, General, Frederic's antagonist is her lover.

D'Aum. But, zounds! is that to prevent her showing her affection to a wounded brother? A brother, that was not to blame?

Eug. No, Florence—*Eugene* was alone culpable.

D'Aum. To be sure he was. *(Apart.)*—Not that it's very delicate in him to say so. But will you kiss your brother, or will you not?

O'Don. (to FLORENCE.) Do, you'll not miss it, and it would be so wholesome for him, make all his blood rush back to his heart, and so stop the bleeding.

Flor. I—I—*(EUGENE salutes her.)*

D'Aum. I—I—here's a fuss indeed, with brother and sister! It would be natural enough for that pretty soul, *(Pointing to CLOTILDE)* to conceal her motions, because, with lovers, a little shyness is a becoming delicacy. *(CLOTILDE weeping, rushes into EUGENE'S arms.)* Shyness! Egad, not much of that.

Clo. Rash, unkind Eugene.

D'Aum. Rash Eugene!—Yes, there we're all agreed—but brave, generous Frederic! (*Slapping his shoulder.*)

Eug. Yes, generous Frederic indeed!

D'Aum. He to praise himself! Come, that's cool, or the devil's in't! This is all beyond my comprehension. Why, the art military, with all its evolutions and zig-zageries is intelligible, compared with the approaches, manœuvres, masked batteries, and devildoms, of your sentimental, sighing, and sympathizing lovers. (*To O'Donnel.*)—I say, did you, in your way through the chateau, smell any thing like preparations for an assault on a good dinner?

O'Don. Upon my honour I did not; and I think the staunchness and sagacity of a hungry subaltern's nose, in Henri's half-starved army, may be depended on.

D'Aum. (*Affecting great sensibility.*)—My dear niece, this affecting scene has proved too much for my unhappy nerves! I feel such a tremor and faintness, as induce me, with all delicacy, to ask—is dinner ready?

Flo. Indeed, Sir, the anticipated pleasure of your arrival, made me forget.

D'Aum. I understand—your excessive love for your dear uncle, induced you to do every thing in your power to starve him! Hallo! there—Germain! Frontin! Nicholas! (*to O'Don.*)—Let's you and I be off on a foraging party—there was some delicious wine in the cellar, and if my absence has improved the flavour—

O'Don. I dare say, General, you'll find every thing improved by your absence—

D'Aum. Stay—Here Frederic, are your papers, which I ordered to be seized—(*Gives him commission and papers.*) If you can be cured by honeyed words and balmy sighs, stay where you are; but if you think the more sanitave plan would be the application of the wing of a capon, and a bumper of Burgundy to the

part grieved, (*Rubbing his stomach*) then, follow us, my boy!

[*Exeunt GENERAL and O'DONNELL.*]

Clo. Explain this mystery!

Flo. I die with impatience!

Eug. After our unhappy rencontre, Frederic fled,—taking, by mistake, my mantle;—hence, these papers were supposed by the general to be mine. I was innocent of the deception, for I had fainted.

Flo. (*With tenderness.*)—Fainted, Eugene?

Clo. But the cause of your quarrel?

Eug. Reports had reached me, staining Frederic's honour. He refused an explanation—I felt my friendship insulted—

Clo. Your pride, Eugene. (*With emphasis.*)

Flo. The name of St. Leon coupled with dishonour, and by you?

Eug. Spare me, Florence, your frowns are more piercing than your brother's sword. Return these papers to my friend—I call him by that name—for he will not withhold his pardon. (*Giving papers.*)—What's this? A letter addressed to him in my father's character!

Clo. 'Tis certainly his writing.

Eug. 'Tis open—have I your permission to examine its contents? (*to Florence.*)

Flo. Certainly, Sir—my brother would receive no communication his sister need fear to publish.

Eug. (*Reads.*)—"Accept the gratitude of an imprudent, but repentant father—you have restored my liberty—you have redeemed my honour." Was it for my father he became implicated with gamblers?—And my gratitude was, to urge my sword against his life! (*Hides his face.*)

Clo. Noble Frederic! (*Takes the letter.*)

Flo. Dear, excellent brother.

Clo. (*Reads.*)—"What compensation can I offer? my Clotilde must thank you. Keep this transaction a secret from Eugene, his pride, his haughty spirit"—

Eug. Enough, enough. (*Leans on Clotilde.*)

Clo. When that haughty spirit has stooped to obtain pardon of St. Leon—then claim the affection of a sister. [*Exit.*]

Eug. Spare and pity me.

Flo. (*Taking his hand.*)—And is not my pity worth asking for?

Ballad.—FLORENCE.

Soldier, do thy wounds now grieve thee,
And sorrow of all hope bereave thee;
Hapless lover, dost thou languish
Of jealous pangs to feel the anguish;
'Tis pity's tear from woman's eye
Must heal the wound, and hush the sigh.

[*Exit FLORENCE.*]

Enter GENERAL D'AUMONT, with an opened letter in his hand.

D'Aum. (*Apart.*)—"Tis an unjust preference; the king has done me wrong. In what action was Frederic ever behind Eugene in noble daring? Are my services, too, forgotten?—Did Henri know how well Eugene has merited his partial favour? Frederick, I have received news, that will severely try your boasted philosophy:—his Majesty has been pleased to pass over your services, by assigning to Eugene a command of high honour and enterprise.

Eug. Ah! the orders of the king! (*He instinctively searches his mantle, then recollects the change, and is overwhelmed with confusion.*)

D'Aum. Come, come, don't take it so to heart.

Eug. Fatal infatuation! Eternal dishonour! (*Addressing the GENERAL, scarcely able to articulate.*)—Know you, General, the particular service to which the king has destined him?

D'Aum. To force the passage of the Marne, and so

unite the two armies. By this time the enterprise has either failed, or succeeded; if Eugene has fallen, he dies honoured and beloved;—if victorious, he will be hailed his country's best champion.

Eug. (Aside.)—Into what perdition have my passions plunged me!

D'Aum. Ah, Frederic, think of the effects of vindicating private quarrels, to the neglect of those of your country. Suppose the king had selected you for the service; and you, by your wounds, had been unable to discharge it—what would have been your feelings?

Eug. Terrible—insupportable! (*Apart.*)—My name tainted—my love blasted—my honour lost—for ever lost!—(*Rushes out.*)

D'Aum. Hallo! Frederic! Come back! He's gone—they are all bewitched! This castle is enchanted, and I shall soon become the ogre. Why, Frederic—niece—Florence—

Enter O'DONNEL, looking off.

O'Donnel. Now here's a pretty affair! Frederic's galloping up the avenue, little thinking he has been here this half hour. What's to be done? Why, as Eugene is Frederic, Frederic must be Eugene. Oh, that's as transparent as the Liffy, when it an't muddy, which it always is. Besides, it would be mighty wrong to load the old general with nephews, one o'top of t'other. Well, General, the dinner is serving, and a new guest arrived—Eugene de Biron. ●

D'Aum. Eugene dare to set his foot here? More witchcraft!

O'Don. I'll go and try to give him his cue. (*Going.*) Oh, he's here!

Enter FREDERIC.

Frederic. My uncle here! (*Addressing him.*)—My

dear sir, receive my warmest congratulations on your arrival in France.

D'Aum. Sir, I hope I feel as I ought your—dam'me, if his impudence don't make me blush.

Fred. (*With familiarity.*)—Of course, you have seen the ladies.

D'Aum. (*Imitating.*)—Oh, yes, I have had that pleasure.

Fred. And my wounded friend quite recovered, I hear.

D'Aum. Oh, quite. (*Aside.*)—How easy and agreeable!

Fred. I hope, General, you will acquit me of all blame. (*O'DONNELL pulls FREDERIC by the mantle.*)

D'Aum. (*Apart.*)—A very modest request, upon my soul!

Enter FLORENCE and CLOTILDE, they run to FREDERIC.

Florence. Now my fears are past.

Clo. And my happiness assured. (*They all go up, talking, winking, and tittering.*)

D'Aum. (*Observing their joy.*)—Is not this enough to make patience herself jump up, and kick the other cardinal virtues to the devil? When my wronged and wounded *nephew* came, they would not condescend to speak to him—and here they are hugging this impudent, hot-headed—Eh! (*Observing them.*)—What? winking! tittering! fingers to lips! I've a great notion they have been making me a most egregious ass! By pretending to have hold of the clue, I may thread the labyrinth. (*To them.*)—I can nod and wink too—and so, the old put was to be made your dupe?

Flo. Ha! ha! I thought you would find us out. (*General smiles and nods.*)

Clo. But the imposition was absolutely necessary.

D'Aum. Indeed!

Flo. For, had you known it was Eugene you found wounded, your resentment—

D'Aum. (Turning quickly to O'Don.)—Why, zounds, Sir, did not you tell me it was Frederic that was killed ?

O'Don. On the *contrary*, General, it was *you* that told *me* so. I own, I rather doubted it, because I was certain to the contrary ; but, was it for a poor devil of a subaltern to pretend to know better than the General himself ? No, no, 'I hope I understand subordination better than that. I say, General, as you are so fond of making relations, could not you make me a nephew, or a niece, or something ?

D'Aum. Why, I searched his mantle.

Fred. Which *mantle* was *mine* ! And from that has arisen those events which have been most fortunate to all. Yes, *(to Clotilde)* by *that*, I have proved myself Eugene's best friend, by *that*, I boldly claim the gratitude of Clotilde.

Flo. Explain, dear Frederic.

Fred. Possessed of Eugene's commission, and the accompanying orders of the king, I hastened to achieve the glorious enterprise his wounds disabled him from executing.

D'Aum. (Elated.)—Ha ! ha ! Go on !

Fred. (With animation.)—Inspired by the courage of the hero I represented, and supported by the intrepid ardour of my companions in arms, we—*(Checking himself, and adding with modest calmness)*—happily succeeded in executing the orders of the king—and the armies are now united.

O'Don. Huzza !—

D'Aum. My brave nephew !

Flo. My dearest brother !

Clo. My faithful protector ! my brother's saviour ! my own beloved Frederic ! *(Falls into his arms.)*

D'Aum. Ay, ay, this *accounts* for Eugene's distraction—from my heart, I pity the poor fellow,—he rushed out.

Fred. My care has provided for all—messengers

are despatched to find him—the honours of the victory will be his—my honoured reward, the hand of Clotilde.

D'Aum. Ay, and this very night, the priest shall be summoned—nay, I'll have it so.—I see they are making preparations to celebrate *my* return—we'll convert them to a nuptial feast.

Fred. What says my Clotilde?

Clo. I were unworthy of my happiness, did I deny your wishes; but my brother's presence must sanctify the solemn contract.

Fred. By all means. My joys would be imperfect without the presence of my friend. Come, Clotilde, we'll hasten his return. (*Taking her hand.*)

O'Don. Let me be the messenger.

Fred. And this day, whose morning was clouded with war and discord, shall see its evening close in the mild radiance of hallowed love, and festive harmony.

O'Don. Upon my honour, Frederick, this scene has made me such a convert to peace and quietness, that I would not advise any body to let me hear them say a word against it. (*Putting his hand to his sword.*—*The ladies laugh.*) Sure, and have I made a blunder?—Never mind—for, though an Irishman's head may sometimes be on the wrong side, his heart is always sure to be on the right.

[*Exeunt O'DONNEL, FREDERIC, and CLOTILDE.*]

D'Aum. Now, for preparations. Here, Germain! Frontin! La Fleur! Nicolas!

Enter SERVANTS.

Receive my commands—mark!

QUINTETTO.

General. Spread the board—let festivity reign,
Assemble the youth and the fair;

Page. I'll quickly their presence obtain,
With a smile, and a bow debonaire.

General. Give the welcome of heart, and of truth.

Florence. The care of that welcome be mine;
The song and the dance for the youth,

General. For the aged the feast and the wine.

Florence. Thus her seasons kind nature disposes,
Her children's joys to refine!

For in Spring she produces her roses,
And in Autumn she ripens the vine.

SCENE II.—*A French Village.*—*A rural Throne is erected, which is brought forward by the PEASANTS.*

Enter JOCRISSE, in his holiday garments.

Joc. Bravo! admirable! Place the table here!
Now the wine.—Where are the twenty sous worth of
cakes for the royal banquet? (*They are brought.*)—
Very well.

*Enter PINCEAU, dressed as SULLY, leading in LOUISON,
as GABRIELLE, attended by female PEASANTS.*

Joc. (*Taking her hand.*)—Charming Gabrielle, worthy a monarch's smile—nay more, worthy of my heart! Ah, Sully,—but, zounds, man! off with your spectacles.—Why, you would not, in these times, give the king a short-sighted Minister, would you? (*Distant bell.*)—Hark! the bell of Notre Dame, and here comes the trooper, as King of the Fête. What a capital dress he has borrowed!—he's a thousand times handsomer than Gervais.

*Enter HENRI and SULLY, preceded by DANCERS, with
Tamborines, Cymbals, &c.*

CHORUS.

Live, Henri Quatre!

Long live our valiant king!

His triple art

Right loyally we'll sing.

VOL. II.—8

He'll never shrink, who has the rare talent,
To fight and drink, and be a gay gallant.

Henri. Happiness to my people, and health to my Gabrielle! (*Sits himself on the rural Throne. PINCEAU on one side of the table—GABRIELLE on the other. SULLY stands between, before HENRI. (to GABRIELLE—Nearer, nearer! (Takes her hand, and toys with it.)*

*Joc. (to LOUISE.)—*Have you no more respect for your character?

Lou. Au't I supporting it? How dare you, fellow, address the favourite of the king? (*HENRI smiles, and continues his attentions.*)

*Joc. (to PINCEAU.)—*Sully, you old fool, why don't you prevent the king taking such liberties!—don't you know, your place at court is to see he don't misbehave himself?

*Henri. (to SULLY.)—*What think you of your new office?

*Sully. (to HENRI.)—*I think it will be no sinecure.

*Pin. (Rising.)—*Health to the great Henri!

Lou. To the good Henri!

Joc. And to his children!

*Sully (Significantly.)—*Wherever they may be.

*Joc. (to HENRI)—*Now, you must make a speech in praise of yourself,—that is, of the king.

*Henri. (Rises.)—*In praise of the King! I—I—I don't know what to say.—Can you assist me? (*to SULLY.*)

*Sully. (Coolly.)—*No.

Joc. You won't make a speech; then I will. Our monarch, so very great—so very noble—so very wise—

Henri. So very patient—so very weary.—(*Sits himself.*)

Joc. Like Alexander—

Henri. No more.

Joc. Like Alexander—

Henri. Cease this jargon!

Joc. Jargon!

Henri. Henri hates flattery worse than he hates the League. Proceed with the sports. (*Sits himself.*)

Joc. Now, Louison, you must charm him with such a strain as first melted my heart.

Song.—*LOUISON.*

Fear, ne'er assail me ;
Hands, do not fail me ;
Harp, breathe thy gladness ;
Heart, cease thy sadness.
Boldly let me sweep the string ;
Wild as the woodlark let me sing,
While to my Henri's ear I tell
The love of simple Gabrielle.

Joc. Bravo ! delightful !—but now comes the awful moment.

Sully. You seem agitated.

Joc. Sympathize with the feelings of an author ! I've composed a ballet. Ah, sir, learned clerks may write books, and statesmen, treatises ;—but set your doctors of the Sorbonne, or one of your Sullys, to make a dance, how they would expose themselves !

Sully. Most likely.

GERVAIS sings without.

See your king's come home,
He no longer will roam.

Enters, singing.

Ger. Here I am, at last—wheugh ! (*Wiping his forehead.*)

All. Gervais !

Ger. But, hey day ! what's all this ? My throne usurped ! Death and vengeance on the traitor !

Henri. (*Rising.*)—My rival !

Lou. His coming back has spoiled every thing.

Pin. Be temperate, neighbour—you were not here ; and, really, considering all things, he has done pretty well.

Ger. As well as me, I suppose.

Lou. A thousand times better.

Ger. (to Henri.)—Will you resign the throne ?

Henri. I own, my friend, there have been moments when I *would* have done so with pleasure, but *this* is not one.

Ger. Come out, then, and face me like a man—
(*They restrain him.*)

Henri. Is then ambition the vice of kings *only* ? That man would shed blood for the ephemeral sceptre of an hour.

Joc. Nay, but Uncle Jervais—

Ger. What are your pretensions ?

Henri. Ventre St. Gris!—pretensions ! that in loving, drinking, and fighting, I will not yield to Henri himself.

All. Bravo ! bravo !

Joc. There—you hear the public voice is against you—be quiet, and tell us how you escaped the Leaguers ?

Ger. How ! egad, the Leaguers were glad to escape from me.

Henri. What say you ?

Ger. What say I ? why, I say, the passage of the Marne is forced—the brave Crillon is in full march to join the king—the Leaguers are in full rout to avoid him.

All. Huzza !

[*Exeunt PEASANTS.*]

Henri. (to SULLY.)—Come hither. (*He gives orders, whispers, and points off. SULLY bows and exit.*)

Ger. (to JOCRISSE and PINCEAU.)—Did you observe ? A blessed choice you have made—a spy—an enemy !

Pin. Why, I own he came in a suspicious way.

Joc. And he called my speech in favour of Henri

jargon—a proof he was as deficient in loyalty, as in taste.

Ger. Some great rebel—with what authority he ordered out his companion!

Joc. You are right—he must be secured—I'll seize him, but elegantly. Sir, (to HENRI)—I feel highly gratified in having you arrested in the king's name.

Henri. Arrest! I appertain to the court!

Ger. Is that true?

Henri. I never spoke a falsehood!

Joc. And a courtier! Come, that's a thumper, however.

Henri. I promise you—

Joc. Promise! Oh, he is a courtier—but, with all due submission, if you would have the goodness to take yourself immediately to prison, you would very much oblige the company.

Henri. (*Aside.*)—'Sdeath! I shall be killed here with their kindness for me.

Joc. Allow me the pleasure of collaring you. (*Takes the king by the collar.*) Loyal subjects, assist me to drag this personage to jail, with all the respect that's due to him. (*Shouts without.*)

Enter SULLY, introducing CRILLON and GENERALS

Crillon. (*Kneels.*)—Sire!

Joc. (*Trembling, withdraws his hand, and with PINCEAU, GERVAIS, and LOUISON, retires to a corner of the stage.*)

Henri. (*Raising CRILLON, and tapping him on the shoulder.*)—Go, hang thyself for spite, brave Crillon, for, yesterday, I gained a victory without thee—but now, we shall again combat side by side. Sully I was right in my man—Eugene de Biron has justified my choice. You were all for St. Leon—summon our council—advance my standard even to the walls

of rebellious Paris; there fix my tent. Ah, ha! (*Looking at the group trembling in the corner.*)

Pin. Let the petticoat go first—we'll advance under its shelter.

Sully. A good general—he knows the feeble side of the enemy.

Joc.

Ger.

Pin.

} Pardon!

Henri. From my very heart—My rival, there's my hand, and, (*Kissing LOUISE.*)—this is the kiss of peace.

Joc. (*Delighted.*)—The king has saluted my wife. After that, there's no knowing what may happen! that's the royal cheek—this shall be mine. Happy Jocrisse! the only man in France who has dared to have had the honour of collaring his majesty.

Henri. You must not be jealous.

Joc. Oh, no!

Lou. But he was, though. (*Pouting.*)

Joc. To be sure—jealous of inferiors—but attentions to one's wife from people of equal merit with one's self, makes all the difference, you know.

Henri. (*Smiling.*)—Certainly. (*to LOUISE significantly.*)—I shall appoint your husband to some place near my person. (*SULLY betrays surprise.*)

Joc. (*to SULLY.*)—My dear sir, don't be agitated. I shall make a point of not interfering with you—tranquillize yourself, my excellent friend.—A worthy good creature, that Sully.

Henri. Very. Farewell. We shall, I trust, soon meet at the Louvre.

Joc. At the Louvre!

Lou. Ah! but what chance have we of gaining access to your majesty there?

Henri. Here's my signet. (*Places a ring on her finger, and kisses her hand.*)—Now to council. Brave

Crillon, once more welcome. [*Exeunt HENRI and train.*]

Ger. Come, neighbours, let's home and drain the cellar to the health of Henri. Lucky was the moment when I put up the royal sign!

Pin. And propitious was the hour when this masterly hand achieved it.

Lou. Jocrisse, (*Shaking her finger, with the ring on*) look here!

Joc. Only to think—my wife keeper of the privy seal! [*Exeunt JOCRISSE, PINCEAU, and PEASANTS.*]

Lou. I say, Uncle, I'll have diamond buckles to my wooden shoes, and sell my butter and eggs in a golden coach, ha! ha!

Ger. So you shall. But when Henri enters Paris, there'll be a day for us all.

DUET.

Ger. Oh, what a gay and joyous scene!

While we, so debonaire,
With merry pipe and tambourine,
To Paris strait repair.

Comme ça, comme ça, comme ça.

Lou. Behold, with condescending hand,

Bedeck'd with jewels gay,
I, smilingly, with grace demand,
"Pray sir, is this the way?"

Merci, merci, merci!

Ger. There valiant knights in tournament,
Shall combat for the prize.

Lou. And lovely dames, on conquest bent,
Shall conquer with their eyes.

Both. With courtly leg so tapering
We'll lead the jocund dance;
Oh! what nation dare, in capering,
E'er hope to equal France?

Oh, what a gay, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A View of the Town and Abbey of St. Denis.*

Enter EUGENE. (*A trumpet sounds in the distance.*)

Eugene. How art thou fallen! the trumpet's call, which used to swell this heart with tumultuous joy, now withers and makes it shrink within itself. Perhaps the valiant troop I was destined to command, have been surprised, defeated—and expiring, curse their coward leader. Oh, Frederic, had but thy sword been merciful, and reached my life—but it was justice that I should live to taste the bitterness of dishonour. (*Remains desolate, his eye fixed on the earth.*)

Enter HENRI and CRILLON.

Henri. By my beard, this gallant achievement of De Biron merits highly our thanks. I would not lose him for the fairest jewel in my crown.

Eug. (*Starts.*)—The king!

Henri. Ah, brave Eugene! the brightest success has crowned your efforts.—See, Crillon stands by my side! This day's triumph places you in the first file of renown and valour. It may not be unwelcome for you to know, it was I, who selected you for the service. Follow to my tent, there your king will thank you. [*Exeunt* HENRI, SULLY and CRILLON.]

Eug. (*Stupified with wonder.*)—Am I awake? Success has crowned the enterprise.—Honour and Eugene's name united!—Blest vision, let me grasp thee! 'tis fled, and leaves me desolate and abandoned. The king knows the truth, and thus upbraids. No, no—the good Henri may punish, but he cannot insult, the wretched. Yet Crillon I saw—

Enter GERMAIN, running.

Ger. Well encountered, Captain! an army of mes-

sengers have been sent out to seek you—a letter from St. Leon.—(*Eugene takes it carelessly.*) I am sorry to see you look so pale—your wound—

Eug. Yes, yes.

Ger. What, worse?

Eug. No, I mistook—well—quite well—(*Opens the letter and starts.*)—Ah! conquered in my name! the mystery's explained! generous, noble Frederic—(*Reads.*)—"The sword, that wounded my friend, could only atone by fighting his battles—keep the secret, dearest Eugene—it will secure the felicity of all—make us happy by your presence—your sister demands it—your Florence—"(*Is overcome by his feelings, then to GERMAIN, with quickness.*)—Return!—say this letter has delighted me—I'll obey their wishes—my joyful greetings to my sister—to my love—away! [*Exit GERMAIN.* Keep the secret! What! bind round this recreant and withering brow the verdant and immortal wreath of loyalty and valour? No, Frederic—prostrate as my honour's laid, still with disdain it spurns the thought of robbing victory of its meed, and friendship of its triumph—bear up, proud heart—sustain me in this last effort!—Now to the king! (*Rushes off*)

SCENE IV.—*The Royal Tent.*

HENRI discovered examining a Plan of Attack.

Henri. This plan of attack is ably formed, and would lay rebellious Paris in ashes—But no—proud seat of my ancestors, I'll not destroy thee! I'll enter thy gates through files of living subjects, not trampling over carcasses.—(*Throwing down the plan.*)—Here's a more cheering paper—my proposed terms of peace.—(*Sits himself.*)

Mou. (Without.)—I demand an audience.

Guard. (Without.)—You cannot enter.

Mou. (Without.)—Only three words.

Henri. Guard, admit that laconic intruder.

Enter MOUSTACHE.

Speak—but mind, sirrah, only three words.

Mou. Pay, or discharge,

Henri. Take five in return. Neither one nor the other.

Mou. Then I know what follows.

Henri. Name it.

Mou. Mutiny.

Henri. What do you want?

Mou. Money! food!

Henri. Food! I thought fighting took away a coward's appetite. (*Irritated.*)

Mou. Coward! (*Claps his hand on his sword, strikes his breast and rushes out.*)

Henri. I am seldom touched with anger—curse on its influence—I've broken that noble fellow's heart, Moustache! Moustache, I say! Guard, send him back!

Re-enter MOUSTACHE.

Hot-headed, insolent varlet—not to have patience to hear your king finish his sentence. I said fighting took away a coward's appetite—

Mou. You did!

Henri. But was about to add—it made a brave fellow as hungry as a tiger! sit down—you shall feast with me on a royal banquet—sit down, I say! (*MOUSTACHE seats himself. HENRI goes out and returns with some wine and two goblets, and a piece of coarse bread, which he throws on the table.*) There, that's all they allow me—the same batch as yours, I fancy—but I don't grumble. Come, let's touch glasses—and swallow down our mischievous anger. (*MOUSTACHE, trembling with joy, advances his glass to HENRI—they drink.*)—Are we friends?

Mou. Friends—I'll cry a bit, and then I'll tell you.

Henri. Well remembered—you've had enough of

toil, old soldier—(*Takes a pen and writes.*)—The military prison—you shall be governor of—there's your appointment. (*Giving a paper.*)

Mou. So—jailer! That, I suppose, is because I am old and savage—

Henri. No—it is—that, under the shaggy mane of a lion, is concealed the heart of a lamb!

Mou. I can't thank you—only let me hear the least murmur against my king in my troop—

Henri. And if you do—forgive it, as I have done.

[*Exit MOUSTACHE.*]

Jeanne of Navarre, my honoured mother, used wisely to say, a spoonful of honey catches more flies, than a tun of vinegar. (*Sits down and writes.*)—In faith I'm weary. Intestine discord, when wilt thou cease to stain the fair fields of France with its children's blood? Ah, my country, thou wilt love me when I no longer live!

(*The hand holding the pen falls by his side.*)

Enter SULLY.

Sully. I disturb your majesty.

Henri. I own, sleep had nearly overpowered me.

Sully. Cæsar seldom slept.

Henri. (*Starting up and dashing down the pen.*)—Cæsar sleep! how should he, amidst the groans of victims sacrificed to his ambition? Let me emulate the clemency of Titus. I tell thee, Sully, I've made my confessor place an additional bead on my rosary, that I may not forget daily to thank Heaven, that I am no Conqueror!—The opiate that brings me sleep, is the thought that my poorest subject lies under his humble thatch contented and secure!

Enter OFFICER.

Officer. Sire! Eugene de Biron attends your orders.

Henri. Admit him, and call in my officers—I wish them to witness my tribute to his valour. (*Enter Or-*

FICER, EUGENE, and OFFICERS.)—Eugene, approach!—I sent not for you to reward your services—that shall be my care hereafter, but to offer you a testimony of my love. Here is my picture—let me rest near your heart, Eugene—you will always lie near mine. (*Offering the miniature, which EUGENE shrinks from receiving.*)—Ah! do you refuse my love?

Eug. Yes,—for I am only worthy of your hate—There's the confession of my disloyalty—spare me the recital. (*Presents a paper.*)

Henri. What's this? (*Looks at EUGENE, then at the paper, and again at EUGENE.*)—A duel!—the conquering troops commanded by St. Leon! (*gives the paper to SULLY—pointing to the writing.*)—And is this, then, the Eugene, whom I selected as my hero?

Eug. Yes, who preferred plunging his sword into the heart of his friend, to vindicating the honor of his king.

Sully. You had not then received the king's orders?

Eug. Yes, but I did not condescend to read them. Noble Henri, behold a suppliant for justice—justice to the brave St. Leon!—his virtues equal my crimes, his loyalty, my treason! (*With bitterness*)—need I say, they are surpassing? (*Kneels.*)—On my knees, I implore you to reward his merits (*Starting up with despair*)—Erect! I demand the reward of mine.

Henri. From my soul, I pity—

Sully. Sire, the publicity—

Henri. True.

Sully. His fate must teach the soldier, that the march to glory can only be achieved through the rugged path of duty.

Henri. Perform your mournful office.

Sully. Eugene de Biron, render up your sword. (*EUGENE draws his sword, kisses it, and delivers it.—SULLY gives it to an officer, and orders it to be broken.—EUGENE shudders on hearing the fracture.*)—Conduct

him to the Council' (*Delivers the confession to the officer.*)—I will attend.

[*Exit* EUGENE, guarded by officers.

Henri. These are the envied joys of kings! (*Wiping his eyes, and rousing himself.*) But millions demand my care. (*Shouts without.*)—What mean those shouts?

Enter CRILLON and SOLDIERS.

Cril. The promised aid from England. The gallant Essex, commanding five thousand warriors, has joined your royal standard.

Henri. Noble, generous Elizabeth! By St. Louis, the Bourbons owe a heavy debt of gratitude to those Islanders!

Cril. They bring with them ample provisions for our distressed army.

Henri. Provisions, say you?—(*Reflects.*) Yes,—it shall be so; retain a moiety for the use of the army—and, do you mark—send the remainder to the besieged, in Paris.

Cril. To your rebellious foes?

Henri. To my deluded subjects.

Cril. A few days would make you master of their persons.

Henri. And in one day I'll be master of their hearts.

Cril. Compelling them to surrender, would teach them to fear you.

Henri. I prefer teaching them to love me.

Cril. Yet, sire—

Henri. Crillon, not one word against my people!—but let the malediction fall heavy on those who would mislead them!—I repeat—the besieging shall succour the besieged.—See that it instantly be done!

Sully. I accord with the king's opinion.

Henri. Ah! ha!—Do you mark?—Sully agrees with me—(*With archness*)—and for the first time these three months.

Sully. That may not be my fault. (*Bows.*)

Henri. (*Bowing good-humouredly.*)—Of course, mine!
[*Exit CRILLON.*]

Enter OFFICER, who delivers a paper.

From the brave Montmorenci! (*Examines it.*) Ah! good, excellent news!

Sully. What! has a victory been gained?

Henri. Better! a battle may be prevented. (*Reads.*)
"Mayenne makes a stand near St. Germain—But, were the king's standard seen there, he would be deserted."—It shall float there with the morning wind!

Sully. Who shall plant it?

Henri. This good arm!—Come, Sully, to horse!—'Tis but a night passed in riding through the forest.—I've hunted it, and know each brake and dingle. (*Affectionately.*)—I'll be thy guide, old Sully—thou hast many a year been mine!—(*Trumpet.*) But, hark! the English trumpet.—Haste we to receive, and honour the captains of the great Elizabeth!

Enter ESSEX and Staff—kneels to HENRI, who raises him.
Welcome! thrice welcome! renowned Essex!—honoured by the noblest queen that ever graced the regal diadem.—By my sword, I love and honour her! Oh, if she were here, I would so thank her, as to make her repent her icy vows of celibacy!—(*Shouts.*)—Hark! the distant shouts of the besieged!—They share my bounty—they bless their benefactor.—Up with the curtains of my tent, and let me behold the setting sun, gilding with its beams the pride of British chivalry!

SCENE V.—*The draperies of the tent are opened, which discover the English Army marshalled—with the English Standard. The Provision wagons are seen in a hollow way, moving towards the gates of Paris. The Walls and City forming the back grounds of the Scene.*
[*Exeunt*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Interior of a Prison—a Corridor leading to Cells.*

Enter MOUSTACHE through the Corridor, bearing a bunch of large keys, which he attaches to his girdle.

Mou. So, all's secure.—Well! here I'm installed governor of the state prison. The apartments spacious—the walls massy—little danger of prisoners breaking out, and little fear of rogues breaking in. I dare say I shall pass my time here pleasantly enough. To the credit of Henri's army, I have not one military prisoner, and I would not advise any recreant craven to get within my clutch—I'd so curry the rascal.—

Enter OFFICER.

Off. A prisoner is arrived—an officer of the royal army.

Mou. Of the royal army! Bring in the scoundrel! let me see the poltroon! hand down a choice assortment of the heaviest chains.—*(Noise of chains falling.)*

Voice. *(Without.)*—Room there for the prisoner!

Mou. I'll find room for him, a traitorous—

Enter EUGENE, his eyes abased, escorted by a Military Guard.

Mou. Eugene! *(During the scene his eyes are riveted on EUGENE, who is absorbed in his own feelings.)*

Off. Come, don't be too severe.

Mou. What did you say?

Off. Don't be too severe.

Mou. Well, I think I won't.

Off. He's miserable enough.

Mou. He seems so—I say, what's his supposed crime?

Off. Supposed! 'tis proved—confessed—he has

been arraigned before the council : there's his sentence.
(*Gives a paper.*)

Mou. (*In an exhausted voice.*)—Sentence!

Off. Take care of him.

Mou. The same as if he were my own child!

Off. Your own child! I mean, keep him secure.

Mou. I mean so too—go, you have fulfilled your duty to your king, and your conscience—I'll try to fulfil mine. [*Ereunt OFFICER and GUARDS.*]

Mou. Prisoner! follow me to your dungeon.—

(*MOUSTACHE opens a door—EUGENE advances towards it—raises his eyes.*)

Eug. Moustache! my friend.

Mou. Friend! I'm not quite sure of that—what's your claim to my friendship?

Eug. Wretchedness.

Mou. That's a claim to my pity, and you have it. (*Apart.*)—I've not the heart to ask him his crime—perhaps this will tell me. (*Opens the paper.*)—"A duel—neglect of duty—the victory achieved by St. Leon."—Curse on that fiery temper! it has undone the noblest, bravest—(*Strikes his breast.*)—A minute ago, I said I should pass my time pleasantly here, and now I'm the most miserable dog—

Enter an OFFICER, who delivers a paper—looks at EUGENE—whispers MOUSTACHE—and exit. MOUSTACHE starts—unfolds the paper—brushes the tear from his eye, but cannot succeed in reading it.

Eug. (*Advances towards him, calmly points to the paper, and distinctly pronounces*)—"Eugene de Biron to be executed to-morrow at eight"—courage my old friend! (*Tapping his shoulder.*)

Mou. Courage! What, and see cut off—the boy I loved, the man I honour, the hero that I hoped would lay me in my grave, scatter a few green leaves over it,

and, when my comrades fired over me, would say a word or two in favour of old Moustache—courage! The heart of a lion could not stand it.

Eug. (Taking his hand.)—If you pity my fate, 'tis in your power to—

Mou. What would you ask? My life? 'Tis yours. A soldier knows how to part with it—but he does not know how to part with his fidelity. Could this old trunk be a bulwark to receive the fatal balls, I would—

Eug. And does my friend think so meanly of me, that I would waste a thought on this tainted being, that honour loaths, and even self-love despises? No, 'tis not that—now, listen to me with thy heart.—Happily, my sister is yet ignorant of my fate—you love her—she has nursed you—she healed the wound that caused that honoured scar.

Mou. Heaven bless her! .

Eug. Heaven has made you its minister to do so. Her happiness or misery rests on you.

Mou. On me!

Eug. This night she was to become the bride of the generous man who sacrificed his fortune to save her father's honour—who offered up his life to preserve mine.

Mou. St. Leon?

Eug. The same—but the contract cannot be fulfilled.

Mou. That's a pity.

Eug. (Eagerly.) Is it not?

Mou. But why?

Eug. It must be sanctioned by my presence—tomorrow, (*Pointing to the warrant of execution*)—their union will be impossible.

Mou. Your presence?

Eug. My presence! think what I would ask!

Mou. Why, you would not ask to—?

Eug. (With energy.)—On my knees—

Mou. (Lost in surprise and embarrassment at the request of EUGENE, when, looking at him, he snatches a key from his girdle, and offers it.)—Go!

Eug. Eternal blessings on you—you have plucked from my heart the stings of death.

Mou. Go, go—Night falls. (*Cannon.*) Hark! the evening gun.—That opens the postern gate. (*Giving the key.*)

Eug. By crossing the forest, I gain the castle by midnight;—long e'er dawn I shall return.

Mou. Return! Ah, that's your business. (*Apart.*) only, if you do not, I can guess what will happen. Take this cloak, it will conceal your figure. A pretty beginning I have made in my new office! Remember, that is your cell.—

Eug. In the morning, there you'll find me. Farewell! (*Pressing MOUSTACHE's hand to his breast.*)—Rely on my faith, and sleep in peace.

Mou. Sleep, Eugene! and to-morrow—

Eug. You have disrobed it of its terrors; let me but fulfil this night's duty, and I bless the morning beam, that lights me to my fate.

[*Exeunt MOUSTACHE, leading out EUGENE.*]

SCENE II.—*An Illuminated Saloon in the Chateau of General D'Aumont.*

Enter FLORENCE and PAGE.

Flo. So, all prepared for the celebration of the marriage. Go, my pretty page, and enquire if Clotilde's toilette is finished.—(*Exit PAGE.*)—The bridal-day—Heigho! what hopes does it not awaken.

Song.—FLORENCE.

The ray of Hope can cheer the heart,
Make frozen Zembla bloom;
And Freedom's sacred light impart,
To cheer the dungeon's gloom.

From Atlas' top the eagle springs
 To brave the star of day ;
 'Tis heavenly Hope that plumes his wings,
 'Tis Freedom points the way.

Enter GENERAL D'AUMONT, CLOTILDE and FREDERIC.

Gen. There, Frederic, is the prize of your valour, the reward of your generosity :—but where's Eugene ?

Clo. Doubtless, he will arrive soon ; for what stronger impulse can he have, than gratitude to the best of friends ?

Fred. Or affection for the best of sisters.

Gen. Or adoration for the most adorable of mistresses.
(In an heroic tone.)

Flo. *(Imitating.)*—Or veneration for the most puissant of Generals.

Gen. All powerful motives I own ; yet he is not impelled by them—the guests are impatient—even the lawyers complain of delay ; but here they come.

Enter LAWYERS.

Welcome ! Gentlemen of the robe, be seated, and proceed, if you please.

Law. The covenants are engrossed, and all is ready for the signatures.

Gen. Here is mine.—*(Signs.)*—These are the contracting parties. *(CLOTILDE and FREDERIC sign.)*

Law. There yet wants another signature.

Gen. I know.

Fred. Eugene's absence alarms me.

Clo. and Flo. Alarms you !

Fred. No, no—I meant not that:

EUGENE *rushes down.*

Flo. He's here—Eugene !

Clo. My brother !

Fred. My friend !

Flo. You seem exhausted.

Eug. I've journey'd fast across the forest.

Flor. What! serious business detained you?

Eug. Neither. My beloved sister, this is a pleasure I've tried hard to obtain; but the moments are precious—the contract—

Gen. Only waits your signature.

Eug. Come, then—(*Signs*)—'tis accomplished—my last wish is gratified!

Flor. (Apart.)—His last wish is gratified! Indeed?

[*Exeunt LAWYERS.*]

Eug. My friend, and, now, my brother, receive from my hand this precious gift; her affection will be the soft solace of your cares; her virtues, the firm stability of your happiness; and, should misfortune deprive her of her brother, comfort and support her. (*CLOTILDE weeps.*)—Nay, nay, I meant not to excite your tears. General, can you pardon my swerving from a soldier's duty?

Gen. Zounds! if I did not, I must forget, when this blood was as apt to boil, as yours. Pardon you, my brave—no, I won't—I command you, as a punishment, to appear before this tribunal to-morrow, to be chained to that young vixen for life.

Eug. (Shuddering.)—To-morrow!

Flo. To-morrow! oh, that's too soon—indeed, that's too soon. (*Ill concealing her joy.*)

Eug. (Apart.)—I cannot bear her fancied happiness—her smiles distract—her vivacity sinks me to the earth—hark! 'tis midnight—I must return.

Flo. (Having observed him.)—Eugene, you look ill.

Eug. I feel oppressed and giddy—the air's too close—Might I be allowed to retire to my apartment?

Fred. By all means, my friend.

Gen. No ceremony—lights there!

Clo. I'll attend you.

Eug. No, dearest Clotilde. I'm sorry I cannot join in your revelry.

Flo. But, in the morning, all your pains will be removed.

Eug. (Emphatically.)—All—bless you, my friend and sister! General, could I but die in the field of battle, by your side, and prove my devotion to my king—

Gen. Fear not, but our enemies will give us opportunities enough.

Eug. Florence, good night.

Flo. I shall wake you in the morning.

Eug. (With a smile of despair.)—You may find that difficult.

Flo. There, false man.—(*Fondly pushing him from her.*)—Have you not often vowed, that my voice could raise you from the grave?

Eug. (Unable to endure more, kisses her hand, saying in a hurried tone.)—Good night. Bitter, bitter fate!
[Exit.]

Fred. The remembrance of his absence from duty still weighs on his brave heart.

Gen. I perceive it does. But now, to fulfil the church's rites; which, when performed, let mask, song, and revelry hold their jocund court.

O'Don. (Without.)—Where's General D'Aumont! I must see him instantly.

Enter O'DONNELL.

Gen. Welcome, O'Donnell.

Fred. But, my friend, you are late.

O'Don. No wonder, Frederic,—for I've had to bring along with me a heart as heavy as the biggest stone in the Giant's Causeway.—I wish it was as hard—for I've news will try the strength of your's.—Heigho!

Fred. The Army?

O'Don. Is safe.

Gen. The King?

O'Don. In health—but Eugene—

Flor. What of Eugene?

O'Don. He is in the Castle.

Gen. I know—in mine.

O'Don. Yours?

Gen. In this chateau.

Fred. At this moment.

O'Don. No, don't—'tis no season for joking.

Fred. See, here's his signature to this contract—the ink scarcely dry.

O'DONNEL *is silent from astonishment.*

Clo. My brother found his head confused and giddy, so retired to his apartment.

Gen. And, really, Captain, I would advise you to do the same,—for you have very aggravated symptoms; ha! ha!

Flor. Do you generally dream, full-dressed, Captain?

(They all laugh.)

O'Don.. Ha! ha! ha! *(Tries to laugh, but stops suddenly, and sighs.)*—I wish I could laugh, for 'tis mighty comforting and wholesome; but, upon my soul, I can't.—I tell you, I saw him marched to prison.

Flor. To prison!

O'Don. He's condemned. *(Clotilde runs off.)*

Flor. Condemned!

O'Don. The king ordered him to his tent, to shower on him rewards and honours—his big heart could not bear it—he confessed all—asked reward for you, *(to FREDERIC)* and punishment on himself—and his sentence is——

CLOTILDE *rushes in with a paper.*

Clo. 'Tis true, he's fled!

Fred. *(Snatching the paper.)*—"A last farewell!—I hasten back to meet my doom—do not grieve, but

pity—pardon me.”—Courage, Clotilde, there may still be time to save.

Gen. (to O'DONNEL.)—We'll to the prison.

Fred. We to the king—trust to Henri's clemency—
 Nay, droop not, Florence;—let love and hope support
 us. [*Exeunt GENERAL, with O'DONNEL : FREDERIC*
with FLORENCE and CLOTILDE.]

SCENE III.—*The Prison,—Same as Scene I*

Enter MOUSTACHE, from the interior. He stops and looks at EUGENE's cell.

Mou. So, the door of the cell closed—then Eugene is returned. (*Proceeds to unlock the gate.*)

He returns with an OFFICER.

Offi. Good morning, jailer.

Mou. Good morning.

Offi. I bring news, my old soldier, that will delight you.

Mou. Delight me? then I'm sure I shall be very much obliged to you for it.

Offi. The king has escaped assassination.

Mou. Heaven be praised!

Offi. He and the duke were last night attacked in the forest of St. Germain, but were rescued by the bravery of—

Mou. Of whom?

Offi. That's at present unknown—the darkness separated them from their deliverer; but the king is safe, and will sup to-night in the Louvre.

Mou. Has Paris, then, opened her gates?

Offi. Yes, and all hearts are in ecstasies

Mou. All but mine, and—(*Apart looking at EUGENE's cell.*)

Offi. But you don't seem glad!

Mou. I were a monster of ingratitude, did I not take

my full share in the general joy ;—but I did not sleep very well last night.

Off. I guess the reason—new to your office—you were over anxious about your prisoner.

Mou. Yes, I believe that was it.—(*The muffled drum beats without—Moustache starts.*)

Off. The guard is arrived—you hear the muffled drum.

Mou. (*Shuddering.*)—I do.

Off. Is the prisoner ready ?

Mou. Not quite—he has not yet left his cell.

Off. 'Tis time.

Mou. I'll prepare him—do your duty without—leave me to do mine within. [*Exit OFFICER.*]

All is still—he sleeps—were he awake he might hear my old heart thump—perhaps he dreams of happy days to come—and must I awake him, only that he may sleep in death ? Yes, yes, I must—the time is short enough to prepare for so long a journey. (*Knocks at the door of the cell.*) How profoundly he sleeps ! (*Knocks again.*) No answer—Eugene ! (*Alarmed.*) My friend ! (*A pause, then loud.*) Eugene ! (*Dashes the door open, and rushes into the cell : exclaims from the inside,*) 'Tis empty ! (*Advances.*) So ! Eugene has deceived me—Eugene has sacrificed his friend ! I shall choke—and if I do, the sooner I'm out of this vile, rascally world, the better. The consequences I can guess at—My life forfeited—my humble name insulted—my ingratitude to my king recorded—that's hard to bear—very hard ! Here come the guard to demand their prisoner.

Enter OFFICER and a file of SOLDIERS.

Off. Deliver up the person of Eugene de Biron—here's your warrant.

Mou. (*Putting it aside.*)—I can't obey it.

Off. Cannot ?

Mou. The prisoner is not here.

Off. What, escaped?

Mou. No—I let him go.

Off. And have you betrayed?

Mou. No comments—'tis done.

Off. Know you the consequences?

Mou. I suppose I soon shall.

Off. I arrest you my prisoner—Soldiers, see you guard him safely—the council is sitting—I'll soon re-
turn. [Exit.]

Mou. I don't doubt it. What's that? Oh, the soldiers are loading—a pleasant sort of sound enough!—Do I then fear death? No, not in the heat of battle, with my good faulchion, giving blow for blow—but to die unarmed—with a white night-cap on, and in a cold morning, gives somehow an aguish kind of feel. But, 'tis the sting of ingratitude that strikes deepest into my old heart.

Enter OFFICER.

Off. You must take the prisoner's place.

Mou. I thought so. (*OFFICER orders the soldiers to advance, leaving a space between their ranks for Mou. STACHE.*)

Off. You will appear before the council, where I would advise you to confess your crime!

Mou. Confess my crime! I've committed none. I confided in the faith of a friend—I assisted the unhappy—what's to become of man, if that's criminal?

Off. But, as you repent—

Mou. But I don't repent—

Off. Come, then, there's your place.

Mou. Do you think I don't know it? Teach an old soldier his duty—Why, I'll march with as firm a step as the best of you.

Off. Have you no fear?

VOL. II.—10

Mou. Yes, fellow-soldier, I fear heaven, and that rids me of every other fear. (*Takes off from his girdle his keys—he throws them down.*) Good bye, I wish you a wiser master—a jailer's heart should be like you—iron.

Off. We wait.

Mou. I'm coming—Eugene! (*EUGENE, whose hand is enveloped in a scarf, rushes from the interior of the prison, and places himself between the files of the guards.*)

Eug. Is here—forward.

Mou. (*On seeing EUGENE, with surprise and joy.*)—Ah! I'm so happy! (*Recovering from the instinctive feeling of safety.*)—I'm so miserable!

Eug. (*to the OFFICER.*) Grant me a moment. (*Goes to MOUSTACHE.*) Oh, my friend, what anguish have I not caused you! hear my excuse. (*To the OFFICER.*) Sir, I will be brief—returning through the forest, after having secured the felicity of my friend and sister, I heard a cry, and the strife of weapons—I forgot my promise—forgot my friend—forgot all but the calls of humanity. After some time dashing through the wood, I found numbers oppressing the few—unarmed as I was, I joined the feeble party, and after a long and anxious struggle, succeeded, at the cost of this wound, of gaining a weapon, and driving the assailants from the field.

Mou. (*Eagerly.*)—Who was it you preserved?

Eug. I know not; for at that moment the peril of my friend rushed upon my memory,—I snatched this scarf to staunch my wound, that bled too freely, lest faintness should o'ertake me, e'er I could reach you.—(*During the latter part of this speech, MOUSTACHE's eye is riveted on the scarf.*)

Mou. (*Apart.*)—Assailed in the forest! that scarf! 'tis the king's—I swear he wore it yesterday in his tent. (*To the SOLDIERS.*)—Move not a step, on your lives!

Off. (to EUGENE.) Take your station:—I must obey orders.

Mou. Must you? (*Snatching up the keys.*)—Then I'll take the liberty of locking you all in. (*Runs out.—The iron gate is heard to close.*)

Eug. Though this world is fading from my view, still one lovely vision flits before me—the form of the fair Florence:—A little token of remembrance I will send her. (*Opens a small pocket-book, writes a line, and encloses it.*) Is there any French soldier who will fulfil the last request of his dying comrade?—(*The soldiers all advance, and stretch out their hands to receive it.*) Thanks, good fellows—Alas! I'm faint—and I could wish to meet my doom, without blenching.

Off. 'Tis a fearful hour, and asks a courage—

Eug. (*Resuming his strength.*)—Fear me not—the pangs of death are passed.—So, with a sigh for my love, a prayer for my country, and a blessing for my king, I'll meet my fate with a smile. (*Shouts without.*)

Enter MOUSTACHE, with a paper.

Mou. Suspend the execution—these are your orders. (*Giving paper to the OFFICER.*)

Off. What mean these shouts?

Mou. The king is passing towards Paris, where we must follow him.

Eug. Explain.

Mou. Hush! don't agitate yourself—March! (*to the officer.*)—That's your place, (*drily*)—you, see, I know mine. Ask no questions, but rest on me, Eugene. Nay, don't spare me—there, there—

[*Exeunt MOUSTACHE, supporting EUGENE.*]

SCENE IV.—*A view of the Colonnade of the old Louvre*

Enter JOCRISSE, with LOUISON under his arm; a stick in his hand—he and LOUISON wearing sabots. They are followed by GERVAIS and PINCEAU.

Jocrisse. Look, my dear Louison, this is the Louvre!

Lou. What a pretty place to live in!

Joc. Yes, it will suit me extremely well.

Guard. Out of the way! how dare you intrude here?

Joc. How dare we? Come, that's very well: I'll have that fellow shot.

Lou. He don't know us—he takes us for ordinary people.

Joc. Is that possible? For ordinary people! well, we must impute it to his ignorance: we pardon you, honest man.

Guard. Pardon me, quotha? retire, I say! (*Presenting his carbine.*)

Joc. Retire!—(*Takes the hand of LOUISE, and presents the ring of HENRI in the face of the guard.*) Boo!

Guard. The royal signet! Fair dame, where would you wish to place yourself to see the procession?

Lou. Oh! I'm not particular—the best place will do!

Joc. But we must take off our wooden shoes before we enter the palace. I'll put them in this corner, snug.—(*Places them.*)—Guard! have an eye to that property.—(*Distant music.*)

Ger. Here comes the good Henri.

Joc. Yes, here comes our old crony, the king—how graciously he bows!—

Lou. And smiles, and kisses his hand to the dames of the Court. He looks so grand, and so handsome—

Ger. And more like me than ever.

Pin. I shall take a sketch of the scene.

A Procession of the Triumphal Entry of HENRI into Paris—at the conclusion, the MAYOR kneels, presenting the keys of the City on a cushion—HENRI takes and returns them.

Henri. Sully, thy hand:—This day's triumph is thy work.—(*SULLY presses the king's hand.*)—Dost thou weep, old man? by my soul's hope, these tears are

more precious to my heart than the sacred oil that anoints me king—

Sully. I have now lived long enough—lived to see Henri seated on the proud throne of his ancestors.—My ministry accomplished, I may retire.

Henri. Never!—'tis death alone must part us. In adversity you taught me resignation—you must now achieve a task more difficult—teach your king meekly to bear prosperity.

Guards. Stand back there!—(*To the crowd.*)

Henri. No! open your ranks, and let my people pass. (*The people rush in and surround him.*)—they long to be near their father—see how my children cluster round me. Who says kings have not friends!—look here: a good king will always have millions.—(*Looking round him.*)—That's Jocrisse's face—I should know it among a thousand.—(*JOCRISSE and his party advance.*) Welcome, my knot of king-makers.—(*Taking LOUI-SON'S hand.*)

Joc. Know my face among a thousand! I knew it was comely—but I had no idea it would make my fortune.

Henri. (*to LOUISON in a low tone.*)—This may, perhaps, assist.

Enter MOUSTACHE.

Well, Moustache, where's your prisoner? (*MOUSTACHE points off the stage.*)—Does he know it was the Duke's life and mine he preserved?

Mou. Not yet.

Henri. 'Tis well! bring him before me.

Sully. (*to MOUSTACHE.*)—So, you allow your prisoner to take the evening air?

Mou. I do; but, pray, remember, if I had not allowed my prisoner the evening air, Duke Sully would not have had the trouble of finding fault with me this morning.

Henri. Go—(to MOUSTACHE, in an under tone.)—You have silenced the Minister. [*Exit MOUSTACHE.*]

Enter GENERAL D'AUMONT, FREDERIC, CLOTILDE, and FLORENCE.

Gen. My honoured king!

Henri. D'Aumont! my brave veteran, welcome to my heart.—St. Leon! I owe you a heavy debt of gratitude—so heavy, that my latest hour will be too short a time to pay it in.

Gen. Sire! these trembling petitioners.—(*Presenting CLOTILDE and FLORENCE.*)

Henri. How lovely, even in tears!—Fear nothing—all will go well.

Mou. (*Without.*)—Room, there, for the prisoner!

Enter MOUSTACHE and EUGENE.

Gen.

Fred.

Clo.

Flo.

(*Kneeling*)—Mercy, gracious Henri!

Henri. (*to EUGENE.*)—All down but you!

Eug. Fear must not bend a soldier's knee.

Henri. Then I must try what gratitude can do;—but, first, render me my scarf.

Eug. Yours! Was it my king that I defended?

Henri. Yes, Eugene! (*Taking out a miniature and chain.*)—Will you now refuse my picture? (*EUGENE drops on his knee. HENRI puts the picture round his neck.*)—St. Leon!—(*Orders him, by winks, to kneel by EUGENE, draws his sword, and knights them.*) Rise, Chevaliers—Rise, my own true knights!

Flo. Then, he is free!

Henri. No—I only change his bondage.—Fair Florence, he is your prisoner—use him kindly—but don't let him run about at nights, as Moustache did. Brave Crillon, at length our toils are past.

Cril. But this new attempt upon your sacred life—

Henri. Ah, my friend, they'll reach my heart at last!—Well, let them wait 'till this heart has expended all its love for my people, and your king will fall contented, honoured, and adored—but, while I live, the shepherd's pipe shall wake our echoes with its merry call, and under the shadow of his vine, the humble cottager shall, in cheerfulness and contentment, bless the peaceful reign of HENRI QUATRE.

END OF THE PLAY.

QUITE CORRECT;

A COMEDY—IN TWO ACTS.

BY R. PENN SMITH.

As performed at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

QUITE CORRECT.

Stenc—A watering-place in England.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Hall in a Hotel.

Enter GROJAN hastily, followed by JAMES.

Gro. Was ever any thing so incorrect! what! send him his breakfast by my prettiest maid, to make tea for him! I am shocked—confounded! But are you sure, James, Sir Harry sent that message?

James. Positive!—Tell your master, said he—you know his way?

Gro. To my sorrow—so incorrect.

James. Tell your master, said he, to let me have my breakfast; and hark'e rascal—yes, rascal was the word—see that he sends with it his prettiest maid to make my tea.

Gro. To make his tea! Oh dear! That same Sir Harry has given me more trouble since he came here than twenty old maids. Why, to see and hear him, one would think he was at least the Great Mogul. There's not a girl in the house that he's not running after;—and then to behold how he leads me by the nose—it's Grojan, you dog, go there; Grojan, you rascal, come here. But yesterday, he vowed he'd make

me dance to the music of a horse-whip if I didn't go and kiss Dolly the cook ;—yes ! I, Grojan, master of the Imperial Hotel, was obliged to kiss my own kitchen-maid. Was ever any thing so incorrect !

James. Ha, ha, ha !

Gro. Don't laugh, James ;—'tisn't proper by no means.

James. If I were you, I'd oust him, I warrant me. No one should be the Great Mogul here but myself.

Gro. Haven't I given him broad hints enough that I wish him gone—and doesn't he laugh in my face at my distress ? He's my evil genius ; and I'll tell him plainly to-day, his room is wanted.—But I mustn't think of my grievances now : I've something else to occupy my thoughts. James !

James. Here am I, at your elbow.

Gro. Well, James, do you remember Lady Almeria Milford, who was here last season ?

James. What, the round-about lady in the blue velvet pelisse ? a vulgar old——

Gro. Hold your tongue, James ; her ladyship is the very pink of the quality.

James. She may be the deepest carmine of the quality ; but she is, and I will say it, as vulgar a——

Gro. James, you mustn't say it—it is by no means correct ; so, spare your remarks, and answer my question—do you remember Lady Almeria Milford ?

James. As well as I do the Red Lion at Brentford.

Gro. Her ladyship, you must understand, has written to order apartments here, unknown to her son ; and desires me, above all things, to keep her arrival secret from him.

James. Ha ! I conclude, then, she has heard of the love affair which is going on between Mr. Milford and the pretty Miss Rosemore.

Gro. A what ! A love affair going on ! Where, sir ?—in my house, sir ? I know nothing of such

things—I will know nothing of such things.—I do not believe—and I am determined not to believe, that gentle folks who pay ready money at the Imperial hotel, and don't grumble, ever have any love affairs.

James. I don't know: all I heard was that Sir Harry Dartford said——

Gro. What, Sir Harry again! Was ever man so pestered! I wish he was well out of my house—he beats all the men I have ever seen.

James. And yet how fond the ladies are of him!

Gro. Ladies! will you never abandon this habit of mingling the sexes in my house, even in conversation? I tell you, I don't know a lady from a gentleman, when they are lodging in my hotel: they are all one to me. Draw your corks, James, and keep your mouth sealed; and above all things, if Mr. Milford asks any questions, don't presume to know that his mother, Lady Almeria, is here.

James. Mum's the word: I shall be as close as a pill box.

Gro. Now vanish, for here's some one coming.

[*Exit JAMES.*]

Enter LADY MILFORD, speaking as she enters.

Lady M. Betty, carry those handboxes to my chamber: Miss Leech keep an eye to those trunks. Heaven be thanked, I am once more in a decent place! That execrable coach——

Gro. Your ladyship's most obedient a——

Lady M. (Disregarding him.) Now, who could have foreseen such an accident?—who would have anticipated the breaking to pieces of my elegant new brouche, and that I should have been obliged to take a seat in a public coach—Puh! I vow I am almost ready to expire at the idea of what I've undergone with mixing with the *cantille* in a stage coach.

Gro. (Aside.) Come, that's not quite correct—she minds me no more than—I'll try her again.—My lady—

Lady M. (With nonchalance, carelessly looking at him through her glass.) Well, fellow.

Gro. (Aside.) Fellow! me fellow! now that's cursedly incorrect.—My lady, you'll please to bring to mind your former host—Matthew Grojan.

Lady M. Ah! I think I have seen that shrivelled face before—Oh! yes, I see now—absolutely, Mr. Grogram—

Gro. (Hastily interrupting her.) Grojan—Grojan, if your ladyship pleases.

Lady M. The people at the last stage are perfect brutes.

Gro. Brutes, my lady?

Lady M. Brutes, absolute brutes: my own horses spent with the rapidity with which we travelled—we stopped to exchange—and do you think, they sent me on with three blind ones and a bolter; the result of which is, that the monsters of boys upset my new olive green barouche into a gravel pit, broke my pannels, and scratched my arms to pieces.

Gro. Dear, dear, my lady, shall I run for a doctor?

Lady M. A doctor! a coachmaker would answer the purpose better: I mean the arms on my pannels. But no matter now; I've something else to talk about. Come nearer, Grogram.

Gro. Grojan, my lady.

Lady M. Well, Grogram—accidents, you know, will happen in the best regulated families.

Gro. Even in the most correct; but I hope, my lady—

Lady M. Will you listen?

Gro. Assuredly, my lady; that's exactly what I say to others.

Lady M. Then practise as you preach.—Can you

tell me who are these Rosemores, your lodgers, that engross so much of my son's attention?

Gro. There, my lady, history has left me in the dark.

Lady M. They are strange people, ar'n't they?

Gro. They are all strange to me at first, my lady; but they are uncommon genteel.

Lady M. Genteel! hang their gentility! Have they any blood in their veins? answer me that.

Gro. Blood! O dear, yes, my lady, I should think so; Miss looks as if she had plenty.

Lady M. I see you do not comprehend me. It is really the most awkward thing in the world—I am really compelled by circumstances to make you my confidant.

Gro. Yes, my lady, certainly: any thing correct—I—

Lady M. Correct! Lord help you, what should we do that could be incorrect?

Gro. Nothing, my lady, I hope.

Lady M. I must unbosom myself.

Gro. Ah! hadn't you better go to your chamber, my lady?

Lady M. You must understand me: I believe that the blind god has been at work.

Gro. Dear, dear! (*Gazing at her with a mingled look of stupidity and astonishment.*)

Lady M. And that my son has been wounded rather deeply.

Gro. I hope not, my lady: if he has, it must have been since breakfast; by that terrible Sir Harry.

Lady M. Sir Harry! stuff! by the bright eyes of this Miss Rosemore.

Gro. La! she's a sweet *cretur*, and would not wound nobody, I'm sure.

Lady M. And I am apprehensive that Henry is getting entangled with her, and perhaps in the end will marry her, Mr. Grojan.

Gro. I'm sure I hope he will, my lady ; that would be extremely correct.

Lady M. Correct ! what do you mean by correct, sir ? that my son should mix the blood of the Milfords with these—nobodies ?

Gro. La me !

Lady M. And therefore, Mr. Grogram——

Gro. (*Intreatingly.*) Grojan, my lady.

Lady M. Grogram—I have come here to keep my eye upon him, and spoil his wooing : and if I catch him tripping, I have a rod in pickle for him at home.

Gro. Rod ! dear me, my lady, the gentleman seems too big for that.

Lady M. Stuff ! Listen to me : I expect you will bring me all proper intelligence where he goes—when he visits these people, how long he stays, and all other sorts of information.

Gro. Why, my lady, I would do any thing to oblige a lady, and your ladyship above all other ladies ; but I—I—I cannot consent to be a spy : 'tisn't quite correct.

Lady M. Oh ! you object on principle ! that's capital ! Why, man, your betters are not so delicate. However, I dare say I can manage without you ; so disturb yourself no more with your scruples, but tell me what male company you have here.

Gro. None, my lady : I make it a rule neither to take *mail* passengers, nor even those of the flying day-coaches.

Lady M. Ridiculous ! Don't you know what I mean by a male ?

Gro. To be sure, my lady : red body, lined with grey, licensed to carry four insides, and contracting to go seven miles and a half an hour, including stop-pages.

Lady M. I mean no such thing, dolt. I ask you what men you have got in your house.

Gro. Men! Oh, male creatures—ah! if your ladyship had asked for men, I should have known what your ladyship wanted; but——

Lady M. Well, then, have you any body here one knows?

Gro. Why, my lady, in the first place, there's my Lord Killmedead, from Ireland; Alderman Squash, from London; two half-pay captains in the back attic, names unknown; then there's Sir Harry Dartford.

Lady M. Is Sir Harry here? That is quite charming. What a prime minister he will be for me!

Gro. Minister, my lady! He's no more fit for a minister than I am. He is not—quite correct, my lady.

Lady M. The most thoughtless creature on earth; volatile and hair-brained as a boy of twenty: the most eccentric, grave, gay, lively and severe person imaginable, but with such a heart. Pray, is his wife with him?

Gro. Wife, wife! Oh! dear, no; by no manner of means, my lady.

Lady M. Ah! I forgot: I always forget the family affairs of that sort of people: they have been separated for some time: they did not suit. She was a mighty good sort of person, I remember—but quite a milk and water, every-day woman: not fit for him at all.

Gro. Milk and water, my lady?

Lady M. Well, we must make our arrangements; and, first of all, show me my rooms, and see that the people unpack the carriage before it goes round to the stables.

Gro. Has your ladyship much more luggage?

Lady M. Not much; there's my writing desk, dressing case, two cages of amadavades, three telescopes, my travelling pistols, my drawing boards and camera obscura, my cloaks and parasols, my bagatelle board, my music books, two poodles, and my maid servant.

Gro. Bless me, what an inventory! This way, my lady, this way. Pistols, parasols, poodles, and maid servant! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Mrs. Rosemore's Apartment.*

Enter MRS. ROSEMORE and MARIA.

Mrs. R. I am exceedingly vexed, Maria, about the silly altercation which Milford had last night with Sir Harry Dartford.

Maria. And I am exceedingly vexed, mamma, that he can continue to cultivate an acquaintance with such a man.

Mrs. R. Why so, Maria? he is a gentleman of fortune and family, and has distinguished himself as a soldier in the service of his country.

Maria. We all have our likes and dislikes, and few can give a reason for their antipathies.

Mrs. R. Own the truth, my dear: you don't like Sir Harry because he and Milford quarrelled; yet you don't know the occasion of it; neither do you the baronet, but by report.

Maria. Ah! and how does report speak of him? There's Grojan, our host, who thinks him a second Don Juan; and positively the honest fellow cautioned me to beware of him.

Mrs. R. And is it from the garrulous details of an obscure innkeeper that you form your opinion of a gentleman? Our host is a simple, honest man, but he deems all those culpable who do not come up to his ridiculous ideas of correctness. But Maria, this is a proper opportunity for speaking to you on a most serious subject.

Maria. (*Alarmed.*) What is that you mean, my dear mother?

Mrs. R. Tell me plainly, do you not love Milford?

Maria. Yes—no—that is—but why, my dear mother, do you ask?

Mrs. R. Your confusion convinces me that you would conceal what you cannot contradict; and as I feel assured of the sincerity of Milford's attachment, I rejoice that the time may soon arrive when the bar which now obstructs your union will no longer exist.

Maria. Soon! soon! what then, is my father likely to return soon?

Mrs. R. Sooner, perhaps, than either you or Milford anticipates.

Maria. And shall I see my father, hang on his neck, hear him call me child and bless me? But no; he will not know me. I had forgotten he has not seen me since I was an infant.

Mrs. R. Command your feelings, and wait patiently the development of circumstances.

Maria. Tell me, tell me only what those circumstances are.

Mrs. R. You know not, my dear child, what you ask.

Maria. It was but this morning you presented me with this portrait of yourself; (*Exhibiting it*) and when you placed it about my neck, you said, "Wear this ever about you, for when I am dead it may lead you to find those who possess a near interest in you." You could say no more, and overpowered with emotion, you left me. Whence, whence this mystery? How is it I have never lived in the genial sunshine of a father's love?

Mrs. R. Some other time. Cease—you oppress me.

Maria. Now, now is the fittest time to satisfy my doubts. (*A knock.*)

Mrs. R. Hush, hush; some one is coming. Run into your room and hide those tears.

Maria. You, dearest mother, can bid them cease to flow. [*Exit*

Enter GROJAN.

Gro. Madam, I hope I'm not incorrect, (*Shutting the door*) but I have a word for your private ear.

Mrs. R. For mine, sir?

Gro. Yes; excuse the strangeness of my way—I can't help that. I—I am all in a twitter. I have undertaken to bring a message to you, ma'am, which I would not have done for all the world, except to save my bones; for I—I don't think it correct, by no means.

Mrs. R. Oh, fie! Mr. Grojan, I am sorry to hear that.

Gro. Well, ma'am, you must know, there is a Sir Harry Dartford living in my house.

Mrs. R. Yes, yes! and what of him?

Gro. Don't you go to flurry yourself, ma'am, till you have heard: he wants to make your acquaintance.

Mrs. R. Indeed, and by what claim?

Gro. Claim? Ah! I see you don't know Sir Harry; he don't stand upon trifles. All he says is, that as you don't go out, and don't visit any body, and he is of an uncommon domestic turn of mind, that——

Mrs. R. But he has not seen me, has he?

Gro. I believe not, but that makes no kind of difference to him.

Mrs. R. Is he married?

Gro. Not particularly, ma'am; a pretty life his wife would lead if he was.

Mrs. R. Why so?

Gro. Why so, ma'am? why, he's so passionate and peppery, there's no doing nothing whatsoever with him. Nothing but the certainty of getting my bones broken this morning, as I said before, would have made me come of such an impudent message. But at last a thought came into my head all at once, that I would bring it, because, says I to myself, says I, it may save them there unfortunate innocent people.

Mrs. R. Save! mercy on us, is he going to eat us, Mr. Grojan?

Gro. Eat! Oh, no! that's not what he wants to do; but, between ourselves, ma'am—it goes no further—he is no better than he should be.

Mrs. R. Few of us are, Mr. Grojan.

Gro. You don't understand, ma'am; you don't take. I tell you, he is a rattlesnake—fascinates the women, and—then—don't you see, ma'am.

Mrs. R. Explain yourself, Mr. Grojan.

Gro. Miss is somewhere about seventeen or eighteen, and—don't you see now, ma'am, what I mean?

Mrs. R. Not exactly, I must confess.

Gro. A word, ma'am, from him, is ruin; maids, wives, or widows, all the same. Do, pray, take my advice, ma'am, humble and distant as the direction on a finger-post; do be cautious.

Mrs. R. Do you know, Mr. Grojan, I have so much faith in the establishment of my principles, that I should like to see this formidable personage.

Gro. Don't, ma'am—Mrs. Rosemore—dear ma'am, don't you now.

Mrs. R. You are very considerate.

Gro. Only correct, ma'am: I study to be quite correct.

Mrs. R. Notwithstanding which, you may let Sir Harry understand that I see no reason for interdicting his visits, and that we are generally at home at coffee.

Gro. Dear, dear, a general invitation! Ma'am, he is called the lady-killer. Ma'am, the three Miss Oliphants, of Oliphant place, in this county, were all in love with him at once: he was obliged to escape in the middle of the night, through a window over the laundry, to get out of their way. The consequence of this disappointment of their fond hopes was, that the youngest daughter went mad, the second drowned her-

self in a pond in the paddock, and the eldest ran away with the younger brother of a rider to a respectable house in the button line.

Mrs. R. Formidable as he is, I have given my answer.

Gro. But ma'am, after that, ma'am, when the whole family followed him up for satisfaction, he shot the eldest son through the body in a duel, kicked his brother down stairs, and prosecuted the father for defamation.

Mrs. R. Still I am not to be shaken.

Gro. Shaken, ma'am! Oh, don't be afraid, ma'am; I hope nobody will attempt such a thing as that in the Imperial Hotel.

Mrs. R. I mean you may say we are always at home, and shall be glad to see him quite in the family way.

Gro. In the family way—ah! in the family way, indeed. (*Exit Mrs. Rosemore.*) Invite Sir Harry! If he once gets among 'em, my eyes! but there'll be fine work. Lord, lord! that I should have lived to be an aider and abettor in such a business. Here'll be heart-breaking and manslaughter!—Invite Sir Harry! I'd as soon invite old Harry to sup with me. Was ever any thing so incorrect. [*Exit*

SCENE III.—*Sir Harry Dartford's Apartment.*

SIR HARRY and JOHNSON discovered.

Sir H. Positively, Johnson, a watering-place without a continued succession of gaiety and amusement, is as dull as the monotonous life of a blind mill-horse.

Johnson. Ah, sir, though you have a good stock of spirits, you are no longer the gay and happy man you were when I first entered your honour's service.

Sir H. That is some twenty years ago, good Johnson; a period long enough to work a change in every thing, except the age of an old maid.

Johnson. Ah! sir, it is not only the effects of time, but—but——

Sir H. The libertine life I lead, would you say, my old Mentor?

Johnson. Not so; for I know this air of levity is put on: but—excuse the freedom of an old servant—being so long separated from the amiable Lady Dartford—'tis pitiable. You are no longer the man you were, sir.

Sir H. You are right, Johnson: though I have been ten years absent from the lovely being I was bound to protect, my conscience daily reproaches me with the manner in which I deserted her. The orders of Government detained my regiment on the continent until within these few weeks, and now, when I hasten, a penitent, in search of her, she's not to be found.

Johnson. Can Mr. Tenpercent, your banker, give no account of her?

Sir H. She was in London six months ago, but since that she has retired to the country, and where he knows not. I feel that I should be happy if we could meet and an explanation take place. Ha! here comes my messenger, *correct* Matthew Grojan. You may leave us, Johnson. [Exit JOHNSON.]

Enter GROJAN.

Well, Mr. Grojan, what news from the fair?

Gro. Fair! there's no fair hereabouts, as I know of

Sir H. Pshaw! dunce, what tidings of the ladies? Do they permit me to kiss their hands?

Gro. Hands! the lord knows what they'll permit you to do. Strange to say, the old lady——

Sir H. Old lady! and have you found an old lady? the philosopher's stone wouldn't be a greater rarity. In these days age is like air—every body feels it, but nobody sees it. But pray proceed.

Gro. Well, then, the elder lady of the two, vastly

to my surprise, seems perfectly inclined to admit your visits.

Sir H. Your surprise, Mr. Grojan? She would have surprised me infinitely more had she interdicted them. Sanctified honesty! ladies living at a hotel, knowing nobody, going out only at owl-light, receiving exclusively the visits of a young man with whose family they are not even acquainted, and who has evidently followed them here for no other earthly purpose than to flirt and philander—the story is as plain as noon-day. I have seen enough of these things in my time, Mr. Grojan.

Gro. Have you, Sir Harry? then, why do you want to see any more?

Sir H. Destiny, and an insatiable thirst after knowledge, Mr. Grojan.

Gro. Ah! she asked if you were married.

Sir H. Well?

Gro. And I said no.

Sir H. Excellent envey! why you possess every earthly quality for diplomacy, and can fib.

Gro. Fib! why you are not married, Sir Harry, are you?

Sir H. I believe so, Mr. Grojan.

Gro. Hadn't I better just step and tell them so? it will be so correct. But, dear me, Sir Harry, where is my lady?

Sir H. There, Mr. Grojan, you puzzle me. That she is alive, I know, as my yearly accounts can testify. I have lived much abroad. We were married mere boy and girl, without a will of our own, merely because her father's property joined my father's: I became tired of my chain, and like an ungrateful ape, I broke it. Full of romance, and making no allowances for the realities of life, in a moment of disappointment and disgust I left my wife, and hastened with my regiment to the Continent, where I was detained until

lately. But this is not the time to discuss the subject, and therefore away with it; and tell me, have you any fresh visitors to-day?

Gro. (*During the foregoing speech his countenance undergoes various changes.*) Hem! hem! I have more visitors than I have room for till to-morrow.

Sir H. Why to-morrow?

Gro. Because—because your rooms will be vacant then, Sir Harry.

Sir H. Mine! my rooms vacant? Explain yourself.

Gro. Don't be angry; but—indeed—I'm prompted to it by my conscience. I must entreat you to quit the Imperial Hotel, Sir Harry.

Sir H. Quit! I am as firmly fixed in your house as my green friend Achilles, in the park, is to his pedestal.

Gro. If you stay, Sir Harry, every body else will go.

Sir H. That will be extremely agreeable, for in that case I shall have more room for my operations.

Gro. Sir Harry, the society for the suppression of vice have an agent here.

Sir H. Hang the society for the suppression of vice! I hate cant and pretension, wherever I find them.

Gro. Dear, dear! speak lower; should you be overheard——

Sir H. But don't you worry me any more with your impertinence about staying or going. I shall stay here exactly as long as I please, and go away when I please.

Gro. Don't talk so loud: you are so irritable.

Sir H. Irritable! I irritable! that's capital! Had I been irritable, sir, I should have kicked you out of the room at least five minutes ago.

Gro. Then I must tell you, Sir Harry, if you had, it would have been extremely disagreeable and incorrect. But I repeat, it is not to me personally, but every body; these duels——

VOL. II.—12

Sir H. What are my affairs of honour to you? who made you a judge of such matters? am I to suffer my conduct to be arraigned by a fellow who keeps an inn?

Gro. Hotel; Imperial Hotel, if you please, Sir Harry.

Sir H. Imperial devil!

Gro. Oh dear, don't swear; it isn't quite correct.

Sir H. Would you have me, sir, when a puppy is insolent, ring the bell and desire you to fight him for me?

Gro. By no means; that would be more incorrect still.

Sir H. And talking of that, I wonder where that youthful hero, Mr. Milford, has hid himself.

Gro. Mr. Milford, Sir Harry? don't be angry about that; that's me—I did it.

Sir H. Did what?

Gro. Why, I thought you wanted to quarrel, and perhaps fight; and when he came and inquired for you about an hour ago, I told him you were not at home.

Sir H. Why, you Marplot, do you see what you have done? Here I make an appointment with a man for an honourable meeting, and then go out.

Gro. That's the best way in the world to avoid fighting.

Sir H. None of your absurd buffoonery, sirrah, but vanish!

Gro. I hope I haven't been incorrect.

Sir H. Evaporate, I say; abscond, begone!

Gro. This in my own house! What a terrible man he is!

[*Exit.*]

Enter MILFORD.

Sir H. Mr. Milford, I am happy to see you: I am told by the humble monitor who has just left us, that I

have obtained a character in this place for rashness and ferocity, rather than for coolness and timidity: it has been, as perhaps you will do me the justice to admit, too well established in the field to admit of suspicion.

Milf. Your greatest enemy cannot deny it.

Sir H. Then, Milford, you will not, perhaps, attribute to any ill motive, a desire which I confess I feel, to postpone any serious meeting between us until to-morrow morning.

Milf. I see no reason why the affair may not be immediately terminated.

Sir H. As you will; but I could have wished, before you engage in an affair where there must be as much risk to you as myself, that you were convinced of the correetnes of my view of the characters of the ladies who are the cause of our present unpleasant meeting.

Milf. Allow me to observe, that a renewal of last night's discussion is as unpleasant as it is unnecessary.

Sir H. That I most readily admit, were it discussion only; but should I substitute fact for argument, I might alter your opinion, and thus obviate the necessity of any further hostility.

Milf. Were you to do so successfully, I might indeed alter my opinion; but that you ever can do so I must take leave to doubt, as much as I must doubt the possibility that any fact known to you can be connected with the persons in question.

Sir H. Why now, Mr. Milford, what would you think of a grave, matronly old lady, the guardian of a young and lovely daughter, who made no scruple of admitting (upon the introduction of the landlord of an inn, at his own request,) the visits of a gay, impudent, unprincipled baronet, with a tolerably bad character, whose only claim to such a distinguishing mark of favor, was a casual residence under the same roof with her?

Milf. Were the case possible, I should say that the lady was one of that class whence libertines deduce their opinion of the sex generally.

Sir H. The case is not only possible, but has actually occurred; and the heroine of the present affair is neither more nor less than that exemplary lady in defence of whose propriety and virtue you are on the eve of shooting me through the body; and I—I, Mr. Milford, the impudent baronet with the bad character, to whom she has sent the invitation.

Milf. Impossible.

Sir H. Will you believe the thing if you see it?

Milf. No; I will not.

Sir H. Not with ocular proof?

Milf. No: I would not trust even my own eyes.

Sir H. What an invaluable husband you would make in some families.

Milf. Sir, allow me to ask what you purpose by this continued insult? for insult I must consider it.

Sir H. No such thing. If I did not value your high spirit, and esteem your worth, I should not labour, even at the hazard of my life, to cure you of your blindness, and expose the designs of these women.

Milf. I'll this instant go to Mrs. Rosemore's—
and——

Enter GROJAN.

Gro. They are out for a wonder, and out without you, sir; and that's what I have come about. The ladies have left their compliments to you, Sir Harry, and say they shall be at home at coffee this evening, if you are disengaged.

Sir H. There, Milford—there; am I a braggart now? this is the fact which you wouldn't believe even with ocular proof. I tell you what, I am not vain——

Gro. Oh, dear! not vain!

Sir H. But I know my calibre: I may in all fairness be accounted an average man. What will you bet me, Milford, that before supper time I don't supplant you in the affections of your dowdy Dulcinea? Upon my honour merely to oblige you.

Milf. Kind and considerate beyond measure! And how do you propose to bring about so very agreeable an *eclaircissement*?

Sir H. By the operation of a simple *billet-doux*, which shall be conveyed to its place of destination by mine host of the Garter.

Gro. Garter! me!—Imperial Hotel! Not me, sir: I don't understand any thing about *Billy-doing*.

Milf. I defy you to succeed.

Sir H. That is a challenge I am happy to accept.

Gro. Sir Harry—Mr. Milford—gentlemen! I can't allow no challenging here: it would not be by any means correct.

Sir H. Oh! Milford, you little know the peril that lies in the flatterer's tongue. But now to prepare my instrument of attack. (*Sits and writes.*) "Madam,"—that, I flatter myself, is respectful in the outset.

Gro. Perfectly correct.

Sir H. (*Speaks as he writes.*) "Madam, it would be unfair to solicit the favour of an introduction without something like an explanation calculated to palliate the apparent boldness of such a request. I have seen you once; need I say more to prove how earnestly I desire to see you again?" That, by the way, is poetical license: I have never even glanced my eye over the flounce of her petticoat.

Milf. Oh! pray take your own course.

Sir H. (*Speaks as he writes.*) "My rank speaks for itself; with that my fortune is commensurate; and after this distinct avowal of my feelings, perhaps the favour of five minutes' conversation——"

Milf. What! an interview with Miss Rosemore alone?

Sir H. To be sure. Secure in her excellence, what have you to fear? Besides, it is quite necessary I should immediately proclaim the object which has attracted me, and a tête-a-tête, if granted, settles the affair at once. So, mine host of the Garter. (*Handing him the note, which he takes reluctantly and holds between the tips of his fingers.*)

Gro. Hem! hem! but will that be quite correct?

Sir H. Perfectly.

Milf. I don't see the absolute necessity of a private interview.

Gro. Neither do I, Sir Harry.

Sir H. It is solely to oblige you, Mr. Milford. But you say she won't grant it: if you think otherwise, I am satisfied, and there's an end of the affair.

Milf. No, no; manage it your own way.

Sir H. You agree, then, that the experiment shall be made: and so, Mr. Grojan, absent yourself, and be stirring in your message.

Gro. Hear me, Sir Harry; it is so incorrect.

Sir H. No objections—obey.

Gro. But consider—the landlord of the Imperial——

Sir H. Vanish, I say!

Gro. I, Matthew Grojan, man and boy fifty years, billy-doing at this time of life! so incorrect!

[*Exeunt*—GROJAN expostulating.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Mrs. Rosemore's Apartment.*

Mrs. R. Your walk has given you quite a colour, Maria.

Maria. For the benefit of my looking-glass, mamma, for no one but Mr. Grojan is allowed to see my face.

Mrs. R. You forget Milford. But have patience ; this life of seclusion approaches an end.

Enter GROJAN, cautiously.

Well, Mr. Grojan, what is it you have to communicate?

Gro. That, ma'am, I can't possibly tell.

Mrs. R. Then are we doomed to die unenlightened?

Gro. I cannot, ma'am, say what I have to say at present.

Maria. Why so?

Grojan. (*Groaning.*) Oh! don't ask me, Miss. (*Making signs to MRS. ROSEMOKE.*)

Mrs. R. I have no secrets from my daughter, Mr Grojan.

Maria. (*Archly.*) That is, very few, mamma.

Gro. Madam, my character is well known: nothing can hurt it.

Mrs. R. Why take such amazing pains with it just now, then?

Gro. Because, ma'am, I'm anxious to be quite correct.

Mrs. R. To what romance of real life is this the preface?

Gro. Romance! it's no romance: there's a conspiracy against you both, and I am determined not to stand by and see it, and much less be one of the plotters. You shall know all.

Mrs. R. Now, then, proceed.

Gro. Not for twenty pounds, ma'am: it's not to be mentioned before Miss—there, now, the cat's out.

Maria. This is really too hard; here's another secret, and nobody will trust me; and I must say Mr. Grojan is less gallant than I thought him. [*Exit.*]

Gro. Gallant! dear, dear, what does miss mean?

Mrs. R. Well, Mr. Grojan, now we are alone, unfold your tale.

Gro. My what, ma'am? (*Feeling his queue.*)

Mrs. R. Explain yourself.

Gro. I have nothing to say—Sir Harry's *Billy*, as he calls it, will explain all.

Mrs. R. Sir Harry's *Billy*? Oh! a note. "To Miss Rosemore"—and from Sir Harry?

Gro. Yes, ma'am; and I declare upon my veracity, it has set me all in a flurry, like poor dear Lady Caroline Crazy, before she takes her camphorated julep in the morning.

Mrs. R. I wonder at the address—but it is beyond my hopes. (*Reads the note.*)

Gro. Hopes!

Mrs. R. He writes passionately, yet he feels not.

Gro. That, madam, is like my kitchen clock, which tells the hour, yet knows nothing of time. But as for his love, ma'am, that's all moonshine; and that *Billy* was only written to show how fickle, saving your presence, ma'am, women are; and to prove that he has nothing to do but to strut about and swagger, and throw down his handkerchief, like one of the Bashaws with three heads, which I have read of in the History of Holland.

Mrs. R. I am not deceived: I could hardly have hoped it.

Gro. Hope again! then she is pleased with his impudence, after all.

Mrs. R. He must be caught in his own toils.

Gro. Caught, ma'am? Oh, dear! don't try to catch him—its the very thing he likes; and as for toils, ma'am, they are pleasures to him, depend upon it.

Mrs. R. Call my daughter, Mr. Grojan.

Gro. Ma'am—call Miss, ma'am?

Mrs. R. If you please.

Gro. Why, dear heart, ma'am, you are not going to show that thing—that *Billy*, to Miss?

Mrs. R. It is addressed to her, Mr. Grojan: what would you have me do with it?

Gro. Do with it! tear it piecemeal, and send it to sea out of the front window of the Imperial Hotel.

Mrs. R. That, Mr. Grojan, would be by no means correct: so, pray call Miss Rosemore.

Gro. Dear me, dear me! the sky will fall! (*Knocks.*)

Enter MARIA.

Maria. Bless me! has any thing very serious happened? Mr. Grojan seems mightily alarmed.

Gro. Alarmed, Miss! I tremble like an aspen leaf.

Mrs. R. You need not be the least frightened, Mr. Grojan. Sit down, Maria, and write a note.

Maria. To whom, mamma?

Mrs. R. That you shall know, hereafter.

Maria. Oh! this is another secret. Still am I not only to be kept out of your confidence, but to act a part in a mystery, blindfold.

Mrs. R. I think, my love, you need feel no great hesitation in trusting me. Write as I dictate.

Maria. (*Sits to write.*) Well, mamma.

Mrs. R. "The answer you desire, I send. I will wait for you in the gallery at seven."

Maria. Is that all?

Gro. All, Miss!

Maria. Had I not better sign it?

Mrs. R. Sign it! no: that would be extremely incautious.

Gro. Oh! (*Groans*) Oh!

Maria. To whom is it to be addressed?

Mrs. R. To Sir Harry Dartford.

Maria. Sir Harry!

Gro. Ah! well you may be astonished, Miss.

Mrs. R. Write as I desire: so, it is done. Mr. Grojan, if you refuse to be the bearer of answers, as well as notes, you do but half your duty.

Gro. Madam, I—I have still—I will say it—great reliance upon you; but—

Mrs. R. I must not be questioned ; so, pray go.

Gro. Pray hear me, ma'am—it'll be so correct. I've lived here man and boy these fifty years, and never saw any body like Sir Harry.

Mrs. R. Will you go with the note, Mr. Grojan ?

Gro. I'm gone, ma'am. Oh ! here'll be innocent victims of seduction. Miss Maria, mind what you say—take care what you are about ! Oh ! that I should have lived to see this miserable day.

Mrs. R. Never fear, Mr. Grojan ; we shall be quite correct, I assure you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Lady Milford's Apartment.*

LADY MILFORD and SIR HARRY discovered.

Sir H. Really, Lady Milford, this is a pleasure I little anticipated : I should as soon have thought of seeing my man Johnson dancing a quadrille at Almack's as suspected your ladyship of being here. How is it we are indebted for this visit, as pleasant as unexpected ?

Lady M. Not to disguise the truth, Sir Harry, I heard that my son was getting entangled in the net of some designing females.

Sir H. And you came here as fast as possible to extricate him.

Lady M. Exactly, Sir Harry.

Sir H. I thought it was something more than ordinary could induce your ladyship to leave London. I am glad you have come, though ; for I fear your son is over head and ears in love. My respect for you, my lady, has induced me to interfere ; but egad, I had well nigh been shot through the body for my pains by the hot-blooded youngster.

Lady M. What ! could Harry be so rash ?

Sir H. Don't let that trouble you, Lady Almeria, for it has only served to stimulate me to still greater exer-

tions, so that I may prove to him whether I deserve his reproaches.

Lady M. I appreciate your motives. And now, in truth, these Rosemores are horribly vulgar people.

Sir H. I dare say : from all I can learn, abominably underbred. The mother is—I hardly know how to describe her—she is, in fact, that sort of person who would drink porter, eat peas with a knife, and burn tallow candles in her drawing-room.

Lady M. Oh, detestable!

Sir H. The girl is a dowdy dawdle, with thick ankles and red elbows, looking always hot and healthy, who does kitchen dances, goes to plays, sings English songs, works with a needle, and won't waltz.

Lady M. Absurd creature!

Sir H. And they have foisted themselves upon your son as the widow and daughter of a field officer, though there is not such a name as Rosemore from the beginning to the end of the army list.

Lady M. Don't you think that I had better at once discover myself to my son, and speak to him rationally? Perhaps he may know more of these people than even you do ; and if he should not, perhaps he may listen to reason.

Sir H. As to his listening to reason at his age, the chances are but small ; and as to your ladyship's appeal, I would at all events suggest its delay until I receive an answer to a note which I have addressed to one of his paragons of perfection, merely to try her.

Lady M. Some stratagem, as usual, Sir Harry.

Sir H. A little bordering upon it, madam.

Enter GROJAN.

Gro. My lady, I hope I'm quite correct in breaking in upon your ladyship's privacy.

Lady M. Quite correct, Mr. Grojan.

Gro. Mr. Milford having discovered that your lady-

ship is actually in the Imperial hotel, has directed me to desire the honour of an audience.

Lady M. Admit him. (*Exit GROJAN.*) But tell me, Sir Harry, what have you done to try these people? I long to hear what your stratagem is.

Enter MILFORD.

Well, Henry, this is a surprise to you, I suppose? Bless me, child, how thin you are grown: isn't he, Sir Harry?

Sir H. A perfect skeleton! Love, the leveller of ranks, has done it.

Milf. I hardly anticipated the pleasure of finding you here, Sir Harry.

Lady M. Every body knows Sir Harry, child.

Milf. Many people do, indeed.

Lady M. Well, Mr. Milford, you know, I suppose, that I have heard of your proceedings here?

Milf. From Sir Harry Dartford, I presume.

Lady M. Not only from Sir Harry, but from half a dozen different people.

Milf. And has any one of those half a dozen persons dared to asperse the character of those who, in all probability, are implicated with me in the dreadful affair of which you have received such various information?

Lady M. Dared!

Sir H. Dared!

Milf. Dared—I repeat the word without change or qualification.

Sir H. Madam, he is as fervent upon this topic as a love-sick girl about the beauty of an ugly lover; and can no more bear to hear these people railed at, than if he were actually going to marry the girl.

Milf. Why should I not, Sir Harry? I never had any other intention than that of marrying the girl, as you are pleased to call her.

Lady M. What, a dowdy with red elbows?

Sir H. And thick ankles.

Lady M. With a mother who drinks porter.

Sir H. And burns tallow candles.

Milf. Stay, stay: all I ask is that you should see them, and judge for yourself; for Sir Harry, who has furnished you with these agreeable particulars, absolutely knows nothing about them whatever.

Sir H. I confess that nobody can lay to my charge any particular acquaintance with them; but I certainly did hear, from unquestionable authority, that the deceased parent was a pin-maker.

Milf. And you admit that the thick ankles, red elbows, porter, and tallow candles, are embellishments of your own.

Sir H. Not exactly that, but they are the best possible illustrations of my idea of the qualities and qualifications of a city Miss: however, Milford, I stand upon my note, and upon that will sink or swim.

Enter GROJAN.

Gro. Sir Harry, it has been the study of my life to be quite correct.

Sir H. So I have long since discovered, Mr. Grojan.

Gro. I am instructed to deliver this answer to your *Billy.* [Exit.

Sir H. So; (*Reads the note*) as I anticipated. Mr. Milford, you are acquainted with Miss Rosemore's handwriting?

Milf. (*Taking the note.*) Confusion! it is her hand.

Lady M. Now, child, all doubt, all difficulty is at an end.

Sir H. The thing is as plain as the sun at noon-day: a young lady makes an assignation with a man of whom she knows nothing personally——

Lady M. Oh! there's nothing more clear. Child,

VOL. II.—13

you have been saved from absolute ruin by the kind interference of Sir Harry.

Milf. I confess I am confounded—but I am pledged to Miss Rosemore as a husband, and no power shall induce me to violate that engagement, provided she proves that which she has assumed to be.

Lady M. And pray what may that be?

Milf. The daughter of an officer in the army, and as it should seem, a gentleman in the fullest acceptation of the term.

Lady M. But, Henry, a widow living under such equivocal circumstances——

Milf. A widow! Mrs. Rosemore is not a widow.

Lady M. Not a widow?

Sir H. Not a widow?

Lady M. Why, pray then, what does she call herself?

Milf. A wife.

Lady M. Oh! separated from her husband.

Milf. Not so.

Lady M. This new discovery makes matters worse—does it not, Sir Harry?

Sir H. Considerably.

Milf. Assure yourself, infatuated as they appear to be at this moment, they are, they must be, excellent and amiable people.

Lady M. Well, of course, you will act as you please—but see them without delay, and if they conceal the assignation of the girl with Sir Harry, then you'll admit——

Milf. I will see them; and this interview will determine whether I am to be the happiest or the most miserable of human beings for the rest of my life.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Mrs. Rosemore's Apartment.*

MRS. ROSEMORE *discovered.*

Mrs. R. My anxiety increases as the hour approaches. I struggle to appear calm in the presence of my child; but apprehension for the result of the interview gives my heart as severe a pang as any it has yet suffered.

Enter MILFORD.

Milf. Madam, I came to announce the arrival of Lady Milford.

Mrs. R. Lady Milford! indeed! is she in this house?

Milf. She is, and meditates, I assure you, a visit to you and Maria.

Mrs. R. Not to-day—not to-day, Mr. Milford, for the world!

Milf. I did not know that you were acquainted with my mother: I am inclined to think she has not the advantage of recollecting you.

Mrs. R. I dare say not.

Milf. She is at present closetted with Sir Harry Dartford.

Mrs. R. Indeed! what are they closetted for?

Milf. I really do not exactly know: I believe that we occupy some share of their conversation. I rather think her ladyship is collecting anecdotes from Sir Harry, in affording which, I must say, he is extremely liberal.

Mrs. R. Sir Harry can say nothing prejudicial either of me or my child, Mr. Milford.

Milf. I conclude not, since it is clear he has not even the pleasure of your acquaintance.—(*Aside.*) Ha! by Heaven, she appears confused.

Enter MARIA.

Mrs. R. Of course, my dear, you will dress this evening?

Maria. Oh! that I will, mamma.

Milf. Are you going out this evening, ladies?

Mrs. R. No, sir.

Milf. Perhaps you expect visitors.

Maria. No, not visitors.

Mrs. R. Indeed, of visitors we have but little chance, since you are our only acquaintance here; and you doubtless will be engaged with Lady Milford.

Milf. Perhaps my mother would come to you this evening, if I might introduce her to you.

Mrs. R. Not this evening, Mr. Milford. Pray excuse us.

Milf. (Aside.) Ha! what can this mean?

Maria. We will see you to-morrow, Mr. Milford.

Mrs. R. Come, Maria, we have no time to lose.

[*Exeunt* MRS. R. and MARIA.]

Milf. By Heaven, they shun me! Maria too! Then Sir Harry's suspicions are true, and I have been their dupe.—Oh, woman! cursed, deceiving, inconstant woman, never more will I put faith in the sex.—But hold, let me not be rash: I yet may be mistaken. There is evidently some mystery, and Sir Harry is at the bottom of it: I will watch them still, and clear it up ere I condemn them. *Erit.*

SCENE IV.—A Gallery.

Enter SIR HARRY DARTFORD.

Sir H. So, the clock has struck seven, and here am I upon the field of action. Egad, this is the most singular assignation I ever had to do with: an appointment from one whom I've never seen—'tis strange! 'tis unaccountable! 'Fore Heaven, I shall require the assistance of all my morality to preserve me from temptation.—But can the high-minded Milford have been so deceived in the object of his affection? If he has,

she must be the worst of her sex, and I shall have done a praise-worthy act in exposing his error.—Ha! here she comes. Let me observe her a while. (*Retires.*)

Enter MARIA.

Maria. In what a painful situation am I placed—obliged by the commands of a fond mother to stifle the feelings which I pant to utter. But hush—he's here.

Sir H. (Approaches and takes her hand.) You are punctual, Miss Rosemore, and I am happy. I know not how I can sufficiently thank you for the interest you appear to take in one of whom you know so little.

Maria. I know your name, Sir Harry, although until now I do not remember to have been your person.

Sir H. There it is, Miss Rosemore—notoriety is every thing; but I am afraid that my character may have been represented somewhat too unfavourably to you.

Maria. If the reports which I have heard had affected my opinion injuriously for you, I think you may suppose I should not have been here now.

Sir H. You are right, and I deserve the punishment of all unbelievers. For your kindness in thus acceding to my impassioned request, I can never feel sufficiently grateful. Tell me, Miss Rosemore—for there is a mystery, and you know it: your mother, amiable and excellent as she is, lives in that close retirement which——

Maria. (Archly.) Nay, Sir Harry, you must not question me: I—I didn't obey your commands for the purpose of discussing the merits of my parents.

Sir H. Ten thousand pardons! I merely thought, perhaps, that your father——

Maria. (Aside.) My father! Oh, that I might speak.—Don't mention him—I never knew him.

Sir H. Is he dead, then?

Maria. Dead to me.

Sir H. Then, of course, you no longer feel any obligations to him. Dead or not dead, the man who could quit an angelic girl like you, and leave her to the tender assiduities of tenderer hearts, must be without sense, feeling, or taste. But you tremble, Miss Rosemore—are you ill?

Maria. No, sir; but I am thinking how cruelly you speak of my forlorn condition in the world.

Sir H. I apprehend that you are recapitulating in your mind the catalogue of crimes you have heard laid to my charge.

Maria. I have heard of no crimes; a few faults I have heard of, which I could forgive.

Sir H. My faults, Miss Rosemore! What may they be, and how came you to know so much about them?

Maria. They are faults which our sex consider almost crimes; for instance, inconstancy, thoughtlessness, violence of temper.

Sir H. If I confess them, what will you do—undertake to cure them.

Maria. I think I could.

Sir H. Indeed!

Maria. Will you make me a promise?

Sir H. Any thing—every thing.

Maria. I am deeply, most deeply interested in all that concerns you.

Sir H. Am I so happy?

Maria. I own——

Sir H. But you have a lover already, Miss Rosemore.

Maria. You know him?

Sir H. Milford.

Maria. True; I confess my affection for him.

Sir H. Indeed! (*Aside.*) What artlessness and sincerity!

Maria. Yes; but still I admit the deep, the heartfelt interest I feel for you.

Sir H. What, love twb at a time, Miss Rosemore?

Maria. I see no objection—I feel no hesitation in declaring the interest I feel for you—indeed—indeed!
(*She falls upon his neck.*)

Sir H. Good Heavens! you are unwell. I was not prepared for such a scene as this.

Maria. I must leave you: it is all too much for me. My heart is breaking.

Sir H. Speak, speak! do not quit me in this manner. You have gone too far, exquisite girl, to retract—indeed you must not go! Give me some pledge, some assurance that we shall meet again. I cannot quit you thus——

Maria. Indeed I must quit you now.

Sir H. Then I must seize this, (*Grasping at the portrait*) and thus keeping the likeness, compensate in some degree, until we meet again, for the absence of the original.—What's this! whose portrait is this?

Maria. The portrait of my best friend on earth.

Sir H. Where did you get it!—who gave it you?

Maria. Herself.

Sir H. Answer me—answer me—I conjure you—young lady, what is it—what does it mean!

Maria. I cannot tell you now.

Sir H. Speak, speak—I implore, I demand, in mercy—in pity—of whom is this the portrait?

Maria. Of my mother.

[*Exit, hastily.*]

Sir H. Of her mother—her mother! Heavens, her mother! Am I dead—am I dreaming? What, this innocent, helpless girl, whose character I have villified, whose virtues I have calumniated, whose innocence I have assailed, the daughter of that being—exposed, too, to this, and all the other ills of life, because deserted by her father!—Which way is she gone? whither? where? Maria—Maria—speak.

[*Rushes after her.*]

Enter MILFORD.

Milf. Hold! hold, Sir Harry! though she is lost to me, I will still protect her from insult and outrage.—Ha! gone, and into her chamber. Lost, lost Maria.

Enter LADY MILFORD and GROJAN.

Lady M. What is the meaning of this outcry and confusion?

Gro. What has he done? which way did he go? where is he?

Lady M. Bless me, you are ill, Henry.

Milf. Ill at ease.

Lady M. How shockingly he looks—doesn't he, Mr. Grojan?

Gro. The picture of death, my lady.

Lady M. Take a glass of water, child.

Gro. Some wine and water.

Milf. No, no—I shall be better presently.

Lady M. Some hartshorn.

Milf. No, no.

Gro. Brandy toddy.

Milf. No, no—these remedies are unavailing: I am past cure.

Lady M. You are convinced, then, by what you have seen, that we are right.

Milf. I am convinced by what I have seen, that I am wretched.

Lady M. She met him?

Milf. Yes.

Gro. (*Groaning.*) Oh! it's all over then.

Lady M. And received him well?

Milf. I can hardly tell how they met, but he went into her mother's apartments.

Gro. Ruin—reputation—gone! Oh! that terrible Sir Harry—but he's coming.

Enter SIR HARRY.

Lady M. Well, Sir Harry, were you received with the warmth you expected?

Sir H. Indeed I was.

Lady M. Really!

Sir H. I candidly avow I am absolutely ashamed of my success in that quarter.

Gro. Dear, dear! yes, it's all over.

Sir H. The only difficulty which has arisen, as far as I am concerned, is the misfortune under which I labour of having excited a nearly equal affection in the mother and daughter.

Milf. For shame, Sir Harry: such language——

Lady M. Monstrous!

Gro. Terrible, terrible! I must fly before the roof tumbles in upon us. *[Exit, in great trepidation.]*

Sir H. It is true, upon my honour: and to show how liberal I am towards my friends, I have made my election—the mother is mine.

Milf. What, sir? and to whom do you propose to surrender the daughter?

Sir H. To whom, my dear Milford, but to him who adores her?

Milf. What, sir, do you suppose me base enough to listen to a proposal of so degrading a nature?

Sir H. I am unconscious of any impropriety.

Milf. Sir, from this moment I drop all communication with the Rosemores; but, if hereafter I discover that I have been duped or deceived——

Sir H. You certainly have not been either deceived or betrayed by me. But, Milford, I will endeavour to atone for this cruel development of infidelity to which I have been instrumental: I have a daughter, sir, equal, I flatter myself, to Miss Rosemore in person and accomplishments—if it be any reparation to you, I offer you her hand.

Lady M. Sir Harry!

Sir H. I am serious; and perhaps your son himself will give more attention to the proposal when I add, that my daughter loves him fondly, and that their union is the object nearest Maria Rosemore's heart.

Lady M. What does it mean?

Milf. Maria Rosemore wish me to marry a daughter of yours, whom I have never seen?

Sir H. You have seen her a thousand times; nay, more, you love her devotedly, and have confessed it.

Lady M. Mercy on us!

Sir H. It is true, Mr. Milford, all true: your conduct throughout the affair has been honourable, and you deserve her.

Milf. Who—deserve who?

Sir H. My daughter. Have I your permission, Lady Milford, to introduce her?

Lady M. Indeed you have. This is absolutely unintelligible! (*SIR HARRY throws open the door in the back scene, and introduces MRS. ROSEMORE and MARIA.*) Lady Dartford!

Milf. Maria! can it be possible? (*Embrace. SIR HARRY supports LADY DARTFORD.*)

Enter GROJAN.

Gro. Ladies and gentlemen! good people! good folks!—Oh! pray remember that this is the Imperial Hotel—that—

Sir H. I will remember all: be silent for a moment, honest Grojan; our feelings are too much for us.

Gro. And for me too, Sir Harry. (*To Maria.*) Come, Miss, come, don't you go for to do this sort of thing. Oh! dear, Oh! dear—how very incorrect!

Sir H. (*to Maria.*) Beloved of my life, come to my arms, my dearest, dearest girl. What power on earth shall separate us now! (*Embracing his wife and child.*)

Gro. Abomination—both! Dear, dear! only think.

What shall I do? Sir Harry, I can hold no longer: you must quit—positively turn out.

Milf. Now, Lady Milford, that this happy discovery has considerably altered the condition of the secluded ladies, perhaps there will no longer be any objection.

Lady M. My dear boy, what objection could I possibly have to such a charming creature as this? Sir Harry—Lady Dartford—with your permission. (*Joining their hands.*)

Gro. Lady Dartford—Lady Dartford? what is that? that Sir Harry's wife—and his daughter? Is that the milk and water lady that your ladyship—

Lady M. Hush, hush!

Sir H. I am now indeed made happy beyond my deserts; and though a thoughtless rover once, here my affections shall be fixed for the remainder of my life, which, you know, Mr. Grojanf will be quite correct. (*Taking LADY DARTFORD's hand.*)

Gro. Perfectly, my Lord; and I am glad to hear that you intend to make my maxim your future study. I have had a bustling day of it, and have tried hard to please all: now if this good company would but show their approbation, it would be so correct, that I should rejoice at the day I became landlord of the Imperial Hotel, where they may at any time command such entertainment as the house affords.

THE
BEGGAR OF BETHNAL GREEN,

A PLAY, IN THREE ACTS.

Altered from the Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green.

BY J. S. KNOWLES,

AUTHOR OF VIRGINIUS, THE HUNCHBACK, THE WIFE, &c.

As performed at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Wilford	Mr. J. S. Knowles.
Lord Woodville	Mr. Darley.
Lord Thomas Willoughby . . .	Mr. Jervis.
Belmont	Mr. Hamilton.
Lord Mayor of London . . .	Mr. Hathwell.
Albert	Mr. Walstein.
Old Small	Mr. Jones.
Young Small	Mr. Murdoch.
Peter	Mr. Burton.
Ralph	Mr. Rowbotham.
Strap	Mr. Faulkner.
Chaplain	Mr. Watson.
Officer	Mr. Eberle.
Mortice	Mr. Gallott.
Mallet	Mr. Crutar.
Bess	Miss Eliza Riddle.
Queen Elizabeth	Mrs. Thayer.
Emma	Mrs. Walstien.
Kate	Mrs. Conduit.
Mrs. Trusty	Mrs. Jones.

THE
BEGGAR OF BETHNAL GREEN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*St. Paul's.*

Enter BELMONT and WILFORD, disguised as Yeomen.

Belmont. Now, Wilford, still thy comrade when at
school

Or college ; when 'twas peace, thy playfellow,

Thy right hand man in war ; I'm by thee still

In simple guise of honest yeoman's son,

To do the bidding of thy fantasy.

What is't ?—Why are we thus attired ?—What road

Are we to take ? on what adventure bound ?

The argument wilt thou unfold to me

Of this romance which thus we do begin ?

I see thy cheek is pale—thine eye without

The gladsome light that speaks a heart at rest.

Still to my questioning hast thou replied :—

“Come, don a yeoman's coat and roam with me.”—

Thy wish is done—do mine ; unbosom thee,

For 'till I find thy heart, I lack my own.

Wilford. Remember'st thou what once thou did'st
rejoin,

When such, or such, if e'er I took a wife,

I said should be the fashion of my bride ?—

"'Twas this :—“In vain premise or calculate,

When thou shalt fall in love. A fever that!

Sudden as intermittent, or the plague,
That comes upon you ! Love by rule, forsooth !
Love by philosophy ! Thou shalt be smit
In the twinkling of an eye !—infected by
A touch !—this minute sound as mountain health,
And helpless next, as bedrid tenant of
An hospital."

Bel. And hast thou proved it so ?

Wilf. Attend. Last week I could not go the length
Of Ludgate Hill, but I must horse it thither.
Returning thence, a motley group of men,
Mechanics, servants, masters, old and young,
Collected round some object which they seemed
To gaze with most admiring wonder on,
Attracted me—what think you 'twas ? A maid—
A maid attired in unpretending suit
Of humble russet !—such a distance wide
Remov'd from any child of luxury
Or wealth, not e'en a simple ribbon knot
To grace her coif and bonnet did expend
Its chary costliness ! but oh, what wealth
Had nature rain'd where fortune seem'd to grudge
The poorest drop of her enriching shower !
Sight could not take it in !—the tongue would stop
E'er it could sum it half—all terms out-run
That rate the value of known loveliness !
At thought of winning it, the heart grows wild,
As his whom more than very affluence
Doth lift from very want ! There stood the maid,
Silent and motionless, with eyes on ground,
Abash'd by the reflection of herself,
Cast back upon her so on every side
From mirrors that express'd her charms indeed,
By showing her their power.

Bel. Remark'd she thee ?

Wilf. She did : my restless courser startled her ;
She rais'd her eyes, and lo ! they fix'd on mine

With look, methought, of recognition; that
 I felt as though our very souls embraced,
 And through me ran a thrill unknown before ;
 When, spiteful chance ! my steed more restive grew,
 Defied command alike of spur or rein,
 And bore me from the maid.

Bel. Ask'd you not who
 She was ?

Wilf. No.

Bel. No !

Wilf. As one in jeopardy
 Will lack possession of himself, nor use
 Some means of succour at his very hand.
 I did not think of that, till out of reach on't !
 My steed at length compelled—by whom I know not—
 To check his mettle, I dismounted straight
 And hasten'd back on foot, but she was gone !
 If my first look of her hath been my last,
 I'll never care to look on woman more !

Bel. Thy lot is cast ! I told thee, Wilford, so !
 To such conclusion ever comes his work
 Who'd make philosophy the rule of love.
 Love knows no rule, and never rule knows less
 Than when obedience we'd exact from it.
 'Tis an uncertain and a froward guest ;
 Comes to us when it lists ; abides as long
 As pleases it ; and its own humour takes,
 Whatever may be ours ! You'd go in quest on't—
 And lo ! 'tis with you before setting out :
 You'd lay down terms for its surjourning with you—
 And here it is on its own terms at home ;
 You'd fain be rid on't, and 'tis fain to stay ;
 You'd thrust it out of doors, and only find
 The threshold's not your own, the moment love
 Sets foot within it. Mean'st thou to seek this maid ?

Wilf. Ay, through the world !

Bel. I'll help thee in the search ;

And if we find the city holds her not,
As far as Rumford bear me company—
Whither, this week, perforce I must repair—
And thence, where'er thou point'st, will I be thine.

Wilf. Come on! I tell thee, if I find her not,
I'm tenant for the house the sexton builds. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A chamber in OLD SMALL'S.*

Enter OLD SMALL.

Old Small. Who'd have a son—a plague—to drive
him mad?

To hunt for, or to watch from morn till night,
To coax, to scold, and with no better thrift
To day, than yesterday! A lackwit, caught
By this and that, and held by nothing. Now
At bowls; next hour at coeking; presently,
A race, a show, a feast, and after that
Perchance a quarrel. Any thing but work.
What, Peter! Peter!

Enter PETER.

Peter. Master, here am I.

Old S. Well—my son, Peter?

Peter. He's not to be found

In all Whitechapel, seek him where I would.
I call'd in at the Cock, he wasn't there;
The Fox and Geese, but came no better speed;
The Fountain was burn'd down last Tuesday night;
The Rising Sun has stopp'd since Lady-day;
The Crown and Mitre swore at me when last
I sought him there, so thither I went not;
The Duke of Buckingham and he are out
E'er since he broke the drunken tapster's pate;
And never goes he to the Loggerheads,
Except o' Sundays.

Old S. Peter! Peter!

Peter. Master!

Old S. I sore mistrust thee, Peter.

Peter. Master! me?

Old S. Ay, by my troth, I do! mistrust thee sore!

Thou'rt in his secrets. I'll be sworn thou art.

I saw you wink to him on Sunday last,

At dinner time. Last Tuesday night you said,

'Twas only ten when he came in; and not

A minute from the bolting of the door,

The clock struck twelve; I heard it! Wednesday noon,

You took a bundle in, and said 'twas from

The laundress; when I open'd it, and found

A spendthrift cloak and jerkin, spick and span

New from the tailor's board; and, worse than that,

The whole of Thursday morning wast thou out;

And when I asked thee where, thou could'st not tell!

Can'st tell me now?

Peter. I went an errand, sir,

To Barbican—an errand of mine own.

Old S. An errand of thine own to Barbican!

How came I then to see thee at Mile-end?

Peter. At Mild-end, sir?

Old S. At Mile-end, sir! Thou runn'st
An errand well.

Peter. You saw me at Mile-end?

Old S. When thou wast gone to Barbican! well, sir?

Peter. From Barbican I went, sir, to Mile-end,
Not finding what I sought at Barbican.

Old S. I have thee now, my piece of innocence!

My spice of honesty, my serving man,

That runs so well on errands! at Mile-end

I saw thee not, but saw thee at the foot

Of London Bridge!

Peter. The foot of London Bridge?

Old S. Ay, Sir!

Peter. And where should you have seen me else?
When what I sought and missed at Barbican,

And missed again in seeking at Mile-end,
At London Bridge I found.

Old S. O didst thou so?

Would thou wast o'er the bridge! thou jackanapes!
Was thou not too at Hackney that same time?
At Greenwich down, and Chelsea up, the Thames?
At Kensington and Islington besides?
The Tower, St. Paul's and Westminster to boot?
Didst thou not foot, from breakfast time till noon,
Ground that would take a man a week to ride?
Thou knave of nimble toe, but nimbler tongue!
Varlet! thou went'st not to Mile-end, nor yet
To foot of London Bridge, no more than I,
That never saw thee there! I know not where
Thou went'st, but whither thou wilt go I'll tell—
'To Tyburn, sirrah! (*Knock.*) Let thy master in!

[*Exit PETER.*]

His kennel never likes your chained dog:
And there are men like dogs, who loathe the thing,
Howe'er it profit them, to which you tie them;
Who, like your dog, would forfeit house and mess
To break their chain, and forage for a bone.
What if I take the collar from his neck
And leave him, like the prodigal of old,
To his own will, till sad experience proves
That freedom is the bitterest mastery.
It shall be so. He cannot come to worse,
He may to better. I will do it straight.

Enter YOUNG SMALL and PETER.

Young Small. Good morning, father.

Old S. Morning, dog! 'tis noon.

Young S. Well then, good noon.

Old S. Nor morning, noon, nor night,
Thou bring'st no good to me, so wish me none;
Where hast thou been?

Young S. Hard by, at Master All-gain's.

Old S. And what about?

Young S. Playing at loggats, Sir.

Old S. At loggats? spendthrift! idler! Play at pence, Shillings and pounds!

Young S. I do what's next to that,—
Play for them, Sir.

Old S. To lose them, cur; to lose them;
Hast thou not lost to-day?

Young S. No, by my troth.

I'm winner, save a halfpenny, by a groat,
And should have doubled that, but for foul play.
But four we wanted, and the bowl was mine:—
There stood the loggats, sir, a glorious sight,
And only four to get! and here stood I—
There's not a lad in all Whitechapel, sir,
Is such a hand at loggats—here stood I,
With victory in hand, sure as the bowl
With which I thus took aim—a steady aim
Is half the game at loggats, sir—you'll mind
We wanted only four; the bowl was mine.
There stood the loggats; here stood I—they say
I have an air at loggats—thus I stand,
My left leg planted like a buttress, so—
My body pois'd upon the right, with knee
Bent neither more nor less;—I'd like you, sir,
To see me play at loggats—look, sir—

Old S. Pshaw!

Come, throw the bowl, and make an end.

Young S. An end

I should have made on't, had I thrown the bowl.

Old S. What hindered thee?

Young S. A needle-full of thread!

A nail of tape! a button mould! a piece

Of list! the vapour of a smoothing board!

Thus, as I said, I held the bowl—'twas all

But thrown. Ne'er out of cannon mouth look'd shot

More certain of its aim, than from my hand,

The bowl looked at the loggats. In a twink
Six of the nine at least were lying low.

"Stop!" cries a snivelling tailor, "Master Small,
'Tis not your turn to play"—the pair of sheers,
To clip me so, and thus cut up the game!

Old S. Now mark me, Thomas Small; thou'rt twenty-one:

What art thou master of?

Young S. Of quarter staff,
Rackets and fives.—I'm capital at fives!—
Hop but the ball, I'm sure to make it fly
Like bullet from a gun.—I play at bowls
And quoits—At quoits I'm famous for a ringer!
And then I'll put the stone with any one.

Old S. Master, thou art, I know, of idleness;
But name to me the craft thou art master of.
Art fit to be a turner?

Young S. Burn the lathe!

Old S. A cooper?

Young S. Sooner I'd be starved to death?

Old S. A smith?

Young S. As 'lieve you'd hammer out my brains?

Old S. A tailor?

Young S. Slay me with a needle first!

Old S. What then art fit to be?

Young S. A gentleman.

Old S. A gentleman! Thou scarce canst read!

Young S. What then?

That's nothing in a gentleman.

Old S. Thou writ'st—

But such a hand, the clerk's a cunning one
That makes it out.

Young S. That's like a gentleman.

Old S. Thou canst not cipher: hand thee in a bill
Of twenty items, and 'twill puzzle thee
To add it up.

Young S. That's quite the gentleman.

Father, thou truly said'st I'm twenty-one,
And he's that's twenty-one by law's a man :
So I'm a man, and as a man am free.
I'm master now of handsome twenty pounds,
Left to me by my godfather ; to them
Add thou what grace thy graciousness may please,
And in my own way let me try the world.

Old S. Thou'rt like a wayward horse that will not break ;

The training thee's all labour, profit none,—
And thrift of fruitless toil's to give it up.
Thy will would have thee free before thine age ;
Thine age, like false friend, now doth back thy will ;
Both are too strong for me, and I must yield.
Wait for me. I'll be with you presently.

[*Exit OLD SMALL.*]

Young S. Does he consent, and am I free indeed !
New bonds I fear'd to curb me in new rights,
And he takes off the old.—I thrive apace.
Most hopeful setting out ! So fair begun
Must needs fair ending have.

Peter. You play'd that game
Of loggats passing well.

Young S. I play'd a game—
But not at loggats, Peter. Never more
I'll play at loggats ! Peter, naught I've done
But walk since morning up and down Cheapside,
Feasting my eyes on ladies of the court
And its precincts, that come to bargain there.
O Peter, homely are the silks they wear
To their more silken looks ! A city coif
Hath twice their pride ! No tossing of the head :
No turning of the shoulder in disdain ;
But eyes that drop when they your glances catch,
As if to let you gaze ! Peter, I'll make
My fortune !

Peter. Pr'ythee, how ?

Young S. Now try and guess.

Peter. I could not guess, were I to try a week.

Young S. Peter, thou canst be shrewd.—Look at me, Peter ;

Scan me from head to foot. Premising, now,
Thou knew'st me not, would'st take me from the son
Of Gilbert Small, the pin-maker ?

Peter. More like
I'd take you for the son of Walter Husk,
The baker, to the east of Alderagate.

Young S. A baker's son ! a crust hath pith as much
As thou hast wit. Take me for son of him !

Peter. He's tall and so art thou.

Young S. What's tall ?—What's tall ?
Pronounce me son unto a barber's pole
For it is tall ! To say a man is tall
Is nothing, Peter ! Look at me again,
And guess what way I'll make my fortune. There,—
I fancy that's a leg.

Peter. It is a leg.

Young S. And thereunto's a foot.

Peter. Yea, is there, of
A verity.

Young S. Go to ; you flatter now.
You think me vain ; but I am not vain, although
I have a leg and foot,—ay, and a face
Moreover.

Peter. Certainly thou hast a face.
He'd have a face who'd say thou had'st not one.

Young S. Thou hast a wit, good Peter. Show thee
but
A thing, thou see'st it.

Enter OLD SMALL, unperceived.

Look at my waist.
Now lift your eye a little farther up,
And ponder how my shoulders spread. Dost see ?

Now on the whole—to speak it modestly—
 Taking me altogether, am I not
 A very personable man? Now, Peter,
 How shall I make my fortune?—Why, you fool!
 By love!

Old S. (Coming forward.) Who marries thee, loves
 not herself:

She goes a voyage in a fair-weather bark,
 That scuds while wind and wave do favour it,
 But in itself hath no sea-worthiness
 To stand their buffeting! Here, have thy wish;
 Thou'lt find no niggard hand has fill'd that purse.
 I give it thee to feed thy wantonness;
 But e'en for that, I'd have thee chary on't.
 'There's not a piece in it but is made up
 Of grains of fractions, every one of which
 Was slowly gathered by thy father's thrift,
 And boarded by his abstinence! It holds
 How many minutes torn from needful sleep!
 How many customary wants denied!
 How many throbs of doubting—sighs of care,
 Laid out for nothing, in thy waywardness!
 But take it with a blessing—Fare thee well!
 Thou never yet could'st suit thee, Thomas, to
 Thy father's house; but, should there come the time,
 Thou know'st the door, that still was open to thee.

[*Exit OLD SMALL.*]

Young S. Peter, I'll stay at home. The good old
 man!

He love's me, Peter. Take him back the purse,
 And say I'll stay at home.

Peter. And keep at home?
 Wait like his leger on the desk?

Young S. I will!
 That is, I would.

Peter. And follows, if I could.

Young S. I fear it does.

VOL. II.—15

Peter. What's got, restored, may not be got again.

Young S. Peter, you counsel like an oracle.

Peter. You've rubb'd your eyes till they are red.

Young S. Indeed!

Peter. Look in the glass.

Young S. A pity not to make

My fortune, Peter! Give me back my purse.

I'll make my fortune. Go and get my trunk,

And bring it after me to Cripplegate.

Thou said'st, as I came in, thy place was lost .

On my account. I'll find thee in a new one.

[*Exit PETER.*]

There's no controlling fate; and fate, I see,

By love has destin'd me to make my fortune.

So farewell to my father's house! I could

Be sad at bidding it good-bye—but will not.

I'll think on naught but how we'll meet again,

When love fulfils what fate decrees for me:

Bids Thomas Small a golden wedding hail;

And sends him home a very gentleman!

[*Exit YOUNG SMALL.*]

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in ALBERT'S House.—ALBERT and EMMA discovered.—The former seated with a harp beside him.*

Emma. Why sigh'st thou, Albert?

Albert. This hath troubled me.

On Thursday, said'st thou?

Emma. Yes.

Albert. I recollect!

I recollect!—Was't not on Ludgate hill?

Emma. On Ludgate hill?

Albert. It was. I recollect

She grasp'd my arm, as with the start, methought,

Of sudden fear, which I accounted for,

As at the self-same moment heard I near

The furious prancing of a fiery steed ?

Rode he a steed !

Emma. He did.

Albert. Then 'twas for him !

The image, say'st thou, of my likeness—ere

That fatal field which robb'd me of my sight—

New given to thee ?

Emma. So did she say.

Albert. Where is

That likeness ?

Emma. In her custody: 'Twas that

Betray'd to me the secret of her heart ;

She pray'd it from me. Of its costly case

Despoiled, I gave it her—and wondered still

To find her gazing on't, with looks that spöke

A passion more than filial, that did vent

Itself in very tears ! the which her breast,

Unwonted heaving, seem'd with sighs to number !

Albert. Such things I've heard.

Emma. What, Albert ?

Albert. I have heard

That subtle passion from a glance hath sprung.

Hath in a moment taken root so deep,

Years could not pluck it up ; but in the heart

It grew and grew, though beam of sunny hope

Did never fall upon it. Mark'd she how

He was attir'd ?

Emma. A yeoman did he seem.

Albert. That hope is quench'd :—of prouder state,
this thing

That seems a weed had haply prov'd a flower !

Emma. I pr'ythee, Albert, how ?

Albert. That brother, who,

Unnatural, my lands confiscate seized,

'Tis said is father to a goodly son,

The very image of his uncle dead,

As they believe me. Hope did kindle up,

That son it was she saw. That hope is quench'd !
He seem'd a yeoman ? For this malady
We have a medicine—the knowledge of
Our real state, which still we've hidden from her.
That she shall know to-morrow.

Emma. Tell it her,

And quit this wayward life. Thou'st laid by store
Enough. Forsake the land which thee forsakes ;
Another one makes thee a franchis'd man,
Far from the ban of this. There may'st thou take
Thy title, in thy own land forfeited,
And for our fair child find besitting mate.

Albert. I will not—cannot quit my native land !
Bann'd as I am, 'tis precious to me still.
It is my father's land—'tis lov'd for that ;
'Tis thine—thy child's—it should be lov'd for you ;
It should be lov'd, if only for itself !
'Tis free, it hath no despot, but its laws !
'Tis independent ; it can stand alone ;
'Tis mighty 'gainst its enemies ; 'tis one !
Where can I find the land the like of it ?
Its son, though under ban and forfeiture,
Is envied. He's the brother of the free !
No ! No ! I cannot quit my native land.
For sight of other land I would not give
The feeling of its breath—the wall of him
That does not forfeit it, which none may scale,
However proud, unscath'd to do him wrong !
I cannot—will not—quit my native land.

Emma. Then let us seek some quiet corner on't ;
Nor spend on thriftless hope, what, husbanded
By wise content, would keep us more than rich.

Albert. Nor can I that. Who sees his house pull'd
down,

And does not strive to build it up again ?
Who sees his vessel sunk, and does not look
For other hull to plow the waves anew ?

I cannot do't! I've liv'd on the high seas
 Of restless life; I would be on them still.
 Say I'm unfit for't—I'd be near them still.
 The sailor, maimed or superannuate,
 Seeks not an inland home; but near some cliff
 His hammock slings, in hearing of the surge
 He wont to cleave of yore. Come, lead me forth.
 Where's Bess?

Emma. An errand gone to Aldersgate.

Albert. I would again she went not forth alone;
 My heart hath strange misgivings touching her.
 Bold men infest our streets, who would not stop,
 By might to take what right refuses them;
 Like him who late, with his pernicious suit,
 Did hurt her tender ear.

Strap. (*Without.*)—What! ho!

Albert. Come in,
 Whose challenge is unwelcome, yet a friend's.
 Is it not honest Master Strap?

Enter STRAP.

Strap. The same,
 Master of cobbling, as thy shoes do show,
 Which seek his lapstone old, and leave it new—
 But to the matter, as they say?

Albert. What is't?

Strap. Why, this it is—a truth as old as time—
 Grief hath this soother, 'tis not solitary,
 But if 'twill look for't, finds its fellow grief.
 So does the wise man teach. Thou know'st I lost
 My daughter, Sunday week; she did not die:
 Romances drove the giddy vixen mad,
 And she eloped from me. For loss of her
 I have ne'er been sober since! No comforter
 Like ale—save sack; but sack's for rich men's cares.
 Your friends!—Says one, "It might have fallen out
 worse;"

One, that it might be evil, sent for good ;
 One, that the plague itself will have an end ;
 And some did pity ; some did scold ; and some
 Did try to laugh me out of sorrowing.

As twenty ways there were to mend a shoe
 Besides the soling, heeling, wetting on't.

Albert. But what is this to us ?

Strap. Philosophy !

If not philosophy, a moral, then—

And if not that, why, then, a hint that thou
 Hast lost thy daughter, just as I have mine.

Emma. Have lost our daughter !

Strap. With a difference, though—

Albert. Nay—

Emma. Pr'ythee, Albert, give him his own way ;
 He's sure at last to take it ; so we lose
 Our time, persuading him to progress ours.
 Well ?

Strap. I did say there was a difference.
 But what of that ? This road and that do meet—
 Take which you will, you come to the same end.
 It matters not, my daughter, with her will,
 Thine against her's, is gone, since both alike
 Are lost.

Albert. How ? where ? who forc'd our child away ?

Strap. A gallant, who behemm'd her in the street,
 With good a score of lusty followers,
 Flush'd swaggerers, that seem'd of no account
 To reckon lawless deeds ! I heard a rout,
 And left my stall. There was she in the midst ;
 Some following with outcry 'gainst the deed—
 But none with hand that dar'd to question it.
 Upon my child I thought, at sight of thine—
 Thought of thy loss mine own brought home to me—
 My brain was swimming, and I rush'd on him
 That held her—but a fillip laid me down !
 Yet, brief as was the scuffle, and the end
 Untoward, profit come of it. This ring

He were, though how he left it in my hand
I know not.

Albert Give it me!—A jewel hath it!
Yes! 'Tis no common ring. Perhaps a clue
To trace the ravisher! Give me a sword,
Get me a knife—a dagger!—any thing,
So that it be a weapon! Wretched man!
Why don't I ask you first to get me eyes!
Sight of my heavy wrong, put out the thought
Of what must help me to revenge my wrong!
Oh, heavy loss! To have a father's heart—
To have a father's arm to second it,—
And both be useless for the lack of sight!
The Queen! The Queen!

Strap. Would'st see the Queen? Then straight
Repair to Temple Bar; she doth commence
To day a royal progress; there will wait
To hear the greeting of the mayor and citizens.

Albert. Lead on! My child! my child! What'er
betide,
This hour will I unfold myself, and find,
One way or other, a period to my cares.
Know'st thou where dwells a notary on the way?
Conduct me to him.—On!—We'll meet our death
Or find our child.—On! On! Our child! Our child!
[*Exeunt*.

SCENE IV.—*Temple Bar*.—*The houses on each side
adorned with cloths of silk or velvet, gold or silver,
hanging from the upper windows.—A crowd of Citi-
zens, men and women, assembled.*

Officer, Stand back, sirs! stand back there, I say!—
Why press ye forward?—Back there! back! Keep or-
der till her highness pass.

First Citizen. Will it be long, sir, ere she comes?

Offi. To answer that I must know the measure of
your patience. Stretches it to some five minutes hence,

I dare warrant you she will be here quickly; for 'tis a quarter and upwards beyond the time she appointed to set out from Westminster.

Second Citizen. Is't to Norwich, sir, her highness makes her progress this time?—(*Shouts without.*)

Off. To Norwich 'tis sir.—Peace! her highness comes. Each keep his place, nor press upon the other, so one and all will see the sight. Here comes the lord mayor, with the alderman and council, to greet her highness. More room!—stand back! stand back!

Enter the LORD MAYOR, &c. Enter procession through the gates; Soldiers, Gentlemen, Pensioners, band of Gentlemen, band of Knights, band of Barons, Trumpeters and Heralds. The QUEEN, accompanied by Ladies, closed up with Guards.—The LORD MAYOR, &c., advance and kneel to the QUEEN.

Mayor. May't please your Majesty, with duteous knees,

That for our loving and right loyal hearts
Do truly vouch, as would our tongues for both;
Our happy privileges, of the which
Your gracious sceptre the high guardian is,
Thus lowly at your highness' feet we lay;
And with fair greeting, pray to welcome you
To your good city here of London.

Queen. Freely

Do we accept your greeting, citizens
Of London; of our loyal cities, chief;
The princess fair of commerce, that defies
The world to show her peer; whose merchantmen
Do throng the seas with gallant fleets, the which
To float, the treasures of kings might brag!
The privileges, at our feet you lay,
We pray you to resume: and truly guard
For her behoof, who, in her subjects weal,
Doth love to boast she still locks up her own.

Mayor. Our duties ever on your highness wait!

Queen. Proceed.

Albert. (*Without.*)—The Queen! the Queen!—
Where!—

Where's the Queen?

Off. Stand back!

Queen. Make way!—Who calls upon the Queen?

Off. So please your Majesty, a beggar man!

Stand back!

Albert. The Queen! the Queen!

Off. Stand back, I say!

Queen. Hold, sirrah! Dare not stop my subjects' way
That come in suffering to me! Did I—when
My right did crown me, and I pass'd along,
My way beset with subjects, that more thick
Did throng me with their blessings than their eyes—
My chariot frequent stay, that I might take
Their gifts of nosegays from poor women's hands,
And shall I now pass on, nor stop to hear
A poor man's prayer! Approach, whate'er thou art!

(*The Officer makes way for ALBERT, who enters.*)

Albert. (*Presenting a scroll.*)—Lead—lead me to her
highness' feet!—(*Kneels.*)

Justice, great Queen!—Justice and mercy!

Queen. How!

Mercy doth stay the hand of justice; justice
Prevent the hand of mercy.—Ask'st thou then,
For both?

Albert. For mercy I'd implore for one,
Whose high offence hath long contrition half
Atoned for,—half, the loss of sight—his just
And heavy penalty for swerving duty!
Justice I'd ask on one, whose daring wrong,
In open day, hath robb'd me of my child—
A virgin, gracious queen, of beauty rare,
Although her father's eyes ne'er vouch'd for it!

Queen. But ~~event~~ she of her will?

Albert. No! no!—by force

Just now!—i' th' public street! in open day!
Torn from her parents, whither know they not—
A mother that in him, who should protect
Her child and her doth only find a charge!
A father, with the limb and heart of one,
Still without eyes is heartless—lopp'd of limb—
At least to succour those that cleave to him!
O royal maiden, take a maiden's part,
And, for her wrong, o'erlook the wrong might stand
Betwixt thy justice and her injury!

Queen. Thy tears, old man, do better serve than sparks
To kindle up our wrath! Know'st thou the name
Of the offender?

Albert. No.

Queen. Nor rank?

Albert. Nor rank—

Unless a ring—which, in a scuffle that
Befel with one who tried to take her part,
Came from the finger of the ravisher—
Serve as a clue to find him.

Queen. Show it us!

This ring is not a stranger to us! Ha!
Waits in our train Lord Thomas Willoughby?

Lord Woodville. No, gracious mistress.

Queen. Read this document; (*Gives ALBERT's scroll.*)
Advise him strait of its contents; and add
Command, that on receipt, with prompt despatch,
He lead the beggar's daughter to our feet—
His wedded bride!

What to thyself alone relates, we'll at
Our leisure learn; what to thy child, at once
We'll give our care to. Instruct us by what name
Thou now art known, or title?

Albert. The blind beggar
Of Bethnal Green.

Queen. Thy daughter's name ?

Albert. 'Tis Bess.

Queen. Our own!—Of beauty rare thou say'st ?

Albert. Most rare !

Queen. And good ?

Albert. Most good.

Queen. (to ATTENDANT.) Look to that sightless man ! Whither we go,

Our pleasure 'tis he waits upon us. On !

The glory it shall be of Bess's reign

Her lowest subject, if his cause is right,

Hath 'gainst her highest odds ; for, beggar e'en,

He still shall have his Queen to side with him !

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Queen's Arms.*

Enter YOUNG SMALL and PETER, newly attired.

Young Small. Plague on it, Peter, we're too late again,

Had we o'erta'en them ere she left the city,

An easy matter had it been for me

To mingle with the train, and walk along,

As one of them. To follow them is all

That's left me now. So ! let's take breath awhile.

Peter, thou'lt ruin me ! Is that a way

For serving-man to carry him ?—Consider—

Thy master, Peter, is a gentleman.

Peter. To keep in mind on't do I all I can.

Young S. I say thou do'st not, else would it appear.

Peter. It shall appear.

Young S. See that it do so then—

Especially when thou do'st go abroad.

Then carry thus thy head, stand with an air ;

Walk with a gait, as thou wast somebody ;
 And when thou speak'st, thou must speak like one
 That values not who hears ;—but not so
 To me, good Peter, do thou none of these !
 Speak small to me ; wear thus thy head to me ;
 Stand thou not with an air when I am by ;
 Nor, when my eye's upon thee, move with gait
 Of somebody ! Thou'rt ever nobody
 In presence of thy master !—minding still
 To bear thee like a gentle serving-man.

Peter. I'll mind.

Young S. And do so !—And remember too
 When I do sit, and thou do'st wait on me,
 Thou layest not thy hand upon my chair.
 But stand at distance from't—nor yet in line,
 But good a foot behind the rearmost leg ;
 Not in advance of that a barley-corn !
 And balance not thy body on one leg,
 With knee of t'other negligently bent,
 As if it said " I care not ! " 'Tis not meet.
 But stand on both, as every joint of thee
 Did know me for thy master—not astride,
 But heel to heel !—And keep thy finger from
 Thy button-hole—but not to cram it in
 Thy poke ! Nor yet on hip to rest it—'twere
 As thou wouldst say, " I think myself a lord ! "
 Thou would'st not fold thine arms ! Field-martial, Peter,
 Could do no more—do nothing with thine arms,
 But let them hang ! There ! Seem'st thou now indeed
 A serving-man.

Peter. Will that content you ?

Young S. Yes.

But mark ! Thou hast play'd with me at quoits and
 loggats,
 No more of that !

Peter. I'll mind.

Young S. And when I have order'd me a tankard out,

And give it thee to hold, thou more than once
Hast quaff'd off to my good luck.—Be sure
No more of that!

Peter. I'll try and mind. But, Sir—
Since so I must accost thee—what avail
The gait and air of gentle serving-man,
Without the pocket should belong to one?
Look there!

Young S. What's there?

Peter. A melancholy rap!
A black-faced copper sixpence! Add to which
A button without shank, and you sum up
The pocket of your gentle serving-man!
I ne'er can do without allowances.

Young S. Allowances!—What wages got you from
My father, Peter?

Peter. 'Twere a cunning clerk
Could count them,—purse was never made would wear
With hoarding them. To coin them took it not
Gold, silver, no nor brass. I served him for
My bed and board, that board and bed were none,
But shifts for them; a jerkin in the year
And doublet; old apparel new made up;
Hose, when the feet had walk'd away from them;
Shoes, whose last mending had the cobbler brought
To his last wits; and hat that gaped to see
Its crown was gone; with what good luck besides
Might send me.

Young S. And thou nam'st allowances!
Do I not promise thee a pound a-year?
Jerkin and doublet to provide thee with,
The thirtieth penny on the counter rung
The knell of half-a-crown! Hose I got thee,
With feet unto them, newly vamp'd and darn'd!
And from the cordiner himself direct
Was thou not shod? Nor was thy head forgot.
With thy well-furnish'd trunk to make it match,

Did I not treat it to a crown-whole hat,
 Nor yet at outlay stopp'd, so ruinous,
 But in the hat a comely feather stuck,
 At charge of twice a groat? No more of this!
 Believe when thou'rt well off—There's two pence for
 thee,

To show thee that thou serv'st a gentleman!
 Dream'st thou sometimes?

Peter. I do.

Young S. What's the best dream
 A man can dream?

Peter. They say 'tis hanging.

Young S. So!

Didst thou not dream of hanging yesternight?

Peter. I did.

Young S. Thy dream's come out! Thy fortune's made.
 But knew'st thou it—come on! Content thee, and
 Thou shalt have pence! Mind how thou bear'st thyself!
 Well done! But keep to that! So.—Follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Hostess and RALPH.

Hostess. Now have I told thee all—how she came
 here

On Tuesday night, sore faint and travel-worn,
 When thou at Epping wast upon the roam;
 Hew from her home by bold and lawless men
 She had been forced; how she escaped their hands;
 How, when she reach'd her parents' roof again,
 Deserted 'twas—its tenants doubtless gone
 In quest of her; how, knowing not what way
 To go, she put her trust in heaven to guide her,
 Which brought her to our door!

Ralph. Inform'd she thee
 Who were her parents?

Hostess. No; I ask'd, but saw
 The question troubled her, so ask'd no more.

I see thou think'st her fair. Now, mark me, Ralph ;
Thou'rt less sedate, I know, than thou art wild,—
I also think there's in thy heart a check
Of truth and honesty, that draws thee back
When passion cross their bonds would have thee wing.
Thou hast a shrewd conception, too, of life,
Beyond thy station and thy years, my son ;
Beware then, Ralph, her beauty tempt thee not
To do her wrong ! She's poor. She has not friend
Of right she here can call so—has not home,
Save what a stranger's roof supplies her with ;
The labour of her hands is all her means ;
Her virtue is their strength ; who'd rob them on't
Were he my son, he were not villain only,
But coward mean to boot.

Ralph. Nay, mother, nay,
I'm not that lackgrace yet ! Give thou consent,
I'm wived to-morrow for sweet Bessy's sake.

Hostess. I'll think on't Ralph ; meantime bestir
thee, son ;
Look to the gentleman, since Wednesday last
Took up his quarters here.

Ralph. The gentleman ?
My shoe's a gentleman !

Hostess. How, sirrah ! this
Thy manners ?

Ralph. Mother, I did overhear—

Hostess. Didst what ? I'll have no list'ners in my
house,
No eaves-droppers ! no ears that wait on key-holes !
Who take their quarters up at the Queen's Arms,
Shall have their secrets, as their luggage, safe !
Fie on thee, Ralph, no more on't ! mind thyself !
Thy mother's hard-earned gains not more were won
By thrift than honesty ; whom they enrich
Must honest be as thrifty. So be thou.
My son is he, not of my blood that's drop,

But portion of my heart.—Not so—I'd take
 A hind that is, to be thy mother's heir. [*Exit RALPH.*
 All's right and tidy,—each thing in its place,
 And cleverly put out of hand.. No cup,
 Tankard, or flagon, but its face might show
 To polished silver, rich and bright as 'tis.
 There's sure a virtue in her touch that leaves
 All things it meets as ne'er they look'd before!
 Luck hath she brought with her. Since here she came,
 No house in Rumford holds its head so high
 As the Queen's Arms, for balm of sparkling ale,
 Cordial of sack, and nectar of bright wine!
 Would she were wife to Ralph! We cannot hope
 To keep the treasure long that's coveted
 By all who see it, and by right's not ours;
 But yet who is she?—Ralph's my son, and heir
 To good a hundred pounds a year, besides
 His father's house and land. Her courtesy might
 An heiress' self vouchsafe to make to Ralph.
 When he should wed, I ever look'd, at least,
 To give my blessing to some doctor's, squire's,
 Or curate's daughter. Wed him shall I to
 One knows not whom?—I'll question her more close.
 His father, when he wived, took home his match,
 And so must he. She comes. (*Bess sings without.*)

No need to keep
 Blackbird or thrush, while she is in the house,
 So sweet and active is her pretty throat.
 What's that she looks thus constant at, whene'er
 She thinks herself alone; but when observed
 Doth ever quickly nestle in her breast?

Enter BESS with her father's picture, which she frequently examines while she sings.

The blind man's at the door,
 And won't you let him in?

He plays the harp, he'll spare no pains,

Your favour for to win.

He'll sing you fits, one, two, or three,

And he'll ask you a groat—no more ;

And, grudge you a groat, he'll be thankful for less—

The blind man's at the door.

He'll sing you stories sad,

He'll sing you stories gay ;

And call as often as you please,

He will not say you nay.

If you fill him a cup, he's a happy blind man,

As oft he has been before ;

But, grudge you that grace, he's contented with none—

The blind man's at the door.

The blind man's at the door,

And shelter none has he ;

The sky doth smile, or it doth frown,

But which he cannot see !

If you welcome him in, what cares he for the sky ?

It may shine, or it may pour ;

But, grudge you that grace, wet or dry he must on—

The blind man's at the door.

*(At the conclusion of the song the Hostess approaches
and steals a look at the picture.)*

Hostess. Whose picture's that, my Bess ?

Bess. My father's.

Hostess. Then

Was never father better loved than thine ?

Nay, blush not, that thou lov'st thy father well !

Show't me. He is a father to be loved !

No wonder thou should'st keep it next thy heart ;

I well could tak't to me. Thou blushest more

And more. Thou silly wench ! There, put it up.

I like to hear thee sing, my pretty Bess ;

'Tis gladness to my heart ! Art happy, Bess,

To live with me ?

Bess. As far as happiness
Can live with Bess,—her parents lost—herself
Unable to provide her home or friend.

Hostess. Not so, my pretty Bess! Herself can best
Provide her these. No customer that comes
To the Queen's Arms, and hath unmistress'd house,
But would be glad if Bess its mistress were—
Knew he her history!

Bess. (Aside.) Her history!

Hostess. One likes to know
Whence people come—who people are—their birth
And parentage. Wast thou a lady born,
I could not love thee better than I do.
But loving thee so well, I'd know who 'tis
So well I love. Who art thou, pretty Bess?

Bess. (Aside.) If I do say I am a beggar's child,
The door that took me in may thrust me out!
If aught beside, I speak what is not truth,
And that I'll never speak!—You think me good:
You find me willing—useful in the house—
Not knowing who I am. To teach you that
More good, more willing, useful, makes me not;
Then do not seek to know't; I dare be bound,
If cause I give you not for more content,
I'll give you none for less.

Hostess. Where mystery is
Doubt is. We hide what we do fear to show.
If I do come of honest kind, care I
Who knows my father's name? I'd cry it from
The steeple top! To be a friend, we needs
Must find a friend. My friend is she alone
That trusts me. If my love's not worth as much,
Better I keep it to myself. Fair brow
Thou hast, and open too! I ween thy heart's
As fair—but why 'is't not as open, Bess?—
Why, whither goest thou?

Bess. (Who, while the HOSTESS has been speaking, has put on her cloak and bonnet)

I know not—but
I know I must go hence! You're right—'tis fit
One know whom they do lodge—whom they do love;
'Tis little to ask that! Alas for them
That are not masters of so small a boon!
They may be question'd—wonder were they not.
They may be doubted—they cannot complain.
They may lack friends—they've but themselves to
blame.

Farewell—thanks! thanks! much thanks!—"Twas all a
gift!

The wind and rain, on which you shut the door
That let me in, had just as much a right
To enter it as I. I am rested now,
Refreshed, and strengthened—every foot I go
I'll bless you that I am so!

Hostess. Leave me, Bess!

That shalt thou never! Give me off thy cloak!
Prevent me not!—thy bonnet I'll untie,
Or never more may I tie on my own!
Ah! Bess, dost mind me? Care I who thou art?
Or doubt I thee? or am I not thy friend?
Nay, if thou leav'st the house, I leave it too!
I'll have no house that does not roof thy head!
For ever live with me!—(*Embraces her.*)—Want'st
thou a right?

A right then shalt thou have. Ralph loves thee, Bess,
Whoe'er thou art, thou shalt be wife to Ralph!

Nay, answer not! I say I'll have it so!

See if I love thee now! Here's company—

I'll look to them. Go dry thine eyes, sweet Bess!

Thou shalt be daughter, wife, and all, my Bess.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.—*A private room in the Queen's Arms.**Enter RALPH.*

Ralph. Look to thy birthright, Ralph—avails it not
 To be thy mother's son that nature made,
 Thou must be offspring of her humour too!
 I'at fault of thine that thou art not a wall?
 That thou dost hear, when men before thee tell
 Their loose-kept secrets? Gentlemen, forsooth!
 My gentleman's gentleman! the scrub of him!
 The helper o' the scrub! a rap, was nailed
 To some vile counter, has been taken thence,
 And the base metal coin'd anew, to pass
 For piece of honest gold! 'Twon't pass with me!
 He trusts to make his fortune by the priest—
 Of some rich dame the favour sweet to win—
 And thereunto he follows the Queen's court;
 But stopping, on his way, at Rumford, here
 Sets eye upon the linnet I would lime,
 And tarries at our house. But, lest he spoil
 My sport, I've pointed out the bush to him
 Where sits a goldfinch—but a painted one—
 Our Kate that's vow'd to wed a gentleman—
 Our chambermaid, to seek her fortune, came
 Like him to Rumford, and alighted here.
 Her do I palm on him for noble maid,
 Heiress of gold and lands, from forced match
 Escap'd and crouching here in humble guise
 To shun pursuit.—Ha! here she comes!—

Enter KATE.

Good day, sweet Kate!

Kate. Hold off! I'm Kate too sweet for thee!

Ralph. Indeed! when do we call thee wife, sweet Kate?

Kate. When thou hold'st stirrap to my husband!

Ralph. How!

Will nothing less content thee? Marry, Kate;
Marry thy match, or count to die a maid.

Kate. My match is he that fits my thought, not
thine.

Ralph. Thy match is he that fits thy fortune, Kate.

Kate. Not so, when I my fortune am above.

Ralph. Their fortune who're above oft fall below.

Kate. Leave me to look to that.

Ralph. Look to it, then.

Thy new-year's gift I'll double for thee, Kate,
If ere the year comes round, thou curtsy not
The wife of honest hind.

Kate. The hind I'll wed
Thou'll touch thy bonnet to.

Ralph. Ay, shall I, Kate,
When he to me doffs his.

Kate. Doffs his to thee!
He first shall doff his head!

Ralph. Nay, Kate, be friends!
Not only do I wish thee well to wed,
But, if I could, would help thee, pretty Kate;
And I can help thee if thou'rt in the mood.

Kate. What! in the mood to help thee to a jest?

Ralph. Thyself be judge! The gentleman came here
On Wednesday,—he throws glances at thee, Kate—
Is that a jest? I've heard, thy cousin, Kate,
Was cousin's cousin to the cousin of
An earl, sweet Kate—I've told him so. Is that
A jest? Thou know'st how windfalls come—how men
Were ragged knaves one day, the next has seen
To strut as robed lords—how oft the tree
Of noble family hath wither'd, branch
By branch, till, none to bear its honours left,
They're gone to cover some poor distant graft,
The parent stock ne'er threw its shadow on!
Why may't not hap to thee?—I think it may—

I wish it may—and as 'tis easy, Kate,
To fancy what we wish, I've told him, Kate,
To titles and revenues thou art heir!

Is that a jest? Let but thy bearing back
My giving out, I'd marvel not if ere
A quarter of a year—a month—a week,
I doff my bonnet to thy spouse indeed.
Is that a jest?

Kate. Ralph, thou'rt an honest lad!

Ralph. When thou repair'st to church, may I, sweet
Kate,

Make bold to kiss thee when the knotting's done?

Kate. I shall not mind, for old acquaintance, Ralph.

Ralph. And when thou'rt married, may I sometimes
call?

Kate. Ay, may'st thou, Ralph.

Ralph. How often?—Once a year?

Kate. I'll not be angry, Ralph, if it be twice.

Ralph. How kind thou art!—and when I call, sweet
Kate,

Wilt bid the lackey ask me in?

Kate. I will.

Ralph. And order master Ralph a cup of sack,
To drink thy health, while in the hall he stands?

Kate. As sure as I shall be a lady, Ralph.

Ralph. Thou shalt be married to a gentleman!
And here he comes—observe him, bonny Kate:
The visage, figure, habit, air, and walk
Of gentlemen? To note his only gait
A man would say, or he lack'd brains, there goes
At least a handsome thousand pounds a year!
When thou shalt call him spouse! Away, my Kate,
Don thou a smoother 'kerchief—change thy cap
For thy Sunday one, with bows as broad and red
As full-blown peonies! and soon as done
Come back again, when thou shalt find him here,
And troll that pretty song you sung to us

On Tuesday night—as though you mark'd him not.
 Love in his heart be sure hath taken root—
 See how I'll make it grow and come to fruit!"
 Bear thee as lofty gentlewoman, Kate;
 Go proudly, Kate, and not as chambermaid!
 Of maids thou shalt be mistress!—Well done, Kate!

[*Exit KATE.*]

Here comes indeed, my gentleman, from top
 To toe new-furnish'd, as on conquest bent.

[*Retires up stage.*]

Enter YOUNG SMALL.

Young Small. Debate it thus. What's love? It is
 not land

Or gold; 'tis not attire or tenement;
 Or meat or drink. What is the worth on't then?
 Nothing! it makes not wise—for these are things
 That wise men covet, and 'twould counsel me
 To part with them; it makes not great—great men
 Hath love undone: 'Tis not content—I ne'er
 Saw lover yet but he was wo-begone!
 Its signs are willows, darts, and bleeding hearts!
 I'll none on't, I'm resolved! Sweet mistress Bess!

Ralph. Sweet mistress Kate thou mean'st.

Young S. Right, Master Ralph.

Yet mistress Bess is sweet! But what of that?
 'Tis fit a gentleman a lady wed—
 So Kate's the maid for me. I'll conquer love!
 Love's no small thing to conquer. Men fall sick
 For love, go mad for love; hang, drown themselves—
 But love doth meet its match when it meets me!
 You see I'm ready, Ralph.

Ralph. I see you are;

Ay, that's the way to go a-wooing.

Young S. What,

It strikes you?

Ralph. Yes!

Young S. The jerkin's a new cut,
Or else the tailor's perjurd—oath he took
It should be made as never jerkin was!

Ralph. His oath he has kept!

Young S. You mark my doublet too?

Ralph. Else lack'd I eyes.

Young S. And how the sleeves are slash'd?

Ralph. 'Tis slashing work indeed! She must have
heart

Of stone, gives she not.

Young S. A fine effect!

And then my hat—what think you of the set?

Ralph. A gallant set—a very gallant set,
Most valiantly turned up.

Young S. The feather red!

Blood red! and nearly of a rapier's length;
The loop of warlike steel, that, what with loop,
Feather and set, methinks it is a hat
Cries—"Touch me not."

Ralph. Methinks it is.

Young S. 'Twas made

To special order.

Ralph. So 'twould seem.

Young S. You know

They like a gallant bearing. I would look

A very Hector, when I go to woo!

Ralph. And thou hast hit it.

Young S. On your honour, now?

Ralph. Else never man hit any thing.

Young S. Indeed!

I thank you, master Ralph. I'm glad you're pleas'd.

You have a taste! Beshrew me but you have!

How would you have me wear my rapier?—So?

Or so?

Ralph. Why, so—it better shows the hilt.

Young S. A pretty hilt! I bought it for the hilt;
The cutier would have palm'd upon me one

Of better blade ! He thought he had a fool
To deal with ! Buy a rapier for the blade !
Who shows the blade ?

Ralph. Most true.

Young S. I think I'll do.

Ralph. No doubt on't—Here she comes, sir—That's
her voice.

Did'st ever hear her sing, sir ?

(KATE sings without.)

Young S. Never.

Ralph. No !

Then never did you hear a nightingale.
Apart awhile, sir—you shall hear her voice.

Enter KATE, and sings.

What shall I give to win your heart,
My pretty chambermaid ?
What shall I give to win your heart ?
I've land, I've gold, with aught I'll part
To make you mine, he said.

The maid, kind sir, whose heart is sold,
A well-a-day may sing !
The maid, kind sir, whose heart is sold,
Sells more than worth of land or gold,
Unless a golden ring !

Say aught but that, my bonny queen,
And thou'rt my own, he said,
Say aught but that, my bonny queen;
Who gives not that, she said, is e'en
Beneath a chambermaid !

Take that, take that, and all beside,
Be mine, be mine, he said !
Take that, take that, and all beside,
She's worth me, that must be my bride,
Though but a chambermaid !

VOL. II.—17

Ralph. Up to her, sir—yet hold ! I'll whisper her
A word shall profit thee ; your gentle blood
Is skittish, sir, and mettlesome—behoves
You tenderly lay hand upon it, sir ;
'Tis quick of instinct too, to know its kind.
Was ever balance pois'd by thee or thine,
Yard flourish'd, counter brush'd, or leger scrawled,
'Tis odds, she'll apprehend it in a trice.
Thank heaven, thou art indeed a gentleman.

Young S. (Aside.)—I'd thank it, never had I pass'd
for one.

A score of crowns for my own clothes again !
'Sdeath, should she find I wear another man's—
The thought doth set my heart a thumping. On
My forehead do I feel the moisture break—
My knees begin to knock—oh, Thomas Small !
Better thou had'st remained thy father's dog
Than ta'en a roam to Rumford.

Ralph. Kate, behoves
Thou bear thyself as lofty gentlewoman.
If he looks ten feet high, do thou look twenty ;
When he accosts thee, eye him up and down,
And down and up again, from head to foot ;
He verily believes thou art a lady ;
Keep him to that—thy arms a-kimbo put—
Walk to and fro, and toss thy pretty head !
Behoves fine ladies give themselves fine airs,
Or who would know them fine—(To YOUNG SMALL.)
Up to her now.

Young S. Fair Kate, a word or two. I'd speak to
thee.

Kate. (Following RALPH's direction.) Sir !—(YOUNG
SMALL starts back ; KATE walks about as instructed.)

Ralph. 'Sdeath ! stick up to her, or, as I live,
You'll lose her, Sir. Set thou to work as well,
Pace to and fro, a yard at every step—
Great men, I have remarked, take mighty strides—

That's right! she stops—now to the charge again;
Tell her thou hast a guess of her estate;
'Twill soften her—but mind thou nothing bate
The feeling of thine own, as right thou should'st not;
That art indeed a very gentleman.

Young S. A cunning man who feels the thing that
is not!

Marry, I have found a secret out. 'Tis not
The clothes that make a man a gentleman.
Odzooks! she traversed me from top to toe,
As she would lay me open with her eye.
I vow I feel as I were like to swoon—
O Little Cheap—snug Little Cheap! as much,
As once I wished me out of thee, I now
Do wish me back again!

Ralph. Now, pretty Kate,
We'll draw to calm—thou hast convinc'd him quite;
He swears thou art a gentlewoman born.
Put off a cloud or two, and now and then,
When next he speaks, give out a blink of sun,
But not that he forget 'twas tempest, Kate.
Take out thy 'kerchief—hast thou one; now draw it
From corner unto corner; be it clean?
Now pass it cross thy face, and back again;
Now use it as do ladies use a fan,
'Twill show a gentle agitation, Kate;
Swing on one foot thy body to and fro,
And with thy other beat upon the ground.
Now, Sir, at once propose for her—'sdeath, Sir!
Have not a faint heart!

Young S. No!

Ralph. Remember you're
A gentleman.

Young S. I do!

Ralph. And so you are
From top to toe.

Young S. I thank you, Ralph—you're good.

Ralph. And so your father was before you, Sir,
And quite as much his father before him ;
Was he not, Sir ?

Young S. Ay, quite as much, good Ralph,
Or, if he was not, we're no gentlemen.

Ralph. Then, now at once propose for her. Hem !
twice

Or thrice before you speak, and broadly hint
At her gentility.

Young S. Engaging Kate—
As gentleman should gentlewoman wed,
So fain would I to wife take thee, my Kate !
And now I must take breath ; I tell thee Ralph,
To woo a lady, is no easy thing. (*Retires.*)

Ralph. Kate, canst thou blush ? If not, why hang
thy head,
And look as though thou knew'st not where to look,
And clasp thy hands and twirl thy thumbs about,
And make a shift to squeeze out half a sigh,
But loud enough to hear. Well done ! well done !
Bespeaks her every thing a gentlewoman—
Does it not, Sir ?—(*To YOUNG SMALL.*)

Young S. Upon my life it does.

Ralph. Now bring her to the point of yes or no.

Young S. Of yes or no ?

Ralph. Yes ?

Young S. Yes or no ! I vow
I tremble at the thought on't—just I feel
As I did play at loggats, and a pound
Were laid upon the game, and mine the throw.

Ralph. Well, Sir ?

Young S. Good Ralph I'll take a little time.

Ralph. So do. He comes to pop the question, Kate.
When first he speaks, no answer render him :
Nor yet the second time—nor yet the third.

Kate. No, Ralph ?

Ralph. Be quiet, Kate ; it were not meet,

In such a strait, that gentlewomen speak;
 The thought should seem to take away thy breath;
 Thou should'st appear as thou wast like to faint
 And faint, sweet Kate!—I'll be beside thee—fall;
 Upon my shoulder—and when I say “now”
 Come to thyself—but mind, not all at once,
 But bit by bit—I'll have him at thy feet.
 Look at him once, and turn away again—
 Another time—and try to turn away,
 But finding that thou canst not do't, cry “yes!”
 And overcome, fall plump into his arms!
 You'll mind.

Kate. Be sure of me.

Ralph. Make sure of him!

Up to her now, Sir,—now or never, Sir!

Young S. Dear Kate! wilt be my bride?

Ralph. Again, sweet Sir!

Young S. Dear Kate! wilt be my bride, a second time?

The third time—(*KATE falls on RALPH's shoulder.*)—
 Wilt thou be my bride, sweet Kate?

Ralph. I do believe she faints.

Young S. She does indeed!

She's a true lady—on my life she is.

Ralph. Down on your knees, Sir—both your knees,
 and chafe

Her hands with yours—kissing them now and then—
 And 'gainst she comes unto herself, 'twere well
 If you could squeeze a tear into your eye:—
 Now Kate, awake! Your lover's at your feet
 Kneeling as doth behove a gentleman—now—

Kate. (*Recovers—follows RALPH's directions.*)—Yes!
 (*Throwing herself into SMALL's arms, nearly oversetting him.*)

Ralph. Hold up, sweet Sir, and try to bear
 Thy overpowering happiness—to both
 I wish a world of joy.—Take her apart

Into the garden; never drop thy suit
 Until she name the day, and be't to-morrow.
 "The cup, Sir, and the lip!"—But, gentle Kate,
 'Tis not enough the bird is lim'd, behoves
 You have him in your hand—good sir!—fair lady!
 I give you joy, and wish you a good day. *[Exit.]*

Young S. Come, gentle Kate, that is to be my bride.

Kate. O, la, sir!

Young S. Sir! call me thy Thomas, Kate;
 My name is Thomas—master Thomas.

Kate. La!

I ne'er can call thee Thomas.

Young S. Yes, thou canst,
 And wilt—dear Thomas!—thy own Thomas!

Kate. La!

Young S. As I will call thee my own Kate, be sure,
 As soon as we are man and wife.

Kate. O, la!

Don't talk of it.

Young S. Of what else should I talk?
 Come Kate—my wife!—my lady Kate!

Kate. O, la! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—*The bar and parlour.*

*Enter the HOSTESS, conducting LAST, MORTICE, and
 MALLET.*

Hostess. Walk in, good master Mallet; gentlemen,
 Walk in, you're welcome. What will't please you
 have?

We've choice for all, and naught but's of the best.

Mallet. We'll taste your ale, good mistress Trusty.
 Hark!

How does your pretty bar-maid? Did you speak,
 As you did promise, a good word for me?

Hostess. I did.

Mal. And was she pleas'd?

Hostess. 'Tis hard to say
When maids are pleas'd. When I myself was one,
What most I seem'd was oft what least I felt.

Mort. Your ear, kind hostess.—Gave you, mistress,
The message I did send her?

Hostess. Word for word.

Mortice. What word did she return thee?

Hostess. Marry, none!

Bess is a prudent wench. Maids' thoughts go cheap
That can be had for asking! Little worth,
Yet hoarded charily, great price they bring.
I found it so myself when I was young.

Last. A word, good mistress Trusty, when you're
done.

Hostess. I'm at your service now, sir.

Last. Handed you

My gift to Bess?

Hostess. I did.

Last. And took she it?

Hostess. She took it not.—'Tis here for you again.
Presents to maids are earnest. Take they them,
They next should take the donors. Had not I
Thought so in my free days, I should have won
A dower in gifts! You shall be serv'd anon.

Mort. I guess you've come bad speed.

Last. Hast thou come better?

Mal. The fault's our own. Love's not a game at law
Wherein the player is not he that stakes.
I'll play my game myself, and ask sweet Bess
To church to-morrow!

Last. So will I.

Mort. And I.

[*Exeunt.*]

(*BESS crosses the stage after them with a tankard.*)

Enter HOSTESS, BELMONT and WILFORD.

Hostess. Walk in, walk in—I'll show you to a room.

Wilf. And please you get my chamber ready straight;
I will at once to bed.

Hostess. I'll see to't, sir;

He early goes to rest—he must be ill.
Love-sick perhaps? There's comfort for him then;
Like all his sex he'll soon get over that.

Bel. Hostess!

Hostess. Your will?

Bel. I'd try your wine—is't good?

Hostess. The very best!

Please you sit down, good sirs. [*Places chairs and exit.*]

Bel. Still rapt as ever!

Rouse thee, Wilford, rouse thee!
Shake off this lethargy, and be a man!
Take faster hold of hope! we'll find her yet.
But should we fail, what then? Art thou to pine
To death? This malady is of the head
More than the heart. Believe it can be cur'd;
Thou'lt find 'twill be so. Be thyself again!
Be free! But once beheld may be forgot.

Wilf. Yes, if a thing that any fellow hath.
I may forget a diamond, can I find
Another one as rich: but show me one
That is the paragon of all the mine,
And try if that's forgot, though seen but once!
Say that but once I see a beauteous star,
I may forget it for another star:
But say but once I do behold the sun,
And name the orb will blot its image out!

Bel. But of a single draught of love to die!

Wilf. Why not? There is your poison, strong and
weak;
One kind admits of antidote—one not.
One by the drachm, one by the scruple, kills:
Another by the grain—for not in bulk,
But subtleness, the lethal virtue lies.
So are there kinds in love! a dozen shafts

May gall him, and the bounding deer run on,—
But one shot home, behold he's down at once!

(*BESS enters with wine, which she places on a table some distance from BELMONT and WILFORD; the former sees her at once, and regards her with an expression of fixed admiration—the latter remaining in a state of perfect abstraction.*)

Bel. E'er saw'st thou thing so fair?

Wilf. What speak'st thou of?

Bel. Yon maid that waits on us.

Wilf. I've seen! I've seen!

Bel. This is to dream!

He sleeps—I'll wake him then. My pretty maid,
Hand thou the cup to yonder gentleman.

(*BESS, whose eyes have just fallen on WILFORD, stands gazing upon him, apparently insensible to every thing else.*)

What ails the girl? does she not hear? She's fixed
As statue to the pedestal—what is't
She gazes at? As I do live, 'tis he!
Commend me to a sallow cheek; she's smit
If Cupid is a marksmen! Maids, I've heard,
Like books they weep over; the which, the more
They're made to melt, the more do they devour!
See how she reads him! Marry, she will get
The book by heart!

Bess. 'Tis he! 'tis he! How's this?

I feel at home while I do look on him.
Seem near me hearts I know. I could believe
The roof our own. I scarce would start—were new
The door to open—to see my mother's face!
Yet what is he to me? Acquaintance of
My eyes, whom ne'er they met but once before!

Bel. A shot! a shot! Cupid is in the vein!

Bess. (*Drawing her father's picture from her bosom.*)
How like! how like! how very—very like!

There only wants a smile upon the lip—
 I think the lip more sweet the smile away—
 Fie! 'tis my father's lip! My father then,
 As often I have heard my mother say,
 Just now had won my mother's love—I ween
 My mother then smiled too! Who ought to smile,
 If not the maid that's woo'd by him she's wed?
 Her Bess will never wed!

Bel. A sigh! Be sure
 The fawn is struck.

Bess. Just now I felt at home,
 And now I feel a thousand miles from home!
 Things, strange before, are now still stranger grown,
 And he most strange of all—the farthest off,
 The least expected ever to be near—
 The sight of whom brought home so near to Bess!
 What's Bess's home to him? He'd pass the door,
 And would not know she dwelt there! If he did,
 Would never thank the latch to let him in!
 He has a home and friends that love him there—
 Friends that he loves. Poor Bess is far from home,
 Was never farther—never half so far.

Hostess. (*Without.*)—Why Bess! what Bess!

Bel. How deep she is entranced.

(*Hostess enters, and goes to her.*)

Hostess. Why Bess, what ails thee, child?

Bess. (*Abstractedly.*)—Anon! anon!
 I'll do it this moment.

Hostess. Do it! what wilt do?

Bess. (*Confused and hurriedly.*)—Whate'er you bid.

Hostess. Why, what has happen'd to her!
 Look to the bar till I come back again.

Why Bess, dost hear me, that thou dost not move?

Bess. (*Confused.*)—I'll go this moment—where am I
 to go!

Hostess. The girl's bewilder'd! "Where am I to go!"
Canst tell me what I said to thee just now?

Bess. Thou saidst, I think, or I mistake; thou saidst—
Thou saidst—perhaps I did not rightly hear;
Thinking of one thing, one forgets at times
Another thing—thou saidst—it was not that—
Nor that; in sooth, I know not what thou saidst.

Hostess. I knew't. I bade thee go and mind the bar.

Bess. I'll do't. (*Still looking in the direction of*
WILFORD.)

Hostess. Thou'lt do't! and go'st thou not to do it?
Yonder's the bar—why, Bess, thou art asleep!
Thou dreamest! Rouse thee, Bess. Go, mind the bar.
The girl's not like herself.

[*Exit Bess and Hostess severally.*]

Bel. A point-blank shot!
An entry this in Cupid's register!
Lord Wilford, was't not noon with you just now?

Wilf. Noon!

Bel. Felt you not the sun?

Wilf. The sun! what sun?

Bel. I'faith a glorious one, but not so kind
As that which shines by day; for not a beam
It threw on aught beside. You were its earth—
The grateful earth unlike—the orb alone
For which its light seem'd made; absorbing it,
Without so much as e'en a smile, to show
You knew't from very darkness!

Wilf. You are merry;
And I can only wonder that you are,—
As sickness doth, that health can feed, while she
Herself from rarest viands loathing turns.
It is not fancy; or, if fancy 'tis,
'Tis such as breeds reality—as, from
Imagination only of disease,
Disease itself will grow. Do I but dream?
Say that the anguish of a probed wound

Is but a dream—say he that writhes in fire
 Is fancy haunted—just as much am I!
 Seest not my fever? Is't not in mine eye?
 My cheek? if not, my pulse will show it thee!
 For if its throb be not the counter one
 To that which 'health doth know, 'tis anything
 But index of my heart.

Enter HOSTESS.

Ho! Bess, I say!

*Enter BESS, who is immediately perceived by WILFORD,
 and meeting his eye, stands as transfixed.*

Why, Bess, how's this? Is't true thou wast o'erheard
 To one, to two, and three to give consent,
 When ask'd to be a wife? art thou not pledged
 To marry Ralph?

Wilf. Is she to be a bride!

Bel. Are you awake?

Wilf. I am! I am!—as one,
 That long at sea doth pine him sick for land,
 And, ever dreaming on't starts up at last,
 With the rebound which says his bark has struck,
 And drowns in sight and very reach of it!

Bel. Is that the maid?

Wilf. It is. Now wonder at me!
 Wouldst thou not ask, sprang ever that from earth?
 Look there, and think of an anatomy!
 Can lurk the canker death in such a cheek?
 Is not that flower imperishable, as
 It lodged the virtue of the feigned one,
 Which never dies—in poet's song 'yclept
 The immortal amaranth! Is she to be
 A bride? I'll speak to her!

Bel. Thou'rt mad!

Wilf. And if I am,

Then once at least is madness rational.
 Being what I am, not to be mad as I,
 Were to be kindred to the cloddish brute,
 That looks at her and knows not what it sees!—
 Prevent me not! (*to Bess.*) Art pledg'd to any one?
 Art thou to be a bride? Say yes or no.

Hostess. Speak, Bess! say yes! Thou know'st thou'rt
 pledged
 To Ralph?

Enter RALPH.

Maids, sir, you know, are coy—give me thy hand.
 There—art thou now content? (*Places her hand in*
RALPH'S without being conscious of it.)

Wif. Content! Enough!

O'ermeasure on't! I've done,—yet would I touch
 The precious thing, so much I've coveted,
 Was ne'er till now in reach of—now so near—
 To find 'can ne'er be mine!—Whoe'er thou art,
 Thou art acquaintance of my heart—as soon
 As seen, beloved! I saw thee only once,
 That once too oft!—For then I thought upon
 My marriage bell, and wish'd it might be thine;
 But now, when thine they ring, they ring my knell!
 'Tis not a crime to kiss thy hand, while yet
 The banning of the priest forbids me not. (*Kissing*
Bess's hand.)

There! Let thy bridegroom at the altar fix,
 In presence of the watching cherubim,
 A truer seal upon thy lip than that
 I've fix'd upon thy hand—though his shall last
 'Till doomsday! Take me hence! 'Tis hard to look
 At what we wish were ours, and, while we do't,
 Persuade ourselves it can't be.—Take me hence!
 The only sight of her is hold too strong
 For me to struggle 'gainst! It pulls me towards her!

VOL II.—18

I feel as it did suck my vision in!
My breath! my life!—I cannot quit her!

(Breaks from BELMONT and rushes towards her. RALPH interposes. WILFORD seems to have lost all power over himself. BELMONT approaches him to lead him out; but, when at the wing, he turns—gazes distractedly upon BESS.) Lost!—*(Rushes out, followed by BELMONT, and at the same moment BESS sinks senseless on the shoulder of RALPH.)*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The front of the Queen's Arms.*

Enter PETER from the Inn, singing.

A white gown and girdle,
A knot of the same;
And come to our wedding,
Both damsel and dame!

Peter. A charming day! A most pleasant day! and pleasant and charming work too—work fit for such a day! Right excellent work! Wedding and feasting! The feasting for me; the wedding for them that like it. For mine own part, holding the sex to be a provocative to wrath, which is sin, I'd sooner hang than wed! But for the feasting—there I'm your man! Roast, boiled, or fried, was never the dish that couldn't warrant me the smoothest-temper'd fellow in Christendom—with the special provision that there was enough on't. I wouldn't say as much of a cup, for a cup is a thing that a man of very oil and sugar will sometimes quarrel over; but, from ale to sack, I defy any man living to say he ever saw me quarrel with my cup—barring the liquor was bad, or the cup empty. If I'm not the man for a feast, then never man sat down to one. I could feast it you seven days out of the week, and let him that can, do more. Nay, were there eight

days in the week, and the week nothing the longer, I could feast it to the eighth day too. So the good cheer sha'n't lag for me. (*Sings.*)

Your bran new jerkins, gallants, don,
Or jerkins new; as you may;
But the gallant whose mood is not o' the best,
Were best to stay away.

I'll give them a song. Marry, that can I, when I am tuned to the pitch. I'm none of your sober singers—your trollers of long-winded ballads with a burden to them. I hate your burdens! To be outsung by every knave that has three notes upon his voice. I like to sing alone; but then it must be when the liquor has tuned me to the pitch. Your liquor's a marvellous fine master of singing. When I'm tuned to the pitch, I'd like you to show me the man that can sing better, or the song that's too many for me. Nay, though I know not the air, I'll put one to it. I'll sing them a song—none of your ditties, such as my old master used to grumble.

In love fair Celia fell, O,
With alas! and O! and well-a-day!
And her love the maid would tell, O,—
Love comes and goes like sun in May!

Above your reach ten feet, O,
With alas! and O! and well-a-day!
Appears ten times as sweet, O,—
Love comes and goes like sun in May!

The youth he loved the maid, O,
With alas! and O! and a well-a-day!
But to woo her was afraid, O,
Love comes and goes like sun in May!

But when her love she told, O,
With alas! and O! and a well-a-day!

His love grew wondrous cold, O,
Love comes and goes like sun in May!

My moral would you find, O,
With alas! and O! and a well-a-day!
No maid should tell her mind, O,—
Love comes and goes like sun in May!

Enter OLD SMALL as off a journey.

Old S. I thank thee, fortune! Kind art thou to me!
He's here! he's here! Why, who should sing that strain,
If not the varlet knave he took with him?
'That can't be he!

Peter. My master's father here!

Old S. Good Sir,—

Peter. (*Aside.*)—All's right. He knows me not.

Old S. I pray,
Heard you a strain just now?

Peter. I know not what you call a strain. I heard
a varlet trying to play a tune upon his nose, which I
could have pulled for him, 'twas so villanously ill done.
If you call that a strain, let never man sing a strain to
me! I know when I hear a strain. In a strain there
is measure of time, which is the main part of it; mea-
sure of tune, which is no indifferent part of it; and
measure of voice, which, though it rank not with ei-
ther of the former, is yet allowed to be a part: but
here was neither measure of time, tune, nor voice, but
measure enough of the lack of them. If playing
a tune upon the nose be a strain, why then I heard a
strain just now; but whip me if I'd stand to hear such
• strain again.

Old S. This never could be he.

Peter. He eyes me hard.

Old S. One question more, good sir. What kind of
man was he you heard sing?

Peter. What! your nose-tuner? Why, a tolerably

sufficient man—nay, a very sufficient man; say he had the dress of one.

Old S. How was he dressed, I pray you?

Peter. Marry, with cap, jerkin, hose, and shoes; but the cap was out at the crown, the jerkin was out at the elbows, the hose were out all over; and as for the shoes, it would tax a conjuror to find out why he wore them, for the uppers were the most that remained of them, and they were out at the toes. Shirt had he none, or he showed it not; doublet had he ever, his jerkin must have eaten it up; for it was a most incontinent one—a devourer of all kinds of cloth—coarse, middle, fine, and superfine! and of all colours, a superlative sample of patch-work; a very nose-gay of a jerkin, saving the odour on't. If he was a gentleman, he was a gentleman in jest; if he was a beggar, he was a beggar in earnest. Service he could never have had; for bowels of flesh and blood could not have committed it, to put a human body into such rat's livery.

Old S. My scarecrow Peter, to a certainty.

Enter YOUNG SMALL from the inn.

Peter. My master! In, sir! in!

Young S. Why, what's the matter?

Old S. (to PETER.)—Worthy sir,—

Peter. Anon—

Young S. My father!

Peter. Fear not,—knows he not 'tis I.

Young S. Nay, if he finds us out, my fortune's mar'd.

Peter. Stay! and I'll rid you of him in a trice.

Old S. Pray you, what gentleman is that?

Peter. Gentleman! Ne'er saw you a lord before?

Old S. Is he a lord?

Peter. Is he a lord!—Look at him! Is he not a lord? Not your lord mayor, forsooth—a lord to-day, a master

to-morrow; but an every-day lord—a lord, and no thanks to you; nay, an' he halt at the third hob nail, yet shall he be a lord. Avoid him, or carry your cap in your hand. He takes measure of state upon him. If you take the wall of him, you may chance to take from the wall to the stocks. It happened no later than yesterday; though, truth to say, the youth was a forward one—one of your care-for-naughts from the city—a fellow that would hector it like a prince, though, six days out of the seven, I warrant you, his father wipes his beard with an apron.

Old S. What! put he him in the stocks?

Peter. Ay did he; and from the stocks into prison, whence if he be not transferred to the gallows, he has more luck than grace.

Old S. How angered he the lord, I pray you?

Peter. Marry, as I said, he took the wall of him; whereat the lord commended the wall to his head; which he not relishing, commended his hand to the lord's cheek; who thereupon commended his body to the stocks, and thence to the prison; whence when he is delivered, 'twill be upon a release in full, signed by the sheriff, and executed by the hangman—for he is a great lord.

Old S. Alack! so it should seem, Sir!—Know, you Sir, the name of the youth?

Peter. I heard it, but have forgotten it, and yet have I a memory; but 'twas a very patch of a name. One good substantial name would make three such. 'Twas something like Sprat—or—

Old S. 'Twasn't Small?

Peter. Small was the name!

Old S. Alack, Sir, 'tis my son!

Peter. Thy son!—Avoid!—Avoid! safety for thee lies hence—here, danger! Shares he thy blood, and shalt thou not share his punishment? Would he have transgressed but for thee, who but for thee had never

lived to transgress? Shall he, on whom treason is fathered hang, and the father of the traitor go free? Avoid, I say! Begone! Fine awaits thee! Imprisonment awaits thee! A halter awaits thee!

Old S. Might I but have speech
Of that fair lord? Good sir, hast thou his ear?
Look, here are twenty pieces,—speak for me,
And call them thine!

Peter. 'Twould naught avail!

Old S. Good sir,
I'll make the twenty thirty! Take them, sir!
Good thirty pieces only for a word!
Come, then, I'll make the thirty forty! What!
Won't that suffice? What will, then? Sir, you see
A poor old man that has an only son,
Whom he, in evil hour, let go from him,
Thinking that he could live without him, till
The task he tried, but found too hard a one!
Then choice had none except to follow him,
Or stay at home and die! And here is come
To Rumford all the way from London, sir,—
On foot, sir!—Take the forty pieces, sir!—
Nay, then, take fifty!—sixty! all I have!
And only speak a good word for my son.

Young S. Peter thou'st spoiled it all! Ne'er heed!
ne'er heed!

Thy son is not to hang. (*Speaking with his back towards OLD SMALL*)

Old S. O thanks for that!

But he's in prison. Ope the door for him,
Although to close't on me! I'll take his place:
Perhaps of right I should. I held the lash
And rein—if he's refractory or rash,
Why is he so, but that I used them not?
He better were, had he been better train'd—
That he's not so, his training bear the blame.
That lies with me. Yet was my fault my love—

My too fond love! so fond it could not see
How duty could be harsh and yet be kind.

Young S. Father!

Old S. How!—What! My son! Ah, Thomas, Thomas,
To pass thee on thy father for a lord!
And who is this? (*To PETER.*) Thou varlet—knave,
rank knave!

Young S. Nay, father, well 'twas meant; thou com-
est here

To see great things.

Old S. Is this a sample of them?

What kind of jerkin's that for thee to wear?

'Twould suit a lord! And trunks to match withal,

And doublet! Board and lodging for a life

Thou carry'st on thy back! A cap and plume!

Why, for what cobwebs, Thomas, has thou changed

Thy father's heavy crowns! What's that I see?

Wear'st thou a rapier too! The end of time

Is come! And thou, thou ape—for nothing good

But tricks! Thou mischief! Evil ne'er at rest!

For whom the hide were clothing good enough!

Are these my savings that do shine on thee?

The which to keep, thy master's back more oft

Did lack than go provided! Cap and plume

For thee!—A halter for thee!—Sirrah! I'll to town

Again. No hope! No help! Discomfort all!

Care lost! Love wasted! Thomas, fare-thee-well!

I shake thy hand in bitterness, I do!

I'll strive to live without thee!—To what use?

I tried, and couldn't do't. (*Falls on his neck.*)

Young S. Take not on so!

Or I'll take on. In sooth I will! I'm not

A stone—a lump of flint—a piece of steel.

Let our apparel pass—or note it but

For joy, for very joy! Thou hast a son

That's born to fortune!—to high fortune! Know,

To-day's my wedding day!

Old S. Thy wedding day!

Young S. My wedding day.

Old S. And who's to be thy bride?

Young S. A lady.

Old S. How! Why, wherewithal hast thou
To keep a lady?

Young S. Keep a lady! No;
Sufficient 'tis, methinks, I marry her.
My lady shall keep me. How say you now?
My lady's blood! She's one that comes of kin—
That looks for lands and coffers—that is heir
To titles! Wonder not though thou shouldst have
A baron to thy grandson! Close accounts,
And shut up shop!

Old S. I'm all amaze! I'd like
To see thy bride.

Young S. Thou shalt, but not to speak—
For, though thy son for gentle state was born,
Who looks on thee, saw he a counter e'er,
Bethinks him of a shop; so might'st thou mar
My fortune.

Old S. Knows she not thy father's calling?
Thomas! naught prospers like plain dealing, son!
But make thy fortune thy own way—thou ne'er
Wouldst follow mine!

Young S. Content thee, father, that
My fortune's made! E'en follow us to church;
But not a word until the knot be tied,
And I be fast and sure a gentleman!
Hoe, Kate! Sweet Kate! E'er saw you lady, father?
You now shall look on one! The form of lady,
The air of lady—face of lady—yea
The eyes, nose, mouth, and cheeks of lady. Kate!
Come forth, my bride!

Kate. (*Coming to the door.*)—Who calls?

Young S. Your bridegroom, Kate.
To church! to church!

Kate. Before my bridesmaid comes?

Young S. Thy bridesmaid, Kate, is not to marry thee,
But I, and I am here; so loiter not.

The sexton's part is done—the doors are oped;
The clerk is ready with his horn and pen;
The parson's gown'd, and standing by the book;
The merry bells are on the watch to ring
There want but thee and me; so come to church!

Kate. Without a bridesmaid I should be ashamed:

Young S. How delicate! Your bridesmaid yonder
comes!

So come, my lady Kate!

Kate. Heigho!

Young S. How sweet!

Lean on me, Kate,

Kate. I fear to take thy arm.

Young S. How elegant! Nay, Kate—

Kate. But if I must—

Young S. How like a lady doth she carry her.
In all things! bear up, Kate! Take courage, Kate!
Come on! Now warrant me a gentleman! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter WILFORD and BELMONT.

Wilford. Love plies the rack on which itself doth lie!
Tell it of solace, and 'twill talk of pain,
Which to augment its piteous profit 'tis!
So far unlike, love's merchant is to him
That trades for pelf. He hears his venture's sunk,
And cries, "'tis gone!"—tries to forget his loss—
Hoists up fresh hope, and launches other freight.
No other freight for him that trades in love!
His venture haply founder'd—no new hope!—
His dreamy day of speculation's done!
His breast hath room for nothing, but the thought
How many fathom deep his hope doth lie.
He has no use for life, except to make
Its cheek a feast for comfortless despair;

Nor ever smiles again, except to see
How fast it wastes away!

Bel. The lover's tune!

Wif. They come to carry her to church! To own
The happy hand she'll take to lead her there,
Would I forego the clasp of Fortune's own,
And all her gifts of rank and wealth refund!

Bel. Yet gave she these in kindness. By their means
Your love might prosper yet. What need you do,
But doff this sordid guise, appear yourself,
And ask and have her!

Wif. No! not even her
For their deserts!—Myself! What's of myself
That is not here? Call I the prouder suit
I should put on—myself? Call I my name,
No merit ever won of mine—myself?
They're naught of me but what a knave might wear
As well as I! My ardent soul's myself!—
My heart, too proud to be in fortune's debt,
Where merit sole should win—myself! My mind,
That its chief store by nature's riches sets
With this its vassal case, such as it is—
Myself!—The only self I'd use or thank
To win my love or friend! So end my part
What it began! I'll look once more upon her!

[Retires with BELMONT.]

Enter RALPH and HOSTESS, meeting.

Hostess. Ralph, where's thy bride?

Ralph. She's in her chamber still.

Hostess. Then bring her forth.

Ralph. She does refuse to come.

Hostess. For what

Delays she thus? Her bonnet's trimm'd—her coif
She has—I sent her in her wedding gown
An hour ago, I'm certain 'twas a fit!
I'll fetch her forth myself. (*Enters the house.*)

Enter YOUNG SMALL and KATE, followed by OLD SMALL and PETER.

Young S. Joy! Give me joy!

Ralph. How, sir, so soon abroad! The knotting done?

Young S. E'en so, good master Ralph! Father, my bride—

Kate. Thy father!

Young S. Even so, my pretty Kate!

But fit that all do know thou art my wife.

Good friends, my lady—Mistress Thomas Small.

Now do me justice 'fore my father, Kate;

He thinks me fool—prove thou that I am wise.

Thy kin, my Kate—thy kin, my lady Kate?

Kate. Anan?

Young S. Anan! Thy kin?

Kate. Anan?

Young S. Thy kin?

Thy house? thy family? thy pedigree?

Kate. Anan?

Young S. Anan again!

Whence drawest thou thy noble blood, my Kate?

How comest it to thee? Is it by the male

Or female side? The lands thou'rt heiress to—

The titles that shall fall to thee?—In right

Of whom expect'st them?

Enter STRAP, half tipsy.

Strap. Fine doings here!

A wedding! So!—I'll thank you for a knot

For honest master Strap.

Young S. Peace, fellow!—Peace!

The knotting's o'er.

Strap. O then the bride's a wife!

No doubt, good sirs, you've all had kisses round;

So now my turn is come. Sir, by your leave.

Young S. Out, knave! Thou'rt full of ale.

Strap. A lucky day *

For thee, when thou'rt full of aught so good!

I say I'll have a kiss.

Young S. What art thou?

Strap. What?

A cobbler.

Young S. What!—A fellow kiss my wife,
That is not master even of a craft!

Strap. That shows thy wisdom! cobbling is the chief
Of crafts.

Young S. The chief!—you hear him, masters! chief
Of crafts—I question if the half of one!—

Yea, third of one!—A cordiner's a craft;
What he doth make, the cobbler only mends,
And so's no better than a patch, a botch,

A nail, a tack, a stitch,—cobbler!—what!

A cobbler kiss my wife!—an awl—a piece
Of wax and packthread—and the bristle of

A hog—and there's a cobbler! Hark thee, Kate?

Could'st hear of such a lout to take a kiss?

No! never gentlewoman could!

Strap. Young man,

Thou'rt drunk, or mad—or both—thou knowest not
What cobbling is! 'Tis part of every trade,

And the chief part,—no trade but hath its cobbler.

Your law hath cobblers, your divinity,

Your surgery, your physic. There are cobblers

In merchandize and war. Who does not know

What cobblers are there 'mongst your politicians?

If that should be a craft which 'is most followed,

Then cobbling is a craft—the chief of crafts.

Young S. Well hast thou argued it! Yet provest thou
not

Thy right to kiss my bride!

Strap. Of new made bride

'Tis right of any one to take a kiss;

VOL. II.—19

So pr'ythee stand aside.—Nay, wilt thou not,
Thou'lt learn, belongs he to a trade or not,
A cobbler is a man! But no—no broil
Upon a wedding day. That were not like
A cobbler! Come—a bargain, sir—I'll leave it
To your lady.

Young S. Gives she leave, you're welcome, sir—
Small likelihood of that!

Strap. Fair lady!—what!
Slut! hussy! vixen! wanton! cockatrice!

Young S. How, knave?

Strap. Knave! she's the knave! Prevent me not.
I'll call her what I list, sir—what I list
I'll do to her. (*Embraces her.*)
Make rosin of her!—packthread!
Nail her into a last, you bridegroom!—Take
Strap, hammer, pincers to her!—turn her
Into thongs and shoe-strings! Wherefore should I not,
That am her father?

Young S. What?

Strap. O runaway!
Oh, vixen! mad-cap! Oh my daughter, Kate,
And have I found thee?

Kate. Father, I am married—
Married unto a gentleman!

Strap. (*Seeing OLD SMALL.*)—Odzooks!
Good Master Small!—factor of minikens
And corking pins—of pins of all degrees!
Hearing that thou hadst traced thy thriftless child
To Rumford here, and having lost my own,
Good fortune put it in my crazy pate
To follow thee,—and lo! what speed I've come!
My daughter's found—doubly found!—She says
She's married to a gentleman!—Hast found
Thy son?

Old S. Yes, Master Strap, he's there.

Strap. This he!

So, sirrah! jackanapes! And have I craved
 Thy leave to kiss thy bride? Scorn'st thou me now?
 And if thou dost, thou art my son-in-law—
 Yes, thou'rt married to a cobbler's daughter.
 And what of that? If not a gentleman,
 A cobbler is the king of jolly fellows!

Ralph. Kate! shall I now doff cap unto thy spouse?

Kate. Yes; if thou dost what fitteth thee to do.

Ralph. Thy gentleman hath dwindled to a pin!

Kate. A pin that's worth a bush of thorns, like thee!

Ralph. Give you much joy, good sir; you've wed
 your match;

Who doubts it, let him!—I will swear thy bride
 A lady—much as thou'rt a gentleman!

Nay, frown not—(*Good humoredly.*)

Young S. Frown! who ever saw me frown?

I've lost all day at loggats, and I'd thank

The man could say he ever saw me frown!

Come, Kate!—Come, fathers, both.

Kate. Wilt take me, Sir?

Young S. Take thee! have I not taken thee? I will,
 And keep thee too, so thou wilt let me, Kate.

(*YOUNG SMALL, KATE, OLD SMALL, STRAP, and PETER
 retire. Enter HOSTESS from house.*)

Hostess. I vow the girl's bewildered! yes and no,
 And no and yes, are all you get from her!

Nor yet will she come forth.—Is that her step?

It is. She comes.

Enter BESS, dressed as the BEGGAR's daughter.

Why, Bess, are you not dressed?

In trim like that went ever bride to church?

Ralph. Trim good enough for me. Come then, my
 bride;

Come, pretty Bess! your hand to go to church!

Bess. I go not, sir, a bride, to church with you.

Wilford. (Aside.)—Hope! hearty friend! art thou
come back to me?

I feel thee, yet can scarce believe I do,
So sure I thought we had for ever parted.
Welcome, O welcome!

Hostess. Can'st thou not consent
To marry Ralph?

Bess. Consent I could not give;
My heart was never author of the deed
My tongue did act without its privacy,—
The hand you covet, others' wishes claim
Disposal of—I have parents.

Ralph. Where are they?

Bess. Alas! I know not; but I go to seek them.

Ralph. Who are thy parents, then, my pretty Bess?
Tell me, sweet Bess!

Hostess. Sweet Bess, thy father's name?

Ralph. What is thy father?

Bess. The blind beggar, sir,
Of Bethnal Green.

Young S. You see I might have wed
A beggar, father. Give me praise for that.
My Kate, a kiss!

Ralph. Sweet Bess, had'st thou for father, craftsman
low

As low can be, I should be well content
To call him father, too; a beggar, though,
Is father none for me! [Exit RALPH.]

Hostess. Hold up thy head,
My pretty Bess! Thou'rt bride too good for them!
Above their mark! Shame on them! shame! I would
I knew the man were worth thee, Bess.

Wilf. What kind
Of man were he?

Hostess. Why, likely, such as thou,
For looks!—though I've seen better.—Met we not
Before?—'Amercy!—Yesternight we did,

When thou did'st rave of knells, and wedding bells,
 For love of Bess! Art now in raving mood?
 Or have thy wits, last night, a roaming went,
 Return'd with this fair morning? Come, confess,
 Thou'rt brother to my son?

Wilf. Of none, good dame,
 Who slight that maid!

Hostess. What! would'st thou take the maid?

Wilf. Not take her, dame!

Hostess. I knew't—

Wilf. You're over quick;
 You stop my speech, nor know the way 'twould run!

Hostess. 'Twould run?—It runs, I wot, no other way
 Than that of half thy sex, when they find out
 A woman's dower's herself.

Wilf. You wrong me, dame!

Hostess. Why, said you not you would not take the
 maid?

Wilf. I grant I did; but—

Hostess. But! Give me no buts!

Say downright no at once!—"But this—but that
 You love us—but! You'd wed us—but!" As much
 You'd love as you would wed! You'd wed, besure,
 If sure you lov'd! Yet you *do* love, you say,
 But cannot wed,—and love indeed you do,
But—in your own coin, to be quits with you,
 You love not for ourselves!

Wilf. I faith, not so!

And to convince you that your thought doth hold
 The counter course to that which mine doth steer,
 I'll say I'd take the maid; but—(runs.)

Hostess. There!

Wilf. Nay, peace!

Thwart not my soul, of which to judge the love,
 Thou must partaker of its essence be!
 Take her!—Take fortune, honours, fame! They're
 things

We hunt for;—they're the eager chase, that so
 Inspirts us,—despite its length, its stops,
 Its perils, its escapes, and accidents,—
 We keep it up with cheer! and what are these
 To this excelling maid?—I would not take—
 For that were to suppose a thing obtain'd,
 Untoild, and unadventur'd for—I'd win her!

Hostess. And worthy were to win! How say you,
 Bess?

Wilt thou to church be led by him? Nor no,
 Nor yes? I marvel what a maid would say,
 Who, when she's asked to church, doth hang her head!
 Is't no?—No, Bess?—An angel to a crown,
 'Tis no!, but no to no, that answers no,
 Sweet Bess, had'st e'er thy fortune read to thee?
 Show me thy hand. How white a thing it is!
 What's here? Here's line, and line, and he'er a cross—
 A lucky hand! Look! Saw you e'er the like?
 Methinks this hand betoken should, a maid
 Not like to wed—for wedlock's still, you know,
 The cross of womankind— She'll never wed!
 You think she will, I see, and doubt my skill?
 Then try your own, and read the hand yourself.

Wilf. This precious hand,—had I the skill to read,
 Great as the will, and fortune it foretold,
 Past what could e'er be mine,—I'd wish it well!
 Though what its hope did build, of mine were wreck!
 If adverse was its promise!—lucklessness
 Through life, unpurchas'd foes, unstable friends,
 Afflictions, beggary, in all—but love—
 And I the one to keep thee rich in that!—
 'Fore hands with fortune's pledges fair o'erwrit,
 I'd covet thine, and for that only gift,
 Compound for all beside! Did'st press my hand?
 Thou did'st!—Thou did'st—Deny it not, while stands
 That glowing witness on thy modest cheek,
 To back my tongue? I'faith, love's day doth come,

And that's the dawn, or never yet did beam
His golden sun on earth! And I to be
Its harbinger to her! Come, let us seek
Thy parents. Rich enough are they for me,
Whose blessing leaves me not a wish to bless!

Enter LORD THOMAS WILLOUGHBY, with ATTENDANTS.

Lord T. (Aside.) 'Tis she! For once hath rumour
spoken truth!

Base hind, forbear—nor lock thy arms on one
Thy knee were much too grac'd to wait upon—
And straight resign to me my peerless bride;
For know, whom thou esteem'st a beggar's child,
Is daughter to a baron of descent,
The highest in the land.

Wilf. A baron's child!

And bride to thee?

Bess. Oh, no!—No baron's child!

My father is a wandering beggar-man!
I would not be a baron's child!—yea, child
Unto a king—and least of all be bride to him!

Lord T. I'faith thou art a baron's child—I'faith
Thou art my bride—such gives thee out the tongue,
Whose word is law; 'twere treason to dispute.

Wilf. What say'st thou, Bess?

Bess. I'm bride to none but thee!

Thou that would'st wed me, though a beggar's child,
Were I a baron's child, should'st wed me still!
Take mind for mind, and heart for heart from me!

I saw thee, and I lov'd thee!—Grows my tongue
Too bold?—Forgive it for the bashfulness

That could not pay thy love with one poor word,
Until another did dispute with thee

What eye, and ear, and heart, and soul, and all
Bear witness is thine own!—where are thine arms?—
Or did'st thou mock to say I was their treasure?

(WILFORD clasps her in his arms.)

Lord T. (Drawing his sword.)—Forbear, I say! thy life's in jeopardy!

Lo! the commands of her whose will behoves
The proudest not to question. (*Gives a paper.*)

Wilf. What, to thee!

Convicted here of violence,

Offered to her, thou now would'st make thy bride!

Not for the Queen will I resign her to thee. (*Drawing too.*)

Lord T. You talk it mightily!

Wilf. I'll do it too.

Look you,—a man will let one take his life,
Ere he'll give up his purse, and that, perhaps,
Will hold a score of crowns. It hath been done
For less. Come, state the sum thou'dst set against her;
What's its amount? Come name't. Could'st borrow it
From usury? Could'st find it in the mint?
In that which feeds the mint—the unwasting mine?
Could'st eke it out with diamonds, and the rest
Of all the brood of gems? Could'st fancy it?
And shall I give her up, that hath the right
To keep her? Never with my will! She's mine!
You see she is! You see her choice no less,
Doth hold her here, than do the arms, my soul.
With force of thousand arms, doth lock upon her.
Advance an inch, thy life's not worth a straw!

Hostess. A spark! A spark among a thousand! Take
His word, good sir. He's one that says and does!
The man for me I'd wed, were I a maid!

(*Music without.*)

Lord T. Abide the cost of your rebellion, slave!
The Queen herself is here!

(*March. Procession as before—QUEEN, &c.—the QUEEN dismounts.*)

Queen. Ha, swords without their cases! What is this
Salutes mine eye surpassing all before,
Which it hath learned of nature's cunning fairness?
How! you that have the charge of him, lead forth
The Beggar of Bethnal Green.

Bess. My parents!

Albert and Emma. Bess!

Queen. I knew it must be she. Hast found her, sir?
The star that look'd upon thy birth was fair—
For had she been indeed a beggar's child,
She yet had been thy bride. The truant ring
That did betray thee, still was faithful to thee:
This hour your nuptials shall be solemnized!

Bel. Contain thyself! her hand she'll never give.

Wily. Does she—she may! Refuses she, let him
That dares, attempt to take it!

Hostess. Hold to that;
I would were I a man!

Queen. Yet,—ere we tax
The labour of the priest,—the parents' rank,
To me and to this lord alone divulg'd,
Befits it others know. That document,
Which to our hand her father did confide? (*to Ar-*
TENDANT—Paper is brought—QUEEN reads.)
Lord Woodville read and say, concerns thee aught
This history? (*Giving him the paper.*)

Woodville. It does! If truth it speaks—
Which, doubt I not, the Beggar is my brother;
A brother, that from me did, living, ne'er
Receive a brother's right, but hate for love;
And yet whose death to love converted hate.

Albert. Octavius!

Wood. Albert!

Albert. Brother!

Wood. O forgive,
And with thy lands receive a brother back! (*They*
embrace.)

Queen. My chaplain, ho!
Come tie the knot!

Wif. I have a feeling now
Of what it is to die—the heavy pause,
Ere life goes out!

Queen. What wait you for, sir priest?

Chaplain. Her hand to give, the maiden doth refuse.

Wif. She does! She's true! She's mine!

Queen. Who's he that speaks?

Wood. A peasant, please your majesty!

Lord T. A hind,

Your grace, who claims my bride!

Wif. Thy bride! She's mine!

Prize of my love, proud lord! that coveted
Her love when she was low, as now she's high,
And won it!—won it!—won, what all thy gold,
Thy lands, thy honours, thy alliances,
Could never win for thee! what, peasant as
I am, makes me the peer, that would not change
Condition with thee, wast thou twice as high.

Hostess. A spark to win a woman!

Lord T. Villain, hence.

Wif. Proud lord, I fling the foul term back at thee!
Nor call thee villain mere, but traitor foul!
Who knew'st thy mistress was a virgin queen,
Yet strov'st to rob a virgin of her pride,
By villain force! Ha! do I make thee blench?
Cower'st thou before me, peasant though I am?
Has not the blood of all thy noble line,
The power to hearten thee, and make thee stand
Erect in presence of the nameless brow
That's bent upon thee with an honest scowl?
Command'st me hence?—Hence, rather thou! and learn
Whose merits do behind their titles lag
Were better go undubb'd,—whilst lowest hind,
That's lord of noble deed, is lord enough.

Queen. Secure that hind who dares to brave a lord.

Bess. O great and royal mistress! rate him not,
By what he seems. If nature marketh blood,
Then is the peasant of condition fair,
As any in your court. If to be high—
If to be truly gentle—be to shine
In valiant bearing, generosity,
Love, which the eye of fortune follows not
For guidance where to smile,—a noble, and
The noblest noble, should the peasant be!
O sovereign gracious, that art mistress of
A woman's costliest heart, look down on mine,
Which through mine eyes doth now look up to thee!
And let me not for bankrupt pass in love,
Disinterestedness, and constancy,
With all the means and all the will to pay.
Give him the baron's daughter, who would take
The beggar's child to wife.

Queen. It must not be.

Alb. O most gracious Queen, a picture wears my child,
The likeness of her father ta'en in his youth;
Command her show it you.

Queen. That picture, girl! (*Bess gives the picture.*)
Feature for feature 'tis the peasant's own:—
A light breaks on me—my Lord Woodville,
Where is that truant son of thine, we wont
In sport to dub our hero of romance?

Lord Wood. Your grace, an age it is since I have
seen him.

Queen. Enough! a pretty masque it is they play!
I'll try the mettle of her constancy. (*To Bess.*)
Give me this bauble, and that other one
Thou wearest in thy heart, throw far from it;
For, by our title to the crown we wear,
We vow no peasant e'er shall call thee wife!

Bess. Recall, recall the vow!

Queen. Recall thy heart,
If thou hast given it him.

Bess. I cannot do't.

Queen. No ?

Bess. No ! He is its owner—~~master~~—lord !

Yes, I avow it, peasant though he is,
I could not take it from him, if I would !
I would not were he less, if less could be !
No, not to give it to the proudest he
That glitters in your court !

Albert. O thwart her not,
Most gracious mistress,—from adversity
I've learned !—instruction makes me venerate
Deeds more than circumstance. His deeds approve
That he doth love my child—her heart is his.
I would not from her heart her hand disjoin,
For gain of wealth or state !

Queen. He dies for this !

Nay, gasp not, maid. 'Tis but the peasant dies,
To give thee in a baron's noble heir,
The lover whom thy constancy hath won !
Young lord,—thou see'st how fortune, to revenge
The wrong thou would'st have done this noble maid,
When thou esteemed'st her of low degree,
Now that she proves fit partner for thy bed,
Consigns her to another's worthier arms.

(*To LORD THOMAS.*)

We pardon thee thy trespasses, atoned
By lots of sight, and long privations borne.

(*To ALBERT.*)

Lord Woodville, join thy niece to thine own son !
For there, indeed, he stands ; and greeting spare,
Until we see their nuptials solemnized ;
Which we ourselves under our conduct take.
Pageant and masque shall grace their wedding day,
And poets vie while they rehearse the tale
Of Bess, the beggar's maid of Bethnal Green.

END OF THE PLAY.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES,

A COMEDY, IN TWO ACTS.

As performed at the Chestnut Street Theatre Philadelphia.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Peregrine Peery	Mr. Hathwell.
Captain Tickall	Mr. Wemyss.
Captain Wingham	Mr. Heyl.
Farmer Clover	Mr. J. Jefferson.
Humphrey Grubb	Mr. Jefferson.
Nab	Mr. Jones.
Trap	Mr. Mestayer.
Burr	Mr. Bignall.
Grip	Mr. Meer.

Servants—Parker, Klett, &c.

Lady Sarah Peery	Mrs. Greene.
Eliza Beaumont	Miss Hathwell.
Dame Briarly	Mrs. Jefferson.
Rose	Mrs. Anderson.
Mary	Miss Mestayer.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

Scene near a Country Village, about fifty miles from London.—Time, from morning till night.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Open country.—A farm house on the left—on the right, a barn and a tree, with a turf bank.—TICKALL enters from the house in a shooting dress, followed by FARMER CLOVER.—TICKALL with a Gun.*

Tickall. Yes, yes, this will do, Clover, this will do; I think my creditors themselves would hardly know me in this dress; a set of ungrateful scoundrels, after being in their good books so many years to make me leave London, just at the very moment, when—

Clover. The shooting season has just begun.

Tick. Gad, that's true—I forgot that; they could not have pitch'd on a more convenient time. Pheasant shooting just begun—charming weather for the sport, and birds in abundance, eh, Clover!

Clover. Never had so much game on the farm yet, Captain.

Tick. Now don't, don't call me Captain—call me Hodge, or Colin—something rustic—green trees may have ears, as well as stone walls, and if you only whisper the name of Captain Tickall, your gentle zephyrs here may waft it up to town, and I shall have more duns upon me than flies on a cow's back.—Remember, I must pass for your cousin.

Clover. Well, Captain; that is cousin—my cousin's name is Peter.

Tick. Peter! that will do very well—call me Peter.

Clover. I have.

Tick. What, already! so much the better.

Clover. Country folk, you know, are main curious about strangers, particularly the women, so I was forced to have a lie ready made for 'em.

Tick. If Dormer had but arrived in time to take up that unlucky bill, which I accepted for him, these tradesmen would have been quiet enough; but now the hue and cry is up, and unless you cousin me, I shall never be able to cozen them.

Clover. I warrant you, Captain—that is, Peter—we farmers know a great deal more about creditors and bailiffs, and such like vermin, than we did—O bless you, we've had a deal to do wi' 'em lately.

Tick. (*Looking off.*)—See, what's that?

Clover. Ey! where?

Tick. (*Stands aside.*)—Mark! mark!

Clover. Mark! why it's a man—looks like an officer.

Tick. An officer!—a catchpole from Casey-street?

Clover. No, no, a captain.

Tick. A decoy! a trap! stand back! I'm not to be had.

TICKALL gets behind the tree—CLOVER stands aside—
WINGHAM enters in disorder.

Wingham. Where the devil am I? In Essex, Sussex, Kent, or Berks? No matter, I am at least fifty miles out of London, and, at present, safe. No one pursues me, no one sees me, and here—yes, I'll attack this house at a venture.

Clover. Attack! (*Advancing.*)—I say, Mr.—, may I know your pleasure?

Wing. Certainly; in the first place, soap, water, and a clean towel; in the next, a good breakfast; and, lastly, bed and board for a week. I have been travelling all night, and am half dead with fatigue and hunger; but by what conveyance, or who drove me, or where

I am driven to—curse me if I can tell more than the man in the moon.

*Tick. (Coming forward.)—*Ha! ha! ha!

Wing. Who's that?

Tick. Wingham, my dear boy.

Wing. Tickall!

Clover. O ho! birds of a feather, I see!

Tick. This is the most fortunate event.

Wing. Fortunate?

Tick. Yes, I only wanted a companion in the same scrape as myself, to make me perfectly happy.

Wing. My dear fellow, you little know what has happened—but (*Looks at CLOVER*) may I speak?

Tick. O, you may trust Clover, he's an old servant of my father's, a true friend of mine, and staunch as a bull dog—but what is the matter now? our old complaint, I suppose—the only remedy for which, is, country air and retirement.

*Wing. (Shaking his head dismally.)—*Ah!

Tick. You needn't groan, man, there's a pair of us; but what is your particular complaint? what are you sick of—a hatter, a hosier, or a tailor?

Wing. Neither—a woman.

Tick. A woman! ha! ha! why you have a complication of disorders, you are incurable—what, the shy, diffident, bashful Wingham, involved at last.

Wing. I never meddled with one of the sex, but somehow I got into mischief.

Clover. Ah they are a cruel, cross-grained kind o' cattle, sure enough, as I used to tell my wife.

Wing. You know my attachment to Eliza?

Tick. I do—that you gain'd a victory on the field of honour, never surprised me; but that you ever mustered courage to attack so charming a girl as Eliza Beaumont in the field of love, did, I confess, astonish me not a little.

Wing. She returned my affection.

Tick. That was still more wonderful.

Wing. Consented to marry me.

Tick. Poor fellow! go on—upon my soul, I pity you.

Wing. On the point of asking the consent of her guardian, Sir Peregrine Peery, I determined to give a farewell dinner to a few of our mess; we met, drank Eliza's health in a bumper of Burgundy, and I bid farewell for ever to the life of a bachelor.

Clover. Why, you couldn't have been sober, sure.

Wing. No, flushed with wine, and inspired by the image of my future wife, the bottle absolutely flew.

Tick. Jolly dogs! I wish I had been among you.

Wing. We laugh'd, sung, talk'd; and the more we talked, the less we understood each other. One of the party had introduced a stranger, just arrived from Belgium, a Captain—Captain—I have forgot his name: he made some observations which I thought much too familiar; unpleasant words pass'd—a serious explanation ensued—we met in the dusk, my antagonist fell.

Tick. Zounds! this looks serious.

Clover. Ay, that's what gentlefolk call satisfaction.

Wing. He owned himself in fault, and bid me fly.

Tick. Oh, ho! that sounds better—you only wing'd him then?

Clover. Wing'd him! mercy on us; they make no more of shooting a man than I would a partridge.

Wing. One of the party immediately led me to a carriage, and bade the fellow drive at full speed. I never opened my lips, or stopt, but to change horses till half an hour ago, when the axletree broke, and I left the astonished driver cursing and swearing at having brought a stranger fifty or sixty miles out of town, instead of his master.

Tick. Why, this is like the last chapter of a romance.

Wing. Don't banter, but think of my situation.

Tick. Pho, it's not so bad after all—Clover will find

you another suit—I've half a dozen disguises at your service—and when the newspaper arrives in the village, we shall know the extent of your disaster. It cannot be serious.

Wing. I am pretty sure it is not, but till I know the truth, it may be as well to quarter with you.

Tick. That of course; here, Clover, take the gun, we've had shooting enough for one while.

Clover. So I should think.

Tick. Go and look out on the road for the broken carriage, and bring us what information you are able to pick up.

Clover. Ay, ay, Peter, leave me alone to manage that; I know how to beat about the bush and bother a bailly, as well as ere a man in the county.

[*Exit CLOVER.*]

Wing. What does he mean by Peter?

Tick. Only a necessary precaution to prevent unpleasant accidents. You must know I am here to recruit.

Wing. I thought your company was full.

Tick. Yes, yes, my company is full, but not my purse; if money makes a man, I'm in an absolute consumption.

Wing. But this dress—an intrigue, I suppose?

Tick. You are right—an intrigue with my creditors; they had so many large sums to make up, that my small accounts would have done them no service; so as I couldn't in conscience pay one in preference to another, I treated them all with the greatest impartiality, and came down here to refresh.

Wing. But, in sober earnest, you seem to have forgotten that I came here to refresh; upon my soul I am fagg'd and famish'd—I'm as dirty as a scavenger, and as hungry as one of your creditors.

Tick. Well, if I can't stop their mouths, I think I can stop yours.

Wing. (*Looking off.*) 'Sdeath! there are two women.

Tick. Women! the more the merrier, I say: why, you are as much afraid of a petticoat, as I am of a petty officer. I know them—it's old Dame Briarly and her pretty daughter Rose,—she was married a day or two back to one of the bumpkins here; upon my soul a sweet creature.

Wing. I don't like sweets; breakfast, my dear fellow, breakfast.

Tick. Well, well, I'll tell you all about her, while I pour out your tea—come.—(*Exeunt into house as Rose appears in the back ground, followed by her mother.*)

Dame. Rose! Rose! don't go so fast, child.

Rose. There—I'll wait for you now, mother; here is a nice shady place for you to rest.

Dame. Rest, indeed! I shall have but little rest, I fancy, now you are married; instead of making you more steady, O! my conscience, you are more wild than ever; you frisk about like a summer fly.

Rose. Why, I feel so happy, mother, and the weather is so fine, and altogether—I—didn't you feel happy, mother, when you were married?

Dame. Umph! yes, yes; but then I was more discreet, more homely.

Rose. Perhaps that was, because you were so much older, mother.

Dame. No such thing, child; it was because I had a proper sense of the duties, and the cares that were coming upon me.—I began to provide for a rainy day—why, I set about my baby clothes the first week, and had every thing ready in three months.—(*Sits herself on the bank.*)

Rose. Lord, mother, how you talk!

Dame. Now knock at the door and see if Farmer Clover is in the way.

Rose. (*Knocking at the door.*)—Farmer! Farmer Clover! (*Knocks again.*) Is there any one at home?

Tick. Yes, my dear! (*Coming from the door and kissing her.*)—I'm at home. (*DAME starts up.*)

Rose. Lord, Mr. Peter, is it you?

Dame. Bless the man, he's never out, I think, when Rose calls.—Why don't you ask for the farmer, child?

Rose. I was going to, mother, only Mr. Peter stopp'd my mouth before I could speak.

Tick. That's just my way.

Dame. Don't be so forward, young man; if her husband was to see you, he'd make you a pretty kickup.

Tick. Pho! only a kiss of compliment—'tis usual on such occasions—besides, we don't mind husbands, do we, Rose? upon my soul I must talk to her, she is so pretty.

Dame. Ah! she doesn't forget that, I promise you.

Rose. Why, I can't help remembering—when I'm told it so often.

Tick. And then she is so like you, it's impossible not to admire her.

Dame. Come, the young fellow has some discernment; but since she has been married, Humphrey has been so jealous.

Rose. Oh! nothing can be like it; shockingly, terribly jealous.

Tick. Then he deserves to be made more so.

Rose. Does he, indeed?

Tick. Yes, to be sure—I rather think I ought to kiss you again.

Dame. No, no, don't put such nonsense into her head, pray.

Tick. Why doesn't Humphrey stick closer to his wife then? By the bye, it's a horrid ugly name for so charming a girl—Grubb—faugh! Mrs. Humphrey Grubb. Why, Rose Briarly was beautiful! but where is numps? where is he?

Rose. At home—he's not well.

Dame. Got the lumbago, poor fellow!

Rose. So he made mother come over with me to Lady Sarah's.

Tick. Lady Sarah?

Dame. Yes; she lives in this neighbourhood, and—

Rose. I'll tell Mr. Peter all about that, mother.—You must know, I was brought up by Lady Sarah from a child.

Dame. And Rose behaved so well—

Rose. Will you let nobody talk but yourself, mother?

Dame. You talk so slow, child.

Tick. Don't hurry her—she'll cure of that.

Rose. Well, I liv'd till I was sixteen in Lady Sarah's house, and when I left her she promised, when I married, to give me a portion—

Dame. Of a hundred pounds! Think of that—a hundred pounds.

Tick. Enormous! Oh! she has thrown herself away—I'd have married her myself for half the money.

Dame. Well, go on, child.

Rose. No; now you have told all the best, you may tell the worst—I can never put two words together without being snapp'd up.

Tick. Well, well,—a hundred pounds—any thing more?

Dame. Yes; upon condition that she brought her husband to receive it; but we are in a sad quandary about poor Humphrey—for, as he is not with us, perhaps her ladyship won't give us the money, and we may trudge back nine miles just as rich as we came.

Tick. How so?

Rose. Lord, how dull you are! Didn't you hear I was to bring my husband *with me* to receive the dowry?

Tick. I see, I see: a husband under your wing is indispensable—I'll provide you. Egad, I'll make Wingham go with her; it will be devilish good practice for him, and the best concealment in the world.

Wing. (*Without.*)—Tickall! Tickall!

Tick. Confound him! what's he at!

Rose. Who's that?

Tick. That! it—it—it's William.

Dame. William! and who's Tickall?

Wing. (*Without.*)—Can't you get me another loaf?

Tick. What! you have eat all, have you—he says, he has eat all!—why he feeds like an attorney's clerk in term time.—(*WINGHAM enters in a country habit from house.*) Remember my name's Peter; yours is William—William.

Wing. Oh, my name's William, is it?

Tick. Dame, this is my relation, Farmer Clover's second cousin.

Dame. His cousin?

Tick. Yes, his cousin german.

Rose. (*to WING.*)—Good morning to you, sir.

Wing. Good morning, Miss. Pert enough! but they are all alike.

Dame. Miss, indeed! my daughter is a married woman, sir.

Rose. Yes; married a whole week, come Sunday, sir.

Wing. I give your husband joy.

Enter CLOVER in haste.

Clover. Get out o' the way—get into the house—they're coming.

Tick. Which of us do they want?

Clover. Oh, all's fish that comes to their net—the chap that drove the chaise sent them this way.

Wing. The chaise! then it's me, what am I to do?

Dame. Bless us! what's the matter? is any thing amiss?

Tick. Oh, nothing—I am only contriving—how—how—I have it—has the lady you talk of ever seen your daughter's husband?

Dame. What, Humphrey?

Tick. Yes, numps!

Rose. No, never.

Tick (*Pointing to WINGHAM.*)—Then take him; he shall be your husband.

Wing. Me! me!

Dame. What d'ye mean? how dare you propose such a thing?

Tick. To tell you the truth, my cousin here is a little in debt, and, till I can pay the money for him, is in danger of being arrested—so, take him by the arm—you'll serve him and yourself too at the same time.

Wing. No, no; "of two evils I'll choose the least"—tell the sheriff's officers I'm ready.

Tick. Nonsense; you are not the first man by a thousand that has been obliged to marry a wife to escape a bailiff.

Clover. It's what we must all come to, so the sooner you get into training the better.

Rose. There's a good deal of reason in what they say, mother.

Dame. Reason, indeed! I see no reason in the case.

Tick. Why, it's only a joke.

Dame. A joke! by my troth, it will be no joke to poor Humphrey—yet, to get the dowry, perhaps—

Tick. Ay, think of the dowry.

Rose. And to serve a poor innocent young man.

Dame. Not so innocent, perhaps, as you suppose; you are mighty compassionate all of a sudden.

Clover. (*Looking off.*)—Oddslife! I see they are coming.

Tick. Coming! cruel, barbarous woman, have you the heart to refuse? oh! if you but knew the horrors of a lock-up house!

Rose. Yes, yes, he shall be my husband in joke—what harm will it do me, or Humphrey either?

Dame. Well, well, if he'll promise not to carry the joke a little too far.

Tick. He shall; he does—(*Pushing WINGHAM towards ROSE.*)

Rose. (to WINGHAM.)—But mind, it's only pretence.

Wing. I'll take care it shall be nothing else, my dear; this remedy is worse than the disease.—(*ROSE takes his arm on one side; the DAME comes on the other.*)

Tick. There, now you are safe.

Wing. Safe! between two fires. (*The FARMER makes a sign; TICKALL runs into the house.*)

Enter NAB and TRAP.

Clover. Well, Dame, I wish you a pleasant walk; good day, Humphrey, take care of your little wife.

Dame. I'll warrant him—come, children.

Nab. Not so fast—what's your name?

Wing. My name? William.

Rose. No, no, Humphrey; you promised, when you married, not to call yourself William any more.

Trap. What, don't you know your own name?

Dame. Yes, but he has two names.

Wing. Well, Humphrey then.

Rose. Yes, Humphrey Grubb, my husband.

Dame. And my son-in-law.

Clover. And my cousin.

Wing. Yes, her—her husband, and her son, (*WINGHAM in his confusion has pointed to the wrong persons,*)
—and—

Clover. You bother the poor lad out of his senses; if you want to know who, and what they are, you had better go with them up to Lady Sarah's.

Nab. Lady Sarah's!

Wing. Yes—I am going to be married.

Rose. No, no, we are married.

Dame. Blockhead! you are going to get a dowry.

Nab. Oh! its all right, you may bundle off.

Wing. Come, Rose! the gentleman says we are to bundle. [Exit.

Nab. That's a smart lass enough, but he's a precious flat! I say, my old mother, you'll have work enough to manage that pair of cuckoos.

Dame. Pshaw! the man has no more manners than a hog. (*DAME follows WINGHAM and ROSE, and, as they go off, TICKALL, who has been watching from the window, exclaims, joyfully,*)

Tick. Bravo!

Nab and Trap. What's that?

Clover. Where? (*Affecting quiet surprise.*)

Nab. I thought I heard a man's voice.

Clover. Did you? you are a Lunnener, mayhap?

Nab. Yes, what o' that?

Clover. O! that's all—that's quite sufficient—I've heard say they don't know a cow from a brass candle-stick—so I don't wonder at your taking a magpie for a man. But I say, masters, you ask a plaguy sight o' saucy questions—perhaps you can answer a civil one?—(*Changing his tone.*)—Who the devil are you? and what d'ye want on my farm?

Nab. Oho! if you run rusty we shall soon settle you; there's a writ for one Captain Tickall.

Clover. Bless my soul! is there indeed? (*He gives a glance to TICKALL, who leaves the window.*)

Nab. Yes—so you had better not obstruct us in our duty.

Trap. You don't happen to have seen him?

Clover. Who, I? Lord love you! I don't see a Captain from year's end to year's end—not I! it's as true as you are an honest man, (*Aside.*) So, that's no lie, however.—(*TICKALL leaves the house and gets behind a tree.*)

Nab. He's somewhere in this neighbourhood, disguised like a countryman.

Clover. Oh! you may search my house and welcome—the door's open, you see. (*Aside.*) I'm damn'd if it shall be so long tho' if I can get you o' the inside en't, my boys.

Nab. Well, Trap, look about and I'll stay here.

Clover. Oh, you had better walk in and sit down—I'm sure you are heartily welcome—now pray—(*TRAP goes into the house; HUMPHREY GRUBB heard singing without.*)

Humphrey. And my burden shall be,
Who so happy as me,

Now I've got a wife o' my own!

Clover. Confiat it! if there bea'n't the real Humphrey Grubb himself.

Tick. Oh! curse him! what's become of his lumbago?

Nab. Who have we got here? (*Going to meet HUMPHREY.*)

Clover. (*to TICKALL.*)—Run, run, there's nothing else left for it.

Tick. But what is to become of Wingham?

Clover. I'll be at the house before these chaps.—(*TICKALL runs off.*)

(*Enter HUMPHREY, met by NAB;*)

Hump. And the burden shall be,
Who so happy as me.

Servant, sir—ah! Farmer, how does do? (*Passing NAB with a nod.*)

Nab. Egad! this may be our man; the farmer looks rather nonplush'd. I say, isn't this—(*CLOVER whistles, and endeavours to appear unconcerned.*)

Hump. What's the matter wi' you? ha'n't you a word to throw at a dog? (*Goes up and seats himself on a bank under the tree.*)

Clover. (*Recollecting himself.*)—Ecod, it will be none the worse for him in the long run, and 'twill make us easy at once.

Nab. Oh! it must be.

Hump. (*Sings.*) I've a pig and a cow,
And a good barley mow,

A horse, and a barn, and a stable ;

And I've got a wife,

And I've got a wife,

To love me for life,

And I'll love her as long as I'm able.

Nab. You carry it off very well, sir, but it won't do.

Hump. Won't do! what d'ye mean? I say it will do, and—

The burden shall be,

Who so happy as me,

Now I've got a wife o' my own.

Clover. Well, I shan't deny it. (*Having been questioned by NAB.*)

Nab. I thought so—it's all known, sir.

Hump. Ey!

Clover. Yes, it's all publish'd like.

Hump. Published!—(*Coming forward*)—to be sure it is, I know that well enough; I put all the particulars in the County News myself—cost me a whole week's wages—"Married, Sunday last"—

Clover. What, the first of April!

Hump. No, first of October—"Mr. Hum—

Clover. You needn't say any more.

TRAP comes from the house, and throws NAB a regimental coat.

Trap. I say, Nab, the bird's flown, but he has left his feathers—look here.

Nab. (*Crossing to HUMP.*)—This coat belongs to you, sir?

Hump. To me! why, I couldn't squeeze into it, if 'twas ever so; not that I have any objection to be a soldier, give me plenty o' pay and no fighting.

Nab. I wouldn't wish to affront your honour, but you must go with us to Sir Peregrine Peery's—he's a magistrate and justice of peace in these parts.

Hump. My honour! come, come, don't make game—

I say, Farmer—(*Crossing to FARMER.*) how did they know where I was going to?

Clover. Oh! these sort o' gentlemen generally know other people's business quite as well as their own.

Nab. Come, sir, we are ready to wait upon you.*

Hump. Sir, you are very genteel, and all that; bless my soul! only think o' my lady sending two servants to wait upon me! Rose told her I was cruel bad, I suppose, wi' the lumbago; but I'll soon walk it off.

Clover. You mustn't walk off without them though.

Hump. Well, if I were one of the family, I couldn't be treated wi' more respect.

Nab. It's no use to talk in this farmer-like way, sir, now we've found you.

Hump. Oh! ay! I must be pretty behaved, I suppose, and mind my manners.

Trap. Please to walk forward, sir. (*Crossing to HUMPHREY.*)

Hump. Sir, you are mortal polite and civil, I must say, but you won't mind stopping at the Horns to have a mug o' beer, will you?

Nab. Any thing to accommodate a gemman.

Hump. That's well; good bye, Farmer.

Clover. Fare you well, Captain.

Hump. I've a pig and a Cow,
And a good barley mow, &c.

[*Exit HUMPHREY followed by BAILIFFS.*]

Clover. That job's jobbed, hows'ever. Consume it! between Captains and Commoners, my head begins to bother—I must get up to the house, tho', before Master Humphrey, or Mr. and Mrs. Grubb will be in a fine way. I'll be hanged if them baillies ben't as great a plague to gentlefolks, as the rot is among cattle; and a fine sight harder to get rid on. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—An Apartment at SIR PEREGRINE PEERY'S.

Enter LADY SARAH PEERY and ELIZA BEAUMONT.

Lady Sarah. My dear Eliza! you really couldn't have arrived more apropos—I came here myself but the day before yesterday, and am quite alone; but why did you not get my nephew, Captain Dormer, to escort you?

Eliza. Captain Dormer, you surprise me!

Lady S. You know he and his uncle, Sir Peregrine, are your joint trustees, and there could not be the least impropriety.

Eliza. But I thought he was with the army in Belgium.

Lady S. He must have leave of absence, for I saw his name on the list of arrivals, just before I came from London.

Eliza. I made certain, Sir Peregrine Peery was with you—you surely expected him?

Lady S. So 'I do;' but his engagements abroad makes his time so uncertain, that, whether he will be here in an hour or a month hence, it is impossible to tell.

Eliza. Has he not written to inform you?

Lady S. Oh dear, no; these visits to his agents so often occur, that he frequently gives me an agreeable surprise when I least expect him; however, I have left the carriage and servants in town, and only brought my own maid I have lately engaged; but there's the housekeeper to cook for us, and the gardener to go on messages, so we shall manage extremely well, I dare say.

Eliza. I shall like it of all things—but my guardian being absent now, is—is—

Lady S. Is what? my dear Miss Beaumont, you really seem much more anxious about Sir Peregrine

than I ever knew you before. Oh! I have it—you blush—I'll wager a wedding dress, that that sighing, dying swain of yours, that I have heard so much of, has actually been bold enough to ask you the question.

Eliza. I confess; Wingham has indeed proposed.

Lady S. And been accepted?

Eliza. Yes, and however shy and diffident he may generally appear in female society, I can assure your Ladyship he doesn't want spirit when one is better acquainted with him; his character and connections are unexceptionable, and I should hope—

Lady S. Sir Peregrine will doubtless give his approbation, with as much joy as I receive this welcome intelligence. By the way, talking of matrimony, I hurried into the country rather sooner than I intended, to complete a promise I made to Rose Briarly.

Eliza. Rose Briarly! I thought she was too young to be married.

Lady S. It's very evident she doesn't think so, for, to my very great surprise, on looking over the County Chronicle, there I found my pretty protégée converted into Mrs. Humphrey Grubb.

Eliza. Grubb—Heavens! what a name!

Lady S. Perfectly true, I assure you; and the worthy husband of course went to the expense of an advertisement, that I might be reminded of the dowry I promised his wife.

Eliza. Well, I think rather than have been called Mrs. Grubb, I would have died a spinster.

Lady S. Not you, believe me; the man, after all, may not be so odious as his name; but in all probability this happy pair will pay me a visit in the course of the day, so you will judge for yourself—I must now give a few orders to my maid, and then, Eliza, you must tell me the whole history of Wingham and his tender penchant. I dare say his method of courtship

was quite novel and entertaining! but you'll soon cure him of his bashfulness, depend on't—adieu. [*Exit.*]

Eliza. Was ever any thing so unfortunate! just as I have brought this timid lover of mine to confession; I must positively marry the man at once, or he'll take fright at his desperate situation, of running away with me, as he ought to have done a month ago, and he may run away from me—O Lud! I must prevent that at all events. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The garden, with a handsome entrance gate at the back, and distant country—A house and summer-house.*

Enter LADY SARAH, from the house.

Lady Sarah. Mary, Mary!

Enter MARY, from summer-house.

Mary. Yes, my Lady, did you call me, ma'am?

Lady S. Yes; what have you been doing in the summer-house?

Mary. Only setting it to rights abit, my Lady—you told me Sir Peregrine always dresses, reads, and settles his accounts in that room, so come when he likes he'll find every thing to his hand.

Lady S. You are rather premature in your preparations, I believe—but I wish to know if there are any letters?

Mary. Gardener has not come back, my Lady.

Lady S. When he returns, let me know.

Mary. Yes, my Lady.—(*Exit MARY into the house.*)
TICKALL runs through the gates, stops and looks back.

Tick. There's nothing else to be done—the dogs are on a true scent—and if I can't double them here, I am finish'd, fixed, and screwed close till next quarter day.

Lady S. Bless me, who can this be?

Tick. Ah! a woman! then there's hope.

Lady S. How shall I get rid of him? not a creature in the house, and—

Tick. Madam, if ever you took compassion on a man in your life, extend it now to me.

Lady S. Sir?

Tick. Do not mistake; I assure you I am a man of the most moral principles—of the strictest honour; I have just run away from a set of rascally creditors, and—

Lady S. Pursued by bailiffs?

Tick. Yes, madam—I had just escaped from one couple, when I was started by another.

Lady S. I thought, sir, men of honour always avoided such disgrace, by paying their creditors.

Tick. So they do, ma'am, when they can—honour and honesty should always go hand in hand—that's one of my maxims—but the fact is, they have only given me credit for three or four years, and charged enough for seven—but my present difficulty arises from my having accepted a bill of two hundred pounds for my friend Captain Dormer.

Lady S. Captain Dormer!

Tick. One of the best fellows in the world, ma'am—but not arriving in time to take up the bill himself, and I not having sixpence to answer it, the alarm spread, and, unless you take me by the hand—

Lady S. May I inquire your name, sir?

Tick. In this garb, I am called Peter—but Tickall, Captain Tickall, madam, is my real name.

Lady S. So, I have heard of this wild spark before.

Tick. For heaven's sake do not leave me at his mercy—'tis true, in love, your sex sometimes betrays us, but I never knew a woman yet devoid of pity, or insensible to the duties of humanity. (*Aside.*) If that doesn't do, nothing will. Take me up stairs—lock me into your closet—do any thing with me.

Lady S. Nay, sir, I—(*GRIP and BURE heard without.*)

Grip. This way, I'll swear I saw him turn this corner.

Tick. Zounds! they are here.

Lady S. This is very distressing, but—

Tick. O, you have a face of feeling, but a heart of flint. But there's no time for argument, I'll run in here. (*Runs into the summer-house—GRIP and BURR appear at the gate.*)

Burr. He must ha' run into this garden.

Lady S. What am I to do? this young man's story, as far as concerns Captain Dormer, I know to be true, and it would be ungenerous, ungrateful, not to befriend him.

Grip. Beg pardon, ma'am, but there's a chap that has given us more trouble than any six we have ever had to deal with.

Burr. Yes, ma'am, slippery as an eel.

Lady S. Pray, gentlemen, be a little more intelligible—what is your business here?

Burr. No offence to you, ma'am, but we are after a shy cock—we know he's here well enough.

Lady S. You are certainly mistaken. (*Aside.*)—I must not let them suppose I am unprotected. No one has entered my house, and if you do not instantly quit these grounds, I shall send for my husband, who is a magistrate, and will know how to answer your inquiries much better than I can. (*During this, TICKALL peeps from behind the blind.*)

Grip. We can't be put off in this way, ma'am—I'll take an affidavit I saw a man turn in here.

Enter TICKALL from summer-house, in a dressing gown and slippers, a brown bob wig, and a book.

Tick. What, what, what's all this uproar? who is it dares disturb a peaceable man in his own house?

Bail. (*Astonished.*) Sir!

Tick. Why wife! what can these noisy people pos-

sibly want? have they any business with you, my dear?

Lady S. (Aside.)—He deserves to escape for his dexterity.

Grip. Are you the master of this house, sir?

Tick. To be sure I am, sir; and pray why am I, and my angel wife, and all my family to be disturbed in this outrageous manner?

Lady S. I imagine they are officers, in pursuit of some person whom they think is concealed in our house.

Tick. Our house! (*Aside.*)—may Heaven bless you with beauty till you are as old as my grandmother. Oh! I begin to comprehend—some runaway spendthrift, I suppose?

Burr. Yes, rot him, he run like a stag.

Tick. What sort of figure, ey?

Burr. Dress'd summut like a gamekeeper.

Tick. What, in gaiters, and a short coat?

Grip. That's the man.

Tick. The very man I saw run past our gate, my love! he took the road that leads to the highway. I had a strong suspicion he was not running so fast for nothing. Do you know his name?

Burr. One Captain Tickall.

Tick. Tickall! Tickall! I think I have heard of him before; hav'n't you, my dear?

Lady S. O yes, and am sorry to say, heard very little to his credit.

Tick. Excuse me, I recollect; he is a little in arrears with fortune, but a most exemplary character.

Grip. We have nothing to do with his character, sir, we only want the man—you'll excuse us.

Tick. O certainly; I'm the last person in the world that would wish to detain you—there, that's the way—down the lane, across the common—make directly for the gibbet, and you'll reap the reward you so just-

ly merit. (*The Bailiffs listen with impatience, and hurry away through the gate.*)—How shall I thank my guardian angel for such kindness? how apologize for taking upon me the enviable title of her husband? But pray inform me where I have the happiness to be?

Lady S. (*Noticing his dress.*)—At home, sir, it should seem.

Tick. Ey?—I beg pardon—I'll resign immediately.

[*Exit into summer-house.*]

Lady S. This is a very extraordinary occurrence—I must find some means to relieve myself from this mad brain.

TICKALL enters as at first.

Tickall. I am afraid, madam, this affair has given you rather an unfavourable opinion of me, notwithstanding the good character I just now gave myself; but however circumstances have rendered my situation liable to suspicion, upon my soul I have never, intentionally, or ever will be, guilty of an act that can stain the reputation of a soldier and a gentleman.

Lady S. Well, sir, I take you at your word—Captain Dormer I happen to be intimately acquainted with, and you, sir, are not altogether unknown to me.

Tick. I hope, with all my soul, madam, we may be better acquainted. (*Aside.*) Who the devil is she?—but unless I continue your husband for three or four days longer—

Lady S. Sir!

Tick. I mean, madam, three or four hours—these fellows are still upon the watch—the whole neighbourhood swarms with them—and I beg, I entreat of you, to be my wife—now do let me be your husband.

Lady S. You jest.

Tick. Refuse me, and you instantly undo all that your condescension has so well begun—consider the peculiarity of my situation.

Lady S. I must first consider my own; but candidly, if (as I am willing to believe) your present dilemma has arisen from temporary inconvenience, and not from vitiated principles, I will befriend you—but, that no idea derogatory to my character may possibly occur, I shall immediately disclose the whole circumstance to a young lady now in the house.

Tick. Young ladies are not famous for keeping secrets—then your servants, I forgot them—

Lady S. On that score you have nothing to fear; they are newly engaged, and, as yet, have never seen their master.

Tick. Then my dress: short coat and gaiters.

Lady S. That too we can remedy.

Tick. (*Kisses her hand*)—A thousand and a thousand thanks.

Enter MARY from the house.

Mary. Only the newspaper, ma'am, no letters.

Lady S. No letters! that is rather strange. (*LADY S. opens the newspaper, and reads.*)

Mary. Who can this be I wonder?

Tick. Hem!

Lady S. Oh! Sir Peregrine, you'll soon follow me.

[*Exit LADY S.*]

Tick. To the world's end! what an ingenuous, fascinating creature.

Mary. Sir Peregrine! only think of that! I have put the summer-house all in readiness, sir.

Tick. Yes, yes—I found every thing there very convenient.

Mary. Wouldn't you choose some refreshment after your journey, sir?

Tick. Directly, my dear, and you shall give it me. (*Kisses her.*) Hem, hem! O I shall love the whole sex for my dear wife's sake, as long as I shall have breath in my body.

[*Exit.*]

Mary. Well, that's pretty, upon my word! the very moment he returns to madam, begins to kiss the maids—Oh, these men, these men!

Enter SIR PEREGRINE PEERY at the gate.

Sir P. Ah, here I am at last! here, after all my rambles, I shall find domestic peace and quietness; my business in town too is all settled; and now I shall be able to enjoy myself for three or four months in the country, without the continual interruptions of debtor and creditor, and all the vexatious and tiresome routine of a commercial counting house.

Mary. The gentleman seems quite at his ease—come to pay my Lady a visit, I suppose.

Sir P. Oh, there's one of the servants; I'll not appear too suddenly in the presence of my dear Lady Sarah; surprise, they say, always doubles joy, and, after so long an absence, it might be too much for the poor thing. Hark'ee, young woman.

Mary. What's your pleasure, sir.

Sir P. You live with Lady Sarah Peery, do you?

Mary. Yes, sir, I'm her new maid.

Sir P. Good—isn't she just now impatiently expecting the return of her husband, her darling, her Sir Peregrine?

Mary. O no, sir—her darling has just arrived.

Sir P. Ey! (*Apart*)—Why, how can the gipsy have found me out? I haven't seen a soul since I stepp'd out of the stage coach.

Mary. Are you acquainted with the family, sir?

Sir P. Yes—no—that is—(*Apart*) What the devil does she mean?

Mary. Because, sir, your visit to day will be very inconvenient—it isn't a quarter of an hour since Sir Peregrine came home, and as my Lady hasn't seen him a hugeous time, they won't like to be broke in upon.

Sir P. What do you say?

Mary. Lord, sir, are you deaf! but you had better call again some other time—husband and wife don't like the restraint of visitors the first day of meeting; he's so fond of my lady, it's quite a pleasure to see them.

[*Exit MARY.*]

Sir P. The devil it is! bless my soul, this must be something very agreeable or very terrible; that girl's mad, it's impossible; yet I have heard of such things—and she told it in a very natural way. Egad, this last visit to my agent has lasted perhaps rather too long. Phew! the very thought on't puts me—but no, no; jealousy is a passion that I have never yet had cause to harbour, and I am convinced Lady Sarah's reputation is as dear to her as it is to me; it's some mistake. (*The Bailiffs, GRIP and BURR, appear watching at the gate.*) There will be no harm, though, in keeping a good look-out, so I'll conceal myself in the summer-house, where I can have an eye upon them, and act accordingly.

Grip. D'ye hear that, Tom! I knew he run in somewhere here. (*They advance cautiously.*)

Sir P. Or shall I face the danger boldly, disguise my feelings, and enter the house with an air of indifference! I'm in a devilish awkward predicament, and it might make bad worse if they knew I had attempted to hide myself.

Grip. Ay, aye, you have hid yourself long enough, but the game's up with you now.

Sir P. Who are you? what d'ye mean?

Grip. Your business is done—it's all over with you.

Sir P. All over! what are you talking of? who do you want?

Burr. We want you.

Grip. And now we've got you, we'll keep you.

Sir P. Pho, pho, pho! you are mistaken, this is my house; I am just come home to my wife, and my name is Sir Peregrine Peery.

Grip. That won't do; we have seen his honour and my Lady already.

Sir P. The deuce you have! What, here together?

Burr. To be sure; he doesn't sculk out o' the way, and want to hide himself, like you.

Sir P. I tell you, I am Sir Peregrine Peery.

Grip. Ah, you'll tell us any thing to serve your turn. Bring him along.

Sir P. I am a magistrate; I'll bring an action! damages! battery! false imprisonment!

Burr. It's no use.

Grip. Bring him along.

Sir P. But my wife! only let me see my wife!—there's a man in my house, a robber! a rascal! (*Struggling, they catch him up.*) Ah! I shall be ruined. Rape! murder! damnation!

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The garden as before, with a cloudy evening sky.*

Enter LADY SARAH with a newspaper, and MARY:

Lady S. Good heavens, how distressing! there must be some truth in this paragraph, the initials of their names and the postilion's report corroborate precisely. Are you certain, Mary, you have not misunderstood?

Mary. Sartin sure, my Lady; postboy told gardeners all about it while the smith was mending the shay.

Lady S. And there actually was a duel?

Mary. O yes, madam, they fit with pistols; and then a gentleman, as postboy thought was Captain Dormer, jumpt into the carriage and never spoke a word till it broke down.

Lady S. You are sure he said Wingham was the name of my nephew's adversary?

Mary. Yes, ma'am, Captain Wingham.

Lady S. This will be as great a shock to poor Eliza as it has been to me, but the account is very obscure—had either of them been wounded, the particulars would surely have been mentioned; we must hope the best—imagination often creates evils, which in truth have no foundation.

Mary. What shall I say to Miss Eliza, ma'am? She bid me bring the newspaper directly you had done with it.

Lady S. Well, perhaps she had better learn it from that vague account, than from the exaggerated reports that must eventually reach her. *(Gives the paper to MARY, who, going, returns.)*

Mary. O, I forgot to say, ma'am, there's one Dame Briarly come to pay her duty to you, and Miss Rose as was, and her new married spouse as is—a nice-looking man enough, my Lady, but so shame-faced can't open his lips to say 'boh to a goose.'

Lady S. Well, well, these poor people shall not be disappointed—I'll speak with them here; but where is Cap—I mean Sir Peregrine?

Mary. Oh, Lord knows, ma'am, where he be; he's never a minute in the same place. I heard him just now calling and bawling for his *dear wife* all over the house. *[Exit MARY.]*

Lady S. So, this is the quiet retirement I had so vainly promised myself. My acceding to the plan of that dissipated young man, at such a moment, is particularly unfortunate.

Enter DAME BRIARLY and ROSE, pulling forward WINGHAM.

Dame. Your Ladyship's most obedient; your Ladyship is welcome back to the country.

Lady S. My good Dame, I am glad to see you.—
Rose, my sweet girl, may you be as happy in your new

situation, as your own heart can desire. This is your husband, I suppose.

Rose. Yes, yes, my Lady, and I hope my choice will meet with your Ladyship's approbation.

Wing. Mind what you say, I am ready to drop; three women frighten me more than a masked battery.

Lady S. (To Dame Briarly)—Very modest, indeed.

Dame. Yes, my Lady, very modest, but you know that will soon wear off. Why don't you make a bow, and behave yourself, Humphrey?—*(Knocking down his hat, which he keeps turning in his hand, and pushing down his head.)* Can't the bobby speak?

Wing. Madam will excuse my want of manners, but I thank her Ladyship with all my heart. Oh!

Tick. (Without)—Out in the garden, is she? *(Enters)* very well.—*(Goes to LADY SARAH immediately.)*—Ah! my dear Lady Sarah, where have you been hiding yourself—ey?

Wing. (The voice having made him pause in astonishment)—Why, it is—

Lady S. These are the country people I was speaking of, Sir Peregrine.

Dame. Sir Peregrine!

Rose. Mr. Peter!

Wing. I'm petrified!

} *In subdued tones.*

Tick. Humph! yes, I perceive; very tidy, respectable-looking sort of persons, my dear.

Wing. Your dear!

Tick. (Aside to Wing.)—Not a word, or we are ruined. *(To Lady S.)*—The Benedict seems rather shy.

Dame. Can I believe my eyes?

Rose. Hush, mother, hush. What can this mean?

Wing. Hold your tongue.

Tick. (To Lady S.)—He'll soon get the better of that—he has not been used to the company he is at present in.

Lady S. His address is not much in his favour, though there is something superior in his appearance.

Tick. True, true, my love, but I interrupt—I'll just step—(*Going.*)

Lady S. By no means; pray do not leave us.

Dame. Well, I never saw such an impudent man in my life; and my Lady too! I can't make it out.

Wing. Nor I, curse me if I can.

Rose. Lord, mother, if I have two husbands, why shouldn't her Ladyship? perhaps it's the fashion.

Tick. (*Having talked with Lady S.*)—Oh by all means.

Lady S. Well Rose, Sir Peregrine approves of my intention, and your dowry will be, I trust, the reward of correct and virtuous conduct.

Tick. No doubt, no doubt; so exemplary a daughter, and so worthy a mother, must be deserving of your greatest confidence—London, London is the only hot-bed of art and hypocrisy; we never hear of such things in the country.

Wing. (*Aside.*)—How in the devil's name has he contrived to get himself dubbed a knight, and established as that woman's husband?

Lady S. I did intend to have given you a wedding dinner, my good girl; but at present I'm unable, from many circumstances, to entertain you as I could wish—very unpleasant news has just reached me from my nephew, Captain Dormer.

Wing. Captain Dormer! my antagonist!

Tick. Oh, that cursed paragraph.

Wing. Her nephew? then she is the wife of Eliza's guardian; worse and worse.

Lady S. He rashly fought a duel with a gentleman of the name of Wingham, and as yet I am ignorant of the event. By the bye, you may have seen him, it is reported he is now in this part of the country.

Tick. No, no, no; never saw him in the whole course of my life.

Wing. (Aside)—I'd give as much to possess that fellow's impudence as would pay every debt he has in the world, and that would be no trifle.

Enter ELIZA BEAUMONT with a newspaper.

Wing. Amazement! Eliza here?

Tick. We are in for it now with a witness.

Lady S. My dear Eliza, I perceive you know—

Eliza. Oh, Lady Sarah, it is but too evident—*(Seeing WINGHAM)*—Wingham!

Lady S. (Mistaking her surprise)—Yes, my dear, it cannot be doubted that Wingham is the culprit; but pray command your feelings, neither of them may be in danger.

Tick. No, no, all's very safe, I assure you; restrain your sensibility; subdue your agitation.

Eliza. But the surprise was so sudden, so unexpected.

Lady S. It was impossible to break it to you less abruptly.

Tick. (Aside to WING.)—Recover yourself and get out of the way; I have more reasons for your departure than this.

Wing. Well, mother, we are only troublesome—come, wife!

Eliza. Wife!

Dame. You forget she hasn't given us the money yet.

Wing. Never mind, it's quite safe. I give your Ladyship many thanks, and wish you all happiness—*(Bows to Lady S.)* and my humble service to Sir Peregrine—*(Bowing to TICK.)* Oh, you prince of impostors.

Dame. Good day to you, madam; good morning, sir, *(Curtsying)* Mr. —. Bless me, I don't know what to call the man. Come, Rose, take your husband by the arm.

Eliza. Her husband! *(To ROSE)*—Are you married to that—that person?

Rose. (Confused)—Ye—yes, yes, madam.

Dame. Come, children, why don't you make haste!

Eliza. Children! the mother confirms it. Oh, how cruelly have I been deceived! yet if I speak, his liberty—his life, perhaps!

Lady S. Miss Beaumont!

Wing. I cannot bear those tears; the devil take Dame Briarly and Mrs. Grubb into the bargain. I'll confess all; I'll throw myself at her feet; into her arms!

Tick. She'll soon recover; the sight of that booby's happiness, at such a moment, has overpowered her; you had better take them into the house.

Lady S. It will be best. Mrs. Briarly, bid your son and daughter come with me, and I will acquit myself of my obligation.

Dame. Oh, your Ladyship, we shall never be able to deserve it. I protest the clouds look stormy; if it should turn to rain my best bonnet will be entirely spoilt.

Tick. (*Aside to Eliza*)—I tell you it's no such thing; be patient, and I'll send him to you. (*Rose pulls WINGHAM off.*)

Lady S. Sir Peregrine.

Tick. My Lady! (*Handing her off, followed by DAME B.*)

Eliza. Gracious powers! how are my dearest hopes annihilated! the man on whom I had placed my affections, a duellist, a seducer! Alas! yes—he has quarrelled with the nearest relative of my guardian, and, under a feigned name, and by a false marriage, betrayed an innocent girl; for I never can believe he would descend to a union with one so much beneath him.

Enter WINGHAM.

Wing. At last I have escaped from my tormentors;
Eliza.

Eliza. O, Wingham, you have broke my heart!

Wing. You are deceived, Eliza, by false appearances: upon my soul, it was for your sake alone I quarrelled, fought, disguised, married; and am now in the damn'dest predicament modest man ever found himself.

Eliza. Have you not basely ruined that poor unfortunate young woman?

Wing. No, nor the old woman neither—I wish I had never seen one or the other; they'll ruin me between them.

Eliza. But this disguise—

Wing. Was necessary to save me from detection: It is too long a story to relate at present; but Dormer, from what motive he best can tell, made some observations on you and myself, that, surrounded as I was by military men, it was impossible to pass over unnoticed.

Eliza. Oh! this was some device, some trick; he never could have meant to defame me, or insult you. Lady Sarah is fully acquainted with, and approves our attachment, but should her nephew's life be really in danger, not all her friendship for me would weigh an instant in your favour.

Wing. Do not alarm yourself, I am certain Dormer can be in no danger.

Eliza. Be that as it may, you must not remain here.

Wing. I never should have entered the house had I known to whom it belonged; but I cannot leave it now, or those women either, without betraying them and myself.

Enter TICKALL in haste.

Tick. You havn't another moment; the affair is all settled, and you must be gone directly.

Wing. What, without my wife?

Tick. No, no, wives are not so easily got rid of; my lady has just given *your* lady a hundred pounds, and the old woman is now making as great an outcry for her Humphrey, as if you were her own flesh and blood.

Wing. Curse your contrivances.

Dame. (*Within*)—Humphrey! Humphrey! where are you?

Tick. There, don't you hear your mamma, you undutiful whelp? (*Rain.*)

Eliza. Pray go in; you must, it's beginning to rain.

Tick. Beginning! zounds! it's a deluge; we shall be wet to the skin.

Dame. Humphrey! Humphrey, I say.

Tick. There's a tempest! d'ye hear the thunder?

Wing. He must be deaf, indeed, that does not.—
(*Storm increases.*) [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—An apartment in the house, with large glazed folding doors in the centre, opening to the garden.

Enter LADY SARAH, ROSE, and DAME.

Dame. Gracious me! my Lady, what dreadful weather, and then such cross-roads as we have got to walk—why, I shall be draggled up to the middle.

Lady S. You must wait, my good dame, till it clears.

Rose. But in half an hour longer it will be dark, and Humphrey was so stupid he never thought of sending for us—I mean bringing us in the till cart.

Lady S. Do not be uneasy, Rose, we shall contrive somehow. (*A flash of lightning seen through the door at which DAME B. has posted herself; a peal of thunder.*)

Dame. Ah! I declare it lightens and thunders; what in the world shall we do?

Enter WINGHAM.

Wing. So, you are come at last!—(*Aside.*) How are we to get away?

Rose. O, Humphrey, here is the money that my Lady has given us. (*Handing to WING., DAME takes it.*)

Dame. I'll take care of the money, such giddy young

things as you are not to be trusted. (*Thunders*)—Ah I shall faint. (*Staggers back a little.*)

Wing. Don't trouble yourself, I shall faint for you presently.

Enter TICKALL and ELIZA.

Lady S. My dear Eliza, I fear it will be impossible to send these people home to night.

Tick. Oh, quite, quite; never saw such a tempest in the whole course of my life; quite a hurricane! quite a tornado, I protest.—(*Looking from the window.*)

Wing. (*to TICKALL.*)—Are you mad? do you want to keep us here all night?

Lady S. Well, it cannot be helped; the house is out of order, and it will be a little inconvenient, but I shall immediately order a chamber to be prepared for the new married couple.

Wing. Ey!

Dame. What! (*General consternation, unobserved by LADY S.*)

Lady S. You, Miss Beaumont, must sleep with me; Mrs. Briarly, with the housekeeper; and Sir Peregrine must be content with the sofa in the little back parlour.

Tick. Confound the little back parlour. A sofa, truly! Any thing to accommodate this good man?

Wing. Curse your accommodations.

Tick. Why you'll be much better off than me.

Dame. (*to ROSE.*)—I won't, I won't, sleep with the housekeeper; say you had rather not stay—you can't stay.

Rose. I am afraid to speak.

Lady S. There is no other resource; (*to Eliza.*)—I have no conveyance to send them in.

Dame. You are very condescending, my Lady, very considerate, but you really must excuse us.

Lady S. Excuse you, my good woman; what else is

to be done? Rose, have you any objection to this arrangement?

Rose. No, my Lady—yes, my Lady; do you speak, mother.

Dame. I don't know what excuse to make, without confessing we have cheated her. I never was at such a nonplus in my life.

Lady S. This is very strange; what do you say, sir?

Wing. (*Starting round*)—Ma'am!

Eliza. (*Aside*).—He must be discovered; there's no help.

Lady S. I suppose you have no wish to make your wife and mother walk nine miles home in such a night as this?

Wing. No, my Lady—yes, my Lady—

Lady S. Bless me, are the people bewitched? give me a direct answer, pray.

Wing. I am quite agreeable to any thing your Ladyship pleases.

Dame. Agreeable, indeed! what are you talking about? your Ladyship is very kind, but it's impossible, impossible; I'll tell you why, my Lady. (*Speaks apart to her.*)

Tick. (*Aside*).—What the pestilence, is she going to ruin us with her tittle tattle?

Lady S. A foolish love quarrel! is that all? I shall insist on a reconciliation. Rose, come hither.

Eliza. What will she say to extricate herself?

Wing. This is worse than waiting for a reprieve. Why, zounds! he's persuading the old woman to consent. (*TICKALL, the instant LADY S. leaves DAME BRIARLY, begins to expostulate with her; and LADY S. appears questioning ROSE.*)

Tick. Would you expose us? would you expose yourself, you silly, tormenting, vexatious, superannuated—

Dame. Pshaw! don't talk to me—I won't,—I won't; a pretty joke, truly, to borrow another man's wife.

Lady S. (to Rose)—Upon my word, child, you have begun your matrimonial dissensions very early ; I did not think you had been so childish. Mr. Humphrey, I desire you will be friends with your wife. Come, Rose, I mustn't have you pouting and disobedient ; kiss your husband directly and make it up.

Wing. Ma'am !

Dame. My Lady !

Lady S. Is there any thing so surprising in this ?

Rose. I am sure, my Lady, he knows very well I am not pouting or disobedient.

Lady S. Then do as I bid you.

Dame. Oh ! I shall go mad.

Rose. You know, mother, I must obey my Lady.
(*Is kissed sheepishly by WING.*)

Eliza. I don't like that method of reconciliation at all.

Dame. (to TICKALL)—Oh ! I can't bear it ; I must, I will speak ; she'll begin to fancy him her husband in earnest, and Lord knows what will be the consequence.

Enter MARY.

Mary. There's one Farmer Clover, ma'am, in a main hurry, to speak with Mr. Humphrey.

Wing. That's me ; I'll step out.

Tick. So will I.

Lady S. No, remain ; let the Farmer come in.

[*Exit MARY.*]

Tick. (Aside to WING.)—So, bad news, I fear.

Enter CLOVER in great haste.

Clover. Humphrey ! Mr. — ey ! I beg pardon, ma'am.

Lady S. What is the matter, Farmer, you seem disturbed ?

Clover. Yes, my Lady, I am all in a tremble like !

(Sees TICK.) how shall I tell him? (*Aloud*)—Why, there's cousin Peter; Cap—, odds heart!

Wing. His confusion will destroy us.

Lady S. Pray, good man, explain yourself.

Clover. Yes, *my* Ladyship, I will; I were sitting quietly at home; that is, standing at the ale house door, when, suddenly, a flash o' lightning—I mean a parcel of—bless my heart, such a night! old women, and—thunder and rain and constables!

Eliza. Constables!

Lady S. Constables?

Tick. Oh! the man's tipsy; doesn't know what he says.

Lady S. Pray go on.

Clover. They met a young officer.

Lady S. An officer?

Clover. That is to say, a countryman. No! they took him for the man that—ah! damn it, it's no use, they'll both be caught now.

Lady S. Good Gracious! it must be Wingham! tell me, on what account was he arrested?

Clover. Because, they said, he were disguised.

Tick. You are disguised, I believe, in liquor.

Clover. No, they are just bringing him here.

All. Here!

Lady S. Then my worst fears are verified, and in justice to my unhappy nephew, I must accuse the intended husband of my friend.

Clover. (*Aside to DAME, &c.*)—It's the real Humphrey that they have got hold on.

Dame. What, numps?

Rose. Impossible!

Wing. Then concealment is no longer possible, and any fate will be preferable to this purgatory.

Tick. Don't be rash; for Eliza's sake be patient.

Enter TRAP and NAB, with HUMPHREY in custody.

Dame. Where shall we hide ourselves?

Hump. There's a pretty business; to be dragged like a bear to a baiting, without why or wherefore, in such an a'ternoon as this; it's cruel unkind, so it be.

Nab. He will talk in this country fashion, ma'am, although we have discovered who he is; 'tis true, we made a small mistake at first, and took the gentleman for one Captain Tickall; but he turns out to be one Mr. Wingham, as fit a duel.

Hump. That's a good one; I fight a duel! why, it's only the quality folks as does that, and I'll be judge for you, ma'am, or Sir Peregrine, if I look a morsel like a gentleman.

Lady S. This vulgarity cannot be assumed; pray, then, what is your name?

Hump. Humphrey, ma'am; Humphrey Grubb. I ha' wedded one Rose Briarly, as you promised a hundred pounds to.

Lady S. He is an imposter, then, but, not the one you take him for. I fear, sir, your contrivance will hardly serve your purpose, for (*Pointing to WING.*) there stands the real Humphrey.

Hump. Ey!

Lady S. And there, his wife.

Hump. Why! why Rose! why mother! will you deny your own flesh and blood? od rot it, I shall choak.

Lady S. This perseverance is astonishing.

Hump. Why don't you speak? zooks! I shall be hanged in a mistake.

Lady S. (to Tickall)—Ah, now I suspect—perhaps you, sir, can unravel this mystery.

Tick. Brazen it out.

Wing. Impossible, I am confounded.

Lady S. 'Tis too evident ; these late difficulties fully confirm it, and I have every way been imposed on. Release that person and secure the culprit here ; this is Captain Wingham.

Tick. Zounds ! she'll discover me to them next.

[*Exit.*

Hump. (to ROSE)—I told you so, you little wiper ; you can chatter fast enough sometimes, but you care no more for me than tho' I were a stock or a stone.

Rose. Indeed it's all your own fault ; you should have come with us, Humphrey.

Dame. Oh, what have you done ! that poor young gentleman.

Hump. Yes, and this poor young lady ! I should be glad to know what she has done ?

Rose. I have only attempted to save one from danger, whom your avarice and jealousy has perhaps destroyed. I shall never love you again.

Dame. Blockhead ! if you had staid at home, we should have been happy ; come, child.

[*Exeunt DAME and ROSE.*

Hump. Well, I am sure I meant no harm ; how was I to know ?

[*Exit.*

Eliza. (to LADY S.)—You cannot blame me for wishing his concealment ; do not, pray do not suffer these men to detain him.

Wing. I shall make no resistance, but as you can produce no authority for detaining me, you may repent this outrage.

Eliza. Indeed, your nephew was to blame, he acknowledged it, and Wingham's offence was quite involuntary.

Lady S. Painfully as I feel your situation, I cannot do otherwise ; but until I receive further information, this house shall be the place of his confinement. As far as circumstances will permit, you shall not be mo-

lested, sir, but (to OFFICER) as you shall answer for the neglect, suffer him not to escape.

[Exit WING. and OFFICERS.]

Eliza. Oh! Lady Sarah, I could not have believed you so unkind, so cruel.

Lady S. Do not upbraid me, Eliza; had I the inclination, I have not the power; I feel for you, but I cannot release him. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The back of the house standing in an angular direction from the spectator. On the opposite side, a wall running among tall trees, with a gate in it. Entrance to the house at the upper end—the windows opening like doors to the floor. The house is of two stories, having a balcony. Cloudy sky, with moonlight.*

Enter HUMPHREY.

Hump. It's all very fine, but I'm not to be bamboozled, and talked out of my senses by a story of a cock and a bull, and a roasted soldier! If that chap as wanted to run off with my wife and the hundred pound, (which I take to be just a hundred to one more than she's worth,) thinks to make his escape, he shall find the odds on't; rabbit him, all the women take his part, except my Ladyship; there's old mother Briarly, and Miss Eliza, and Mrs. Grubb too, a snivelling and whining ——! Lord! what a fool I were to get married, but that's the natural consequence of being handsome and shapely. Rose never let me bide in peace till I were executed, and now she turns as frumpish—and will sleep wi' mother, forsooth, tho' she knows I ha' got the lumbago.

Enter TICKALL.

Hump. Who's that?

Tick. So the weather has cleared, that's fortunate—softly.

Enter ELIZA cautiously following TICKALL.

Tick. Now, then, shew me the window of his apartment.

Eliza. That, the upper window.

Tick. Why, zounds! he's in the garret, we shall never be able to reach him.

Hump. There's some mischief a-foot, but I'll have a finger in the pie; I'll not be kicked out of bed for nothing.

Tick. What says Lady Sarah?

Eliza. She is resolute in her purpose.

Tick. Then we must depend upon ourselves.

Hump. Why that's Sir Peregrine; is he plotting against his wife too? (*WINGHAM opens the upper window.*)

Wing. Hist! Hist!

Eliza. He hears us.

Tick. Wingham!

Wing. What's to be done? I shall break my neck without a ladder.

Tick. 'Sdeath! we shall never find one long enough; you might as well be on the monument; can't you come down by a rope? tie the blankets and sheets together.

Wing. Impossible—there's only a small truck bedstead, the blankets are rotten, and the sheets are no bigger than a child's pocket handkerchief. (*ROSE opens her window beneath.*)

Rose. I'm sure I heard people talking.

Tick. Wait, wait; I'll try and bribe the gardener to assist us. (*Retires with ELIZA.*)

Hump. He! he! bribe his own gardener! Why, Sir Peregrine is more afraid of his wife than I am of mine.

Rose. Who's there?

Hump. Ey! why, that's Rose.

Rose. Who was it spoke?

Wing. I, Wingham; it was on your account I got into this infernal scrape, and you must do your best to help me out of it.

Rose. I'd do any thing to oblige you, sir.

Hump. I thought so.

Rose. But I'm afraid that jealous, disagreeable husband of mine is somewhere on the watch, for he's not in the house.

Hump. There's a cunning little devil; but I'll go and tell my Lady what they're after, and then give you. Mrs. Grubb, in charge to one o' the constables.

Rose. Wasn't that his voice, that I heard just now?

Wing. No, 'twas my friend's—he's gone for a ladder.

Hump. Odd's niggers! they ha' lock'd the door; I must clamber over the wall and get round the front.

[*Exit.*

Enter SIR PEREGRINE wrapped in a cloak.

Rose. Don't talk so loud, I see somebody at the gate.
(*WINGHAM and ROSE shut their windows as SIR PEREGRINE advances.*)

Sir P. Well, of all the adventures I have met with, this is the most extraordinary; but it's now my turn to divert myself. If those rascals hadn't seiz'd me in mistake for Tickall, he might have suffered severely for his good nature in accepting my nephew's bill; however, that's paid and settled, and the explanation of this duel affair may end as fortunately, if I have arrived in time. The house seems very quiet, I expected to have found it all in commotion; upon my soul, Dormer, and his harum-scarum confederates, ought to be punished for this silly trick; and if he had not told me all the particulars, as I pass'd through London, instead of driving Eliza into Wingham's arms, as he intended, he might have driven the poor lad out of the country.

Rose. (*Opening window*)—It must be the gardener, yet I don't see any ladder. Sir! Sir!

Sir P. Ey! that's not one of my family; here's more caterwauling going forward than I expected.

Rose. Call up to the captain, sir, and tell him to make haste; Lady Sarah has some suspicion of what is going on.

Sir P. Umph! her contrivance to screen Tickall, by imposing him upon these people for me, has brought her into a fine perplexity: I'll warrant she finds an additional husband almost as great a plague as most men would an additional wife.

Rose. I'm afraid Humphrey has found us out.

Sir P. Who the devil's Humphrey?

Rose. Why don't you speak to the captain? I shall be quite glad if he escape, if its only to vex my husband.

Sir P. Secrets worth knowing; Gad, this is rare sport, I shall have a fine laugh at them all—but pray where's Sir Peregrine?

Rose. Sir Peri—Oh, I know who you mean, he's down on his knees to my Lady, kissing her hand and making a last effort.

Sir P. The devil he is! fire and faggots! the laugh will be on the wrong side of my mouth after all, if I don't hurry in among them. Hush!

Enter TICKALL and CLOVER with a ladder.

Tickall. Now, Farmer, be quick; this is the only piece of good luck we have met with.

Clover. Nay, nay, it wasn't a bad one, to find the little gate open; but couldn't you coax madam out of the key of the captain's room?

Tick. No, she resisted all my entreaties.

Sir P. I'm glad to hear it.

Tick. Nothing would do, though I offered to make her a widow and marry her in earnest.

Clover. That was very kind o' you.

Sir P. Very much obliged to him, 'pon my soul.

Clover. (*Having raised the ladder*)—But, I say, Peter, doesn't this look something like burglary? a man may have to do too much with a ladder; where's it to go?

Tick. There, there.

Wing. Make haste.

Rose. Don't talk so loud.

Wing. (*Getting out of the window*)—Hold fast below!

Clover. You had better hold fast above, I can tell you; there's no feather beds to tumble on here.

Sir P. Pretty innocents! it would be a pity to disturb them. (*HUMPHREY's and other voices heard in the house.*)

Hump. Nonsense! stuff, I tell you—I'm sure on't: you run up stairs, and the rest follow me out o' doors.

Tick. Confound that booby.

Wing. What the devil shall I do? go up or come down I shall be caught. (*He is opposite to ROSE's window.*)

Clover & Tick. Go into Rose's room.

Rose. Yes, yes, pray come in.

Dame. (*Looking out*)—No, no, I'll have no man here.

Clover. Od rat it, never mind the old woman.

Dame. I've just put on my night clothes; I am going to rest, I tell you; going to bed.

Tick. Its the only way he can escape.

Wing. D'ye call this an escape? (*WINGHAM goes into the room; ROSE and her mother scuffling for and against his admittance. CLOVER hurries away with the ladder, assisted by TICKALL. SIR PEREGRINE is at the side, laughing at the confusion, as HUMPHREY enters from the house, followed by LADY SARAH and ELIZA.*)

Hump. Come along, make haste! there's his window open.

Lady S. The garden gate too! then he has escaped.

Hump. Why its impossible; he'd never go to jump it, and a man can't fly. (*NAB appears at WINGHAM's window.*)

Nab. Have you got him?

Hump. Got him? no!

Nab. Then, by jingo, he's off.

Eliza. Gone!

Lady S. Pursue him instantly.

Enter TICKALL and CLOVER.

Tick. 'Tis in vain, you may save yourself all further trouble, my inexorable Lady; Wingham is now above your power.

Clover. Yes, my Lady, as comfortable as—three in a bed.

Lady S. (to Tick)—Is this my reward, sir, for the shelter I afforded?

Clover. Nay, it's no fault o' his; you'll excuse me, my Lady, but by help of a ladder, I managed it as nice as ninepence, and your bum bailie must run faster than fifty mile a day to catch him, I promise you.

Hump. Here he is! I've found him; I've got him.

Clover. Ey! why, who? (*CLOVER glances at the window, where WINGHAM appears listening with ROSE.*)

Tick. (Looking up to WING.) Impossible!

Hump. (Searching about, finds SIR PEREGRINE, whose face is muffled, and pulls him forward)—Ah! you may well be ashamed to shew your face, after kissing other men's wives, and blowing off o' gunpowder at gentlefolks.

Enter NAB and TRAP.

Lady S. Sir, I will no longer let my regard for her, of whose affections you are unworthy, restrain my indignation or the justice you have outraged.

Hump. Why, as I'm a sinner, he's a laughing fit to burst.

Sir P. (As *HUMP.* pulls away the cloak)—Ha! ha! ha!

Lady S. Sir Peregrine!

All. Sir Peregrine!

Hump. (Pointing to *TICKALL*)—Then who's this?

Tick. Where shall I go? what hole shall I creep into?

Lady S. This is astonishing! (*The BAILIFFS fix their eyes upon TICKALL, who attempts to sneak off. CLOVER looks from TICKALL to the BAILIFFS anxiously, and as they move after TICKALL, starts forward*)—

Clover. No, you don't.

Sir P. Let that gentleman alone, he's a very honest fellow in his way. (*TICKALL, BAILIFFS, and CLOVER pause*) You perceive, though I'm just arrived, I'm not ignorant of your frolic.

Tick. Sir!

Sir P. It was to oblige a friend that you got into this difficulty, and I am happy that an explanation with the gentry who mistook me for you, has afforded me an opportunity of returning the obligation: your bill is paid, and I have given security for the retainers—so you, my friends, may retire. (*The BAILIFFS retire, and TICK. shakes SIR P. by the hand.*)

Hump. What, has my Ladyship got two husbands?

Sir P. No, but your wife has; hark'ee! (*Whispers HUM.*)

Hump. What, there! with Rose?

Sir P. Yes, full ten minutes.

Hump. Ten minutes! ten devils! I see them; odds bodikins!

Sir P. Ha! ha! ha! (*HUM. runs into the house.*)

Lady S. But your nephew, Captain Dormer, you have not heard of him?

Sir P. O yes I have, and seen him too—the duel was all a hoax, a joke on Wingham's bashfulness, con-

trived by Dormer, to drive him the faster into the toils of matrimony.

Eliza. Oh! happy tidings! I may now safely confess that Wingham has not fled.

Lady S. Not escaped?

Sir P. Not he, but to my certain knowledge is or was in that room; and since you have helped to increase his anxiety, you should be the first to make him amends.

Lady S. Eliza can best do that.

Tick. (*Bringing forward WING.*)—Captain Wingham, come into court.

Enter HUMPHREY and ROSE, DAME BRIARLY following.

Hump. Yes, and Mrs. Grubb come into court. If his Worship don't make you stand in a white sheet, he knows nothing of justice.

Sir P. Now, Miss Beaumont, I trust you will secure this runaway swain for the future, by confining him for life in a true lover's knot.

Wing. Here, then, let me promise.

Dame. Promise never to borrow another man's wife, and if you'll stick to that, I'll tell no more lies.

Rose. And I—

Hump. Come, come, Mrs. Grubb, the less you promise, the more likely you'll be to keep your word.

Tick. As to me, I have done with promises—I'll go on a new plan, and make it my business to perform: I'll pay my debts, retrieve my credit, and, taking example from my friend Wingham, look out for a wife.

Sir P. That will be a new plan indeed! but make no rash vows; avoid future error by past experience; and as it is evident all our intentions have been to please, and not to offend, let us hope for general forgiveness, and an honourable acquittal for HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

END OF THE COMEDY.

VOL. II.—24

GENTLEMAN'S VADE MECUM;

OR, THE SPORTING AND DRAMATIC COMPANION.

On the 3d of January, 1835, was commenced in PHILADELPHIA, a new periodical, bearing the above comprehensive title. Its contents are carefully adapted to the wants of that portion of the public who patronize DRAMATIC LITERATURE, the TURF, SPORTING, and the FASHIONS.

It is not altogether feasible, when a new publication is contemplated, to present in detail to the public its prospective attractions. It is necessary, nevertheless, that its principal features should be drawn out, as it is by them that its merits, if it has any, shall be judged. This is the more readily accomplished, the publishers being satisfied that whatever industry and a watchful zeal can effect in completing the filling up, will be done, and that they never will be found deficient or neglectful in the prosecution of this enterprize, and in striving to produce a beneficial and profitable result to themselves and to others.

THE DRAMA—Forms a material portion of the Gentleman's Vade Mecum. It is intended to publish alternately, every week, an entire play or farce—to be selected with a single eye to their merits alone; a preference, however, will be extended, in all cases, to native productions, when they can be obtained. Independent criticisms, carefully excluding invidious comparisons, and recommended by their brevity, are regularly inserted,—besides Biographical Sketches, Anecdotes, and Bon Mots, of prominent Comedians of the present and past ages, of which a rare and inexhaustible compilation is in store.

THE TURF—A faithful record is kept of all the Running and Trotting matches in this country and England. Biographies and correct Portraits of celebrated thorough-bred Horses is published once a month. Every fact relative to the breeding, management, keeping, and the diseases of this invaluable animal, is particularly selected.

SPORTING.—Under this caption is enumerated accounts of Shooting Matches, Pedestrian Feats, Gymnastic Exercises, Aquatic Excursions, Fishing, Gaming, &c. with Anecdotes of noted Dogs.

GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS.—Quarterly Reviews are procured, explanatory of the various improvements and changes which costumes worn in the fashionable circles constantly undergo; by which it is rendered an easy task

for drapers and tailors at a distance, to suit their customers with the most approved colors and modern style of dress, at the earliest possible periods. Providing sufficient encouragement shall be given by this portion of the public, a full-length engraving, illustrative of the same, will also be prepared and published.

MISCELLANY.—Although the purposes of our sheet may appear to be confined to the four leading subjects which have been stated—we deem it proper to say, that there is in addition to these, a considerable space allowed for Miscellaneous matters—such as Tales—Poetry—an Epitome of News—List of Hotels in this city, and all others in the United States, and the Canadas, that patronize this paper—Agriculture—*The American Songster*, being a selection of the most popular airs, set to music—and all other matters, regarding which an interest is supposed to exist at home or abroad.

This work, then, as will be seen by the above explanation of its character, is particularly designed as a companion for the patrons of the Turf—the Drama—Sporting—the Fashions, &c., &c. It will prove, also—as all its publication of facts will be authentic—a ready Record of Reference for Travelling Gentlemen, and should consequently be kept in every hotel in the United States. It is worthy of notice, that its patrons, in the course of one year, will be furnished with fifty-two popular Plays and Farces—the price of which, separately, at any of our book-stores, would be at least THIRTEEN DOLLARS! Here there is an absolute saving of ten dollars in the purchase of a well stored Dramatic Library—to be had for an unprecedented small sum!—not taking into consideration the multiplied variety which is to accompany it, without additional charge! Tailors who desire to procure early and correct information of the changes in Dress, will find this an invaluable guide.

THE GENTLEMEN'S VADE MECUM, &c., is published every Saturday, on fine imperial paper, of the largest class, at three dollars per annum, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

By enclosing a FIVE DOLLAR NOTE to the publishers, postage paid, two copies of the paper will be forwarded to any direction ordered, for one year. It is respectfully requested that those who desire to subscribe for this Journal will forward their names to the publishers—postage paid. The terms will be strictly adhered to.

Address **SMITH & ALEXANDER, ATHENIAN BUILDINGS, FRANKLIN PLACE, PHILADELPHIA.**

Digitized by Google

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.



3 2044 089 257 570